THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

At the suggestion of the editor of the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, Mr. Bret Harte has recently completed the manuscript of an autobiographical sketch, entitled "How I Went to the Mines."

❀

Mr. Frank R. Stockton is writing a new serial story for publication in one of the Messrs. Harper's weekly periodicals. It is at present entitled *The Associate Hermits*, and will, we understand, be published simultaneously in a London weekly.

❀

We learn that the sales of Mr. S. R. Crockett's new book for children, *Sir Toady Lion*, are, considering the time it has been before the public, far ahead of the large number which was sold of his delightful *Sweetheart Travellers*.

Mr. Howe's article on Whittier and Lowell in the series of American Bookmen which should have appeared in this number has been held over until next month.

❀

Mr. R. D. Blackmore holds to a considerable extent his place in the favour of the reading public, and the sales of his latest book, *Dariel*, have been larger than might be easily believed. Among novelists of his period he undoubtedly sells best.

❀

It is announced that Max Müller's volume of reminiscences, reprinted from *Cosmopolis*, will be called *Auld Lang Syne*. This recalls the title of Ian Maclaren's second book, *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*. A novel was published many years ago by Mr. Clark Russell under the title *Auld Lang Syne*. It is not probable that either Ian Maclaren or Mr. Clark Russell will do anything to prevent Professor Müller's use of the title.

❀

Readers evidently very much prefer to have their stories complete. Mr. Stevenson's *St. Ives* is by no means so able a book as *Weir of Hermiston*, yet it has been singularly successful in book form, with the continuation by Mr. Quiller Couch.

❀

We understand that Mr. Rudyard Kipling proposes to stay in South Africa for four months, and that he means to take a holiday, and to do no literary work of any kind. He will be accompanied by his father, Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling.

❀

It has now been arranged that Mr. Kipling's new volume of stories shall not be published, as at first contemplated, in the spring of this year. The book will be held over until September or October. The volume will contain, among other stories, "Bread Upon the Waters," and that delightful beast story, "The Maltese Cat." We have always felt that had "The Maltese Cat" been a jungle beast, this story would have taken a very prominent place in one or other of the *Jungle Books*.

❀

The story goes that an enterprising American magazine editor lately instructed his English representative to obtain, through the Archbishop of Can-

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terbury, "A live, brainy article" on home-life in the Vatican from the Pope. Presumably this is the same editor who some months ago returned a manuscript on the life of Christ to Mrs. Phelps-Ward with the answer: "It won't do; what we want is a 'snappy' life of Christ." Mrs. Phelps-Ward's manuscript, since published as *The Story of Jesus Christ*, is finding a wide appreciation. Over fifteen thousand copies have been sold within three months.

❀

The scene of Mr. Rider Haggard's recently completed story, *Elissa*, is laid in the centre of Africa about 3000 B.C. The serial rights of the story have been purchased by the proprietors of a new weekly, the first number of which it is expected will see the light in the early part of this month.

❀

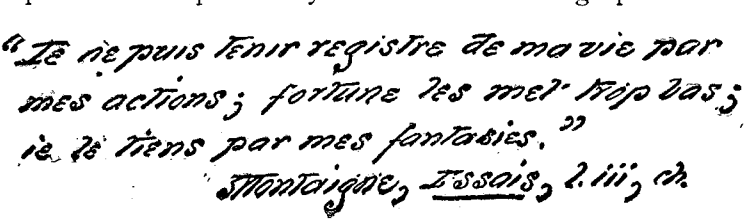
Mr. Austin Dobson reached his forty-eighth year on January 18th. Few writers of our day have so rooted an objection to the intrusion of their personality in any public form as Mr. Dobson, and only a few weeks ago he could say that he had never been interviewed. During a recent Saturday afternoon talk with a contributor to THE BOOKMAN he spoke of this reticence, and said that in writing he has never been preoccupied by anything more than the desire to produce good work, though there are many subjects which he should instinctively refrain from treating at all. "If, as a whole, what I have done does not make for harmless pleasure, sympathy with humanity and things honest and of good report, it has missed its meaning. This is what I have tried to express in 'In After Days.'" Among the few personal pieces in the whole of his *Collected Poems*, recently issued in England, are the dedication, the stanzas "To One Who Bids me Sing," and the concluding rondeau, "In After Days." This new collected edition may be accepted now as practically final if we take the poet's word for it. "After five and-forty," he says, "a writer of familiar verse usually feels that he has said about all he can well say in that form, and in my judgment, unless he strike out an altogether new line, he had far better be silent. No doubt I shall still write pieces occasionally, but certainly the bulk of my verse is done."

❀

The record of Mr. Dobson's life, so far as it is of public interest, must be sought in his work. He quoted as applicable to his own case the sentence from Montaigne which, written in Mr. Dobson's ordinary handwriting, is given below. For the last forty-one years he has spent his days at the Board of Trade, and for nearly thirty of them has devoted his evenings to literary work. On returning from Whitehall, his usual habit after dinner is to read or listen to music until about ten o'clock, when he retires to his study and works until midnight. A Government office is not precisely a bed of roses, and he regards his literary work as recreation. One would imagine, from Mr. Dobson's poetry, that such prosaic work as that of the Board of Trade would be altogether foreign to his taste, and on inquiring whether he had never been tempted to relinquish his position there and devote himself entirely to literature he responded: "No; the one occupation balances the other in a very satisfactory and agreeable manner. Business habits are useful—even to a literary man."

❀

It was in *Temple Bar* that Mr. Dobson made his first appearance as a poet. In accepting "A City Flower," Edmund Yates wrote that he was delighted with it, and characterised it as "fresh, original, and very pretty." When *St. Paul's* appeared, Mr. Dobson became a frequent contributor, but it is a common error that he was "discovered" or brought out by Anthony Trollope through personal friendship. It is true they were both Government officials, but the young poet forwarded his pieces to Trollope as a perfect stranger, and, while he ac-



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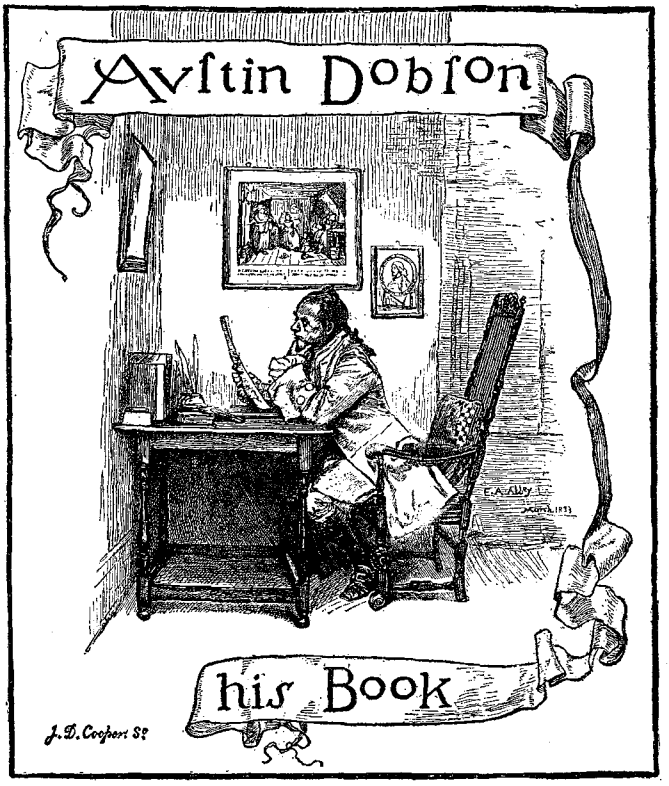
cepted them with great cordiality, it was not until 1873, five years after he began to contribute, that Dobson met him, and they did not come into close personal relations until after Trollope had ceased editing *St. Paul's*. Mr. Dobson speaks enthusiastically of Trollope as an editor. "He was most prompt in answering letters, and took the keenest interest in one's work. He criticised freely and severely. Sometimes he would return a manuscript with queries to nearly every stanza, and I frequently made modifications in deference to his views. I have never known a magazine better edited than *St. Paul's* was, and I cannot understand why it was not a greater success."



AUSTIN DOBSON'S BOOK-PLATE.

For the most part, Mr. Dobson lives in the atmosphere of the eighteenth century. His devotion to subjects of this period he attributes partly to temperament, partly to the influence of Thackeray (particularly his lectures on the English humourists), and partly to accident. He has edited many editions of the works of eighteenth-century writers, and written the lives of several, including Hogarth, Fielding, Goldsmith, Steele, and Horace Walpole, and a book on Thomas Bewick, the engraver, and his pupils. He has edited numerous editions of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, including a beautiful fac-simile of the original, with a bibliographical preface, and is engaged on another. He is now preparing a definitive edition of his *Life of Hogarth*, which is to be published in February, and is engaged upon a new series of *Eighteenth-Century Vignettes*. Asked whether he had any special preference for any one part of his literary work, Mr. Dobson said that writing his *Eighteenth-Century Vignettes*—little studies on out-of-the-way subjects—had given him peculiar pleasure. Hogarth has always been a passion with him, and Goldsmith he speaks of as a hobby. Almost as far back as he can remember he used to pore over Hogarth's prints in the *Penny Magazine*. The drawers of a table in his study are full of Hogarth prints, and he has a large number of books relating to the artist. Among the treasures in his study is A. E. Abbey's original drawing of Mr. Dobson's book-plate, reproduced herewith in fac-simile.

❀

In noticing the kindly intended criticism of *Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors*, which appeared in the *Chap-Book* of December 15th, attention has been called to the infallibility of critics. Although the article in question quotes in part the author's preface, and acknowledges that the author says that in some cases he has "touched the fragile bric-à-brac of tradition with the feather duster of investigation," the critic goes on to italicise another extract and quotes these words: "It will not confuse our historical knowledge to accept it thus," the

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latter "it" referring to the contents of the book. At this the critic is up in arms, and, after picking out several instances in which he claims that Mr. Barnes differs in his historical statements from the well-known authorities, he himself makes statements without giving the source of his information, and challenges, at the end of his article, the writer of *Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors* to prove his position. Thus says the *Chap-Book* critic in his last paragraph :

"But with due apologies, we beg to say that since Mr. Barnes has set out to alter the face of history as he has done (we apologise once more) in this work, it is incumbent upon him to do what he has not yet done, to give us something from his unpublished papers, and exceptional opportunities and special collection—at least some proof of what he appears to have written out of his personal knowledge only."

And now let us instance the *Chap-Book's* instances :

"Take, for example," says the critic, "the yarn of Allen of the *Chesapeake*. The American whose blood is not stirred by the story of the *Chesapeake* and the *Leopard* is a cur who ought to emigrate. Mr. Barnes retells this in a spirited fashion ; but he says that Barron did not haul down the flag until after Allen with the famed live coal from the galley had fired a gun. All others say the flag was already at the rail. If Mr. Barnes is right, Mr. Barron is in a great measure rehabilitated."

Just before this the writer of the criticism has quoted as authorities Cooper and Maclay and "the careful Roosevelt." Cooper says, on page 151 of his *Lives of Distinguished Naval Officers* (Carey and Hart, Philadelphia, 1846), in detailing the adventurous life of Lieutenant John Templer Shubrick, who was a midshipman in Allen's division on the *Chesapeake :*

"He (Allen) then ran to the galley, procured a coal, and with that he succeeded in discharging one gun. It is doubtful whether this was before or after the order had been given to haul down the colors, the two things occurring almost at the same instant."

Maclay, on page 307 of his *History of the American Navy*, Volume I., follows Cooper closely :

"Just as the flag was coming down, Lieutenant William Henry Allen, who commanded the second division, seized a live coal from the galley fire with his fingers and discharged a gun."

But what does Allen, the man who fired the gun, say in regard to the matter ? In a letter written by Allen immediately after the event, and published in January, 1814, in *The Portfolio*, occur these words :

"I was in the galley (the camboose), and, snatching a coal from the flames, fired the only gun, which went through the wardroom of the English ship. A shot came into us and struck a man on the breast—he fell at my feet, covering me with blood and splinters of bones. One of my guns suffered severely ; one had his leg carried away, two an arm each, and two more were wounded severely—five out of eight. After one gun, one single gun, was fired, we struck, by order of the captain, who then called his officers into the cabin, and asked their opinions. My answer was, 'Sir, you have disgraced us.'"

This should be conclusive ; but how strange ! the critic apparently has not read his own authorities !

❀

Then the critic goes on to take exception to Mr. Barnes's account of the affair of the *Constitution* in the harbor of Portsmouth, Eng., when she carried the English deserter out from under the guns of the fleet of Sir Roger Curtis (the critic says, "with two frigates in chase"). Referring him to pages 36 and 37, Volume II., of Cooper's *Naval History* (Putnam, 1856), in which a number of mistakes of the Bentley and French editions were corrected, he will find that

"The ship (the *Constitution*) lifted her anchor, and stood over to Cherbourg, however, without being followed. There is no doubt that the prudence of Sir Roger Curtis alone prevented an engagement of some sort or other on this occasion."

The *Chap-Book* critic, in his review, gives a version of this affair for which there seems to be no authority. We have quoted one of the very authors he cites.

❀

In regard to his final objection—concerning the Dartmoor massacre—the critic could not have read Mr. Barnes's account very thoroughly, and is certainly all in a fog in regard to the facts. We beg to refer him to King and Larpent's report of the affair, to the report of the American committee, and the affidavits of American prisoners, especially those of Edward Coffin, Samuel Lowdy, and John Battice. For his information we take pleasure in telling him that he will find full accounts of the matter in a little volume of great interest, entitled *A Journal of Life, etc., at Dartmoor Pris-*

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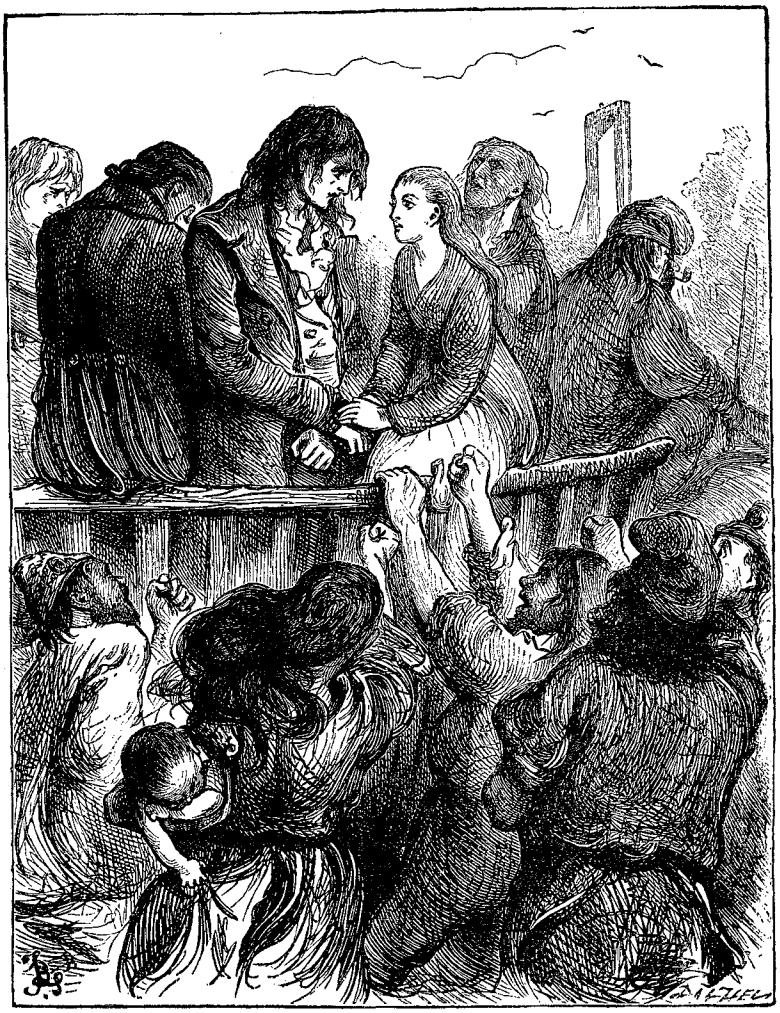
on, etc., published by Rowe and Hooper, Boston, 1816. This includes an accurate map showing the positions of the firing squads, and the killed and wounded where they fell and lay. He can compare this with the account to be found in *The American Cruiser*, by Captain George Little, which is the tale of an eyewitness; also, if he wishes to go further, to that delightful book, *A Green Hand's First Cruise*, the account of another prisoner, published by Messrs. Cushing and Brother, in Baltimore, 1841. With all of these Mr. Barnes agrees. In fact, we do not have to refer the *Chap-Book* to unpublished papers, but merely to history and record, whose face remains unchanged. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, even in the critic.



FRED BARNARD'S FAMOUS PICTURE DRAWN FOR DICKENS'S "A TALE OF TWO CITIES."

❀

The announcement made in these columns last month that Mr. Phil May was engaged upon a series of black-and-white studies, to illustrate a new edition of Dickens in the hands of Mr. George Allen, is now further amplified by the news that the first volume will be *David Copperfield*, and will contain thirty-six illustrations. If Dickens is to be illustrated again from fresh types, we can imagine no better equipped or more sympathetic artist than Phil May. The enterprise has already aroused interest, and the outcome will be awaited with interest and expectancy.

❀

Dickens has had many artists and caricaturists, and the interest in these is still warm, judging by the letters which an illustrated article on a new collection of Dickensiana in the November BOOKMAN called forth. But of them all perhaps the most eminent, the most successful, and some would say the last delineator of Dickens's characters was the lamented Fred Barnard, whose sad and tragic death a little over a year ago is fresh in many minds. The greatest of his pictures, certainly the one which

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has always appealed pre-eminently to the imagination of Dickens's readers, is that which depicts Sydney Carton on his way to the guillotine in *A Tale of Two Cities*. The edition which contained this is now seldom seen, and we have heard inquiries made for it very frequently. For this reason the reproduction which is given on the previous page may not be without interest and value to a number of our readers.

❀

The volume of sketches by Dickens, hitherto unpublished in this country, brought together under the title *Old Lamps for New Ones*, by the New Amsterdam Book Company, shortly before the holidays, has met with a generous reception. The book has been so much in demand that, notwithstanding a first large edition, a second had to be prepared almost immediately. This edition is now ready, and is also being taken up rapidly. The same publishing concern has issued four volumes of its subscription edition of the works of Bulwer Lytton—namely, *The Last of the Barons*, in two volumes; *The Caxtons* and *Rienzi*. There was some delay, owing to the pressure of their holiday publications, in the regularity of the issue of these volumes, but the publishers now announce that two volumes will be published each month until the set is complete.

❀

We learn with interest that arrangements have recently been made with the author and his publishers for a translation into Japanese of some of the works of Mr. James Lane Allen. This is being done by Anne Heard Dyer, of Tokio, in collaboration with a native Japanese scholar. The translators are now engaged upon *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*. "These two little books are, I think," writes Mrs. Dyer to a correspondent in this country, "best suited to the delicacy and ideal tendency of the Japanese feeling for nature—the medium through which most of their emotions are transmitted. But I hope even in so pictorial and objective a language it will not be impossible to reproduce that pure literary and lyrical quality which so characterises them in their own. In regard to the former, it may not be uninteresting to you to hear the remark of one of Japan's most distinguished poets and art critics. 'My heart was won on the very first page,' he said, 'by the cricket.' After speaking most appreciatively of the book, he went on to tell us about a pet cricket of his own—I do not believe we have in America the bell cricket, which has such a peculiarly metallic and sweet note—and further about a Drama of Crickets, a famous old Chinese play of which he promised to make a translation in English for us." One could wish that it were possible for a Japanese artist to illustrate these editions of Mr. Allen's work. It would be rather curious to see their picturesque interpretation of his treatment of nature.

❀

It may not generally be known that the lines by George Eliot, beginning "Oh, may I join the choir invisible," which are given on the title-page of Mr. Allen's *The Choir Invisible*, and from which the title and *motif* of his book are taken, are engraved on George Eliot's tomb at Highgate Cemetery.

❀

Another translation now in progress is that of Miss Jane Barlow's *Irish Idylls* into German, by the widow of the late Professor von Helferich, of Dresden University. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, who publish Miss Barlow's books in this country, have secured a new volume of stories by her.

❀

Authors, as a rule, are so dissatisfied with illustrations of their work, that it is worth while noting an exception when it occurs. Miss Jane Barlow, it appears, is very much pleased with the illustrations in the holiday edition of her *Irish Idylls*, recently published; the pictures, she says, are among the best she has seen of the West Irish country. This is a tribute to Mr. Clifton Johnson's photographic art, through whose camera this process of illustration has been so deftly done.

❀

Mr. James Breck Perkins, whose latest contribution to French historical research in *France under Louis XV.* is reviewed on another page, is an eminent lawyer in Rochester, N. Y., where he has practised his profession for over twenty-five years. In the pursuit of his historical studies Mr. Perkins has broken

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the routine of his professional duties twice during the last decade, living and studying in Paris, the second time remaining there for several years. He is now the author of five volumes on the history of France, beginning with the times of Louis XIV., which are published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Notwithstanding his engrossing historical interests, Mr. Breck keeps up an active practice, and so successful is he in his profession that, despite his long visits abroad, he has always retained his old clients.

❀

The end of *Trilby* is evidently not yet come. We hear that a German professor of music has conceived the idea of making an opera out of it. Not a bad idea as it strikes us on reflection, and we should not be surprised if *Trilby* were to enjoy a triple success if the idea materialises on the stage. But why was it left to a German musician to think of this? Where are our musical wits? What a delightful theme for Reginald de Koven or Victor Herbert!

❀

We have received, through the courtesy of Professor F. N. Scott of the University of Michigan, a pamphlet containing the reprint of a paper by Dr. Willard C. Gore, entitled *Student Slang*. In a way we were disappointed by its perusal; not because of any defects in the paper itself, but because the title led us to expect something different from the actual contents. For the monograph does not treat of the slang that is peculiarly and essentially the students'—that is to say, of college slang as such—but with the slang of all sorts that students to-day employ. Yet we have been interested, none the less, in reading over the word-lists here arranged and classified with scientific accuracy; for they confirm a statement made by us last July to the effect that the racy, picturesque, and essentially academic slang of the old-time university is now corrupted and debased by an infusion of blackguard *argot* raked up from the gutters and the slums, just as the American university of to-day is itself being corrupted and debased by the influx of the utilitarian mob.

❀

Very little, comparatively speaking, of the slang here recorded is the product of the student mind. It reeks of the vulgarity that taints the non-collegiate cad; and Dr. Gore's collection is, therefore, rather depressing to a thoughtful reader. But there is much also to amuse, and to excite a healthy curiosity. We should like to know the origin of some of the expressions given, and we frequently wonder whether they originated at the University of Michigan or were imported into its halls from contiguous localities in the West. Thus *pruny* (cross) attracts us, as does *full of prunes* (*i.e.*, of mistakes). *Ding-dongs* (side-whiskers), *two-wheel house* (a two-dollar boarding-house), *take a harp* (die), *slam* (an uncomplimentary hint), *gonesome* (empty, hungry), *blug* (a swell), and *june around* (to be busily idle), are all very pleasing, though not, we think, originally academic as are *freshlet* (a young freshman), *dy over dx* (a failure to recite), *flossy* (stylish), *to make a stab* (to answer by guess-work), *crust the instructor* (make a good recitation), and *hen-medic* (a female medical student).

❀

We extracted some mild amusement, also, from the definitions, whose literary English is sometimes rather comical when placed side by side with the word defined. Any one, for instance, would be tickled by this:

"*Let her go, Gallagher.* An expression signifying a readiness to proceed."

We wish that we could spare the space for some general discussion of the whole subject of academic slang; but we shall reserve it until we write the introduction to our great *Dictionary of University Argot*—if we ever make one. Meanwhile we are indebted to Dr. Gore and to Professor Scott for giving us the pleasure of perusing these interesting lists.

❀

Early in the year Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish the most important contribution that has ever been made to the elucidation of a single period in the life of Burns. This is the correspondence between the poet and the friend and patron of the last ten years of his life, Mrs. Frances Wallace Dunlop. A considerable number of Burns's letters were handed over to his biographer, Currie, and have been included in all lives of the poet and all editions of his prose works. Mrs. Dun-

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lop kept back, however, between thirty and forty of her friend's epistles, and only allowed the remainder to be published on condition of all her own being returned to her. Recently the unpublished letters of both were acquired from Mrs. Dunlop's descendants by Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, N. Y., and are about to be published with ample elucidations by Mr. William Wallace, editor of the latest issue of Robert Chambers's *Life and Works of Robert Burns*. We understand that the letters of the poet which are now about to see the light for the first time are of very great value. They throw a flood of light upon the last years of Burns's life, and indicate among other things that a serious effort was made to secure for him a position as a professor in the University of Edinburgh. They likewise state Burns's views upon religion with a precision which is not to be found in the letters that have hitherto been published. They also put in a new and unexpected light the "desertion" of Burns by his correspondent.

❀

Mrs. Dunlop's letters, about a hundred in number, are also intensely interesting. They will show how little of a "patroness" and how very much of a devoted friend she was. At the same time she was a merciless critic; indeed, her letters constitute the one body of contemporary criticism of Burns which exists. They are also so full of references to the history of the time, and even of its literature, that Mr. Wallace's annotations, and an introduction in which he deals at length with the Wallace and Dunlop families, both represented by Burns's correspondent, form about a third of the volume. Mrs. Dunlop's letters also clear up many mysterious allusions in biographies of Burns, and rectify numerous mistakes which have been made by his editors, from Currie to Messrs. Henley and Henderson.

❀

Miss Grace King writes from New Orleans, dated January 5th, as follows:

Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

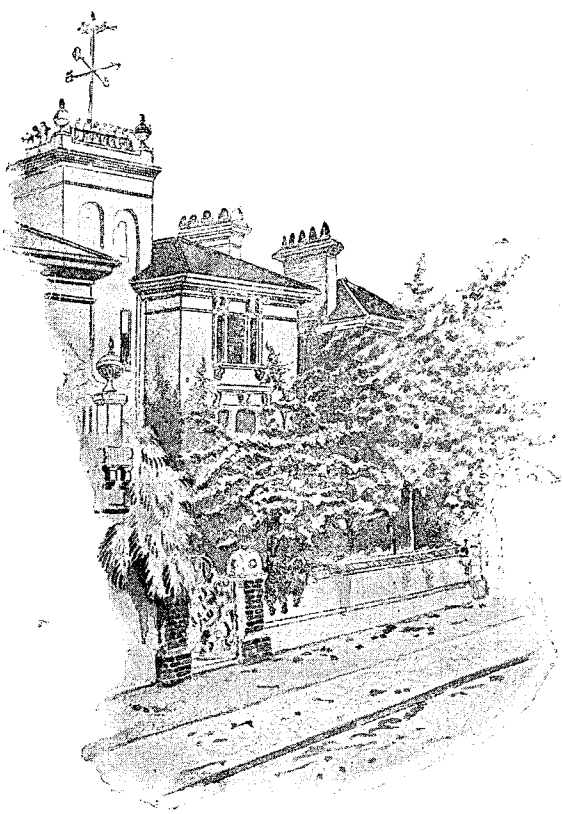
MY DEAR SIRS: Permit me to add some information to your article on Libraries and Librarians in the January number. Besides the Howard Library we have in New Orleans the very large and important circulating library, the Fiske Free and Public Library; the State Library, which contains the Law Library and the Historical Library of the State—the latter collected by Charles Gayarri when Secretary of State, and furnishes to students the complete list of Spanish and French authorities for our colonial history; the Tulane University Library, a fine working library, and a rich one in modern French authors. These last two are also practically circulating. The Howard Library is strictly a reference one.

I may add that the Fiske Free and Public Library was formed from the small, but very useful libraries whose foundation dates from some forty years ago.

Respectfully,
GRACE KING.

❀

Both Anthony Hope and Stanley Weyman have made a departure from romantic Europe, and have delved into English history in their latest stories. *Simon Dale*, by Anthony Hope, is an historical novel of the times of Charles II., the merry monarch of England, and will be published shortly by the Messrs. Stokes. Mr. Weyman's new story is called *The Castle Inn*, and deals with the England of George III. The opening



"THE PINES," PUTNEY, THE HOME OF THE POET SWINBURNE AND MR. WATTS-DUNTON.

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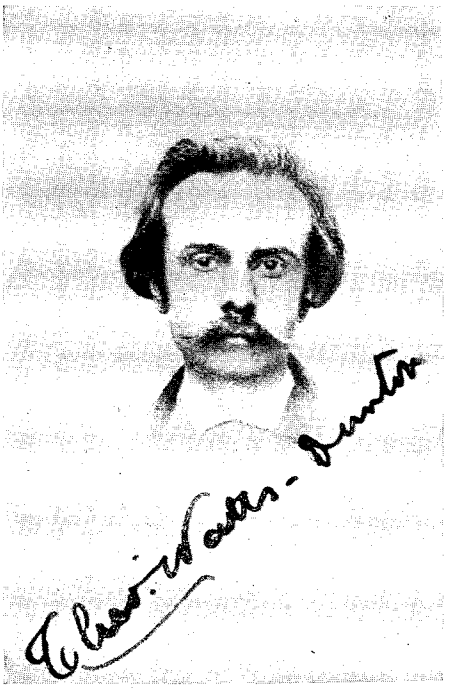
chapters appeared in *Munsey's Magazine* last month. Max Pemberton also begins a new novel, entitled *The Woman of Kronstadt*, in the same number. As the title would lead us to infer, it is a story of love and intrigue, in which a woman's wit is matched against the crushing military power of Russia.

The long-expected volume of poems by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, the leading critic and chief attraction of the *Athenæum*, has just been published by Mr. John Lane. Mr. Watts Dunton was the intimate friend of Tennyson, Browning, William Morris, Meredith, and the house-mate of Rossetti and Swinburne. He was born in 1836, and received his education from private tutors at Cambridge. He was literary and artistic critic on the *Examiner*, under the editorship of Professor Minto, before his association with the *Athenæum*. He is the author of *Aylwin: a Poetic Romance*, and has contributed a number of thoughtful essays—especially interesting being the last one on Poetry—to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which many of his friends would like to see collected in a volume of criticisms. Mr. Coulson Kernahan, who contributes an article to the present number on Mr. Watts-Dunton and his poems, is perhaps the only one of the younger generation who knows him intimately, and this intimacy makes his article all the more interesting because of its special knowledge and insight. Mr. Watts-Dunton is something of a recluse, and has never sought fame. He is a staunch friend, and has been a kind helper to many struggling young men of letters. He and Swinburne live together at "The Pines," Putney, a suburb of London. Mr. Watts-Dunton is the shyest of men, and has never allowed his portrait to appear in public until now. We have the privilege of publishing an authentic portrait of him that has never appeared before.



The eighth anniversary of Robert Browning's death was celebrated on Sunday, the 12th of December last, in the Robert Browning Hall, Walworth, England. Mr. Augustine Birrell delivered an address, and the members of the Kyrle Society rendered several songs by the two Brownings, together with selections from Galuppi, Boison, and Verdi. Mr. Birrell, in the course of his remarks, said that "literature had a larger place in life than actual life itself. To night they were thankfully grateful and avowedly reverent for one who had entered into the lives of all who read him. Two things only commanded their reverence—first, a succession of great writers, and, second, the recollection of great, generous, and noble deeds. The obscure poet of the obscure 'Sordello' had an influence on literature which was indescribably majestic. Like Carlyle and Tennyson, he never bowed the knee to Baal. Poverty they knew, and depression of spirit, but not one of them abated one jot or tittle of his pretensions, or ever asked the people what they wanted; and so the people ceased to sneer and scoff, and the crowd—which is, after all, a docile crowd—became eager enough to pay its debt to them with compound interest. Browning's religious belief was not attained through the dark and mystical passage of the sacraments, but rather was the result of a firm belief in a personal God, and his strong faith in the soul of man."

A few months after the death of Robert Browning, in December, 1889, there

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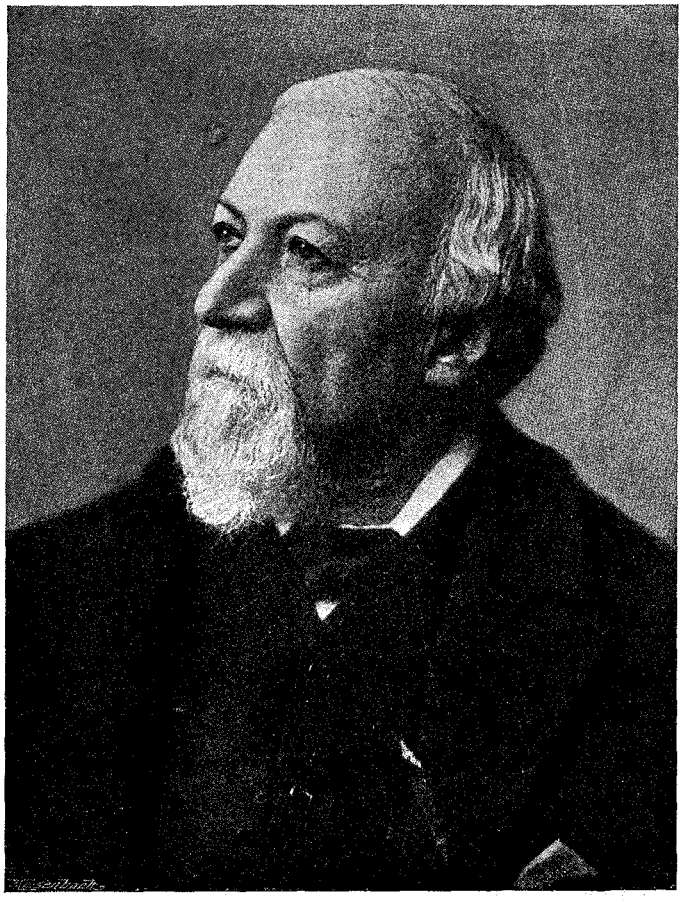

ROBERT BROWNING.
From a photograph by Julia Margaret Cameron.

appeared in an obscure English contemporary an article containing "A Young Man's Recollections," which recorded some good things worth repeating, but which is especially valuable for its fresh evidence of the poet's unfailing courtesy and great-hearted sympathy, particularly with would-be literary aspirants. We cull some extracts for our readers :

"I was taken up to his study and shown in. Huge heaps of books lay on the floor, the chairs, the table ; and at first I thought the room otherwise unoccupied. But suddenly a dapper little figure emerged from a huge arm-chair by the fire, and stepped briskly across the room. For a moment I was bewildered. The poet's face was familiar in photographs, but I had somehow imagined him a tall, gaunt man. I recovered myself to find him standing before me, holding both hands, and saying : 'Now this is really very kind of you, to come so far just to see an old man like me.' Then he dragged up a companion chair and forced me into it, standing for some moments by my side, with his hand on my shoulder. Then he sat down and said : 'Well, tell me all about yourself. Have you not brought some of your poems to show me?' Of course I had not —I wanted to see him, and talk of his work. But for a while he would not let me do so. 'We'll talk about me later, if you like, though I'm rather tired of the subject,' he said ; and proceeded to question me pretty closely about my aims and work. Then he sat and thought awhile ; then came across to me again and said : 'Do you know that I was nearly fifty before I made any money out of my writings? That's the truth ; and you will understand my reluctance to advise any one to embark on such a cruel career. But—if you really mean to go in for it—I would do anything I could to shorten your time of waiting. So you just send me some of your work, that I may give you my candid opinion, if you think it's worth having.'

"A promise which seemed hard of fulfilment was that which I had made—to submit some of my poems to him. What he thought of them is nothing to the purpose ; I refer to the fact that I did so submit them to his criticism because I wish to quote a couple of significant sentences in the letter which contained his criticism. The first is a passing but pathetic reference to his own writing. 'With all your goodness to my own work,' he wrote, 'you know well enough how long it has been before the world, and how moderate a recognition of any sort of worth in it ever happened till lately ; so I dare say nothing as to chances of popularity which your poems are likely to attain.' That letter was dated December 6th, 1887 : two years later, when I heard of his splendid death at Venice, my memory went back to that sad phrase.

"The other noticeable sentence was one which seems to express an opinion curiously at variance with the views on the same subject generally imputed to him, and, indeed, appropriated by him in more than one poem.

"'If you determine to go on writing—as in this instance—poetry straight out of your own experience, I think you will easily attain the great and good end of affording help to a nobler bearing of sorrow, or firmer faith in eventual freedom from it.'

"The sentence gives but slight material wherefrom to construct a theory of any kind ; but I have always felt it an indication that

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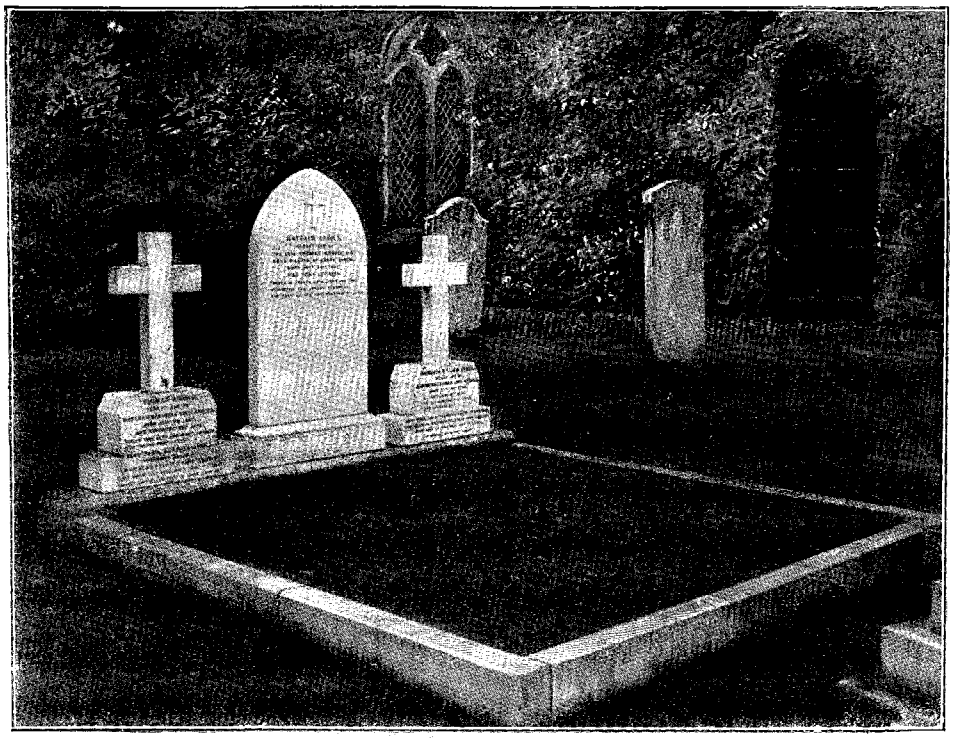

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S GRAVE IN LALEHAM CHURCHYARD.

Browning was sometimes ready to admit the defensibility of a theory of art which he had condemned so plainly. Which is to say that he was but a man.

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"A few weeks later I called again at the beautiful house in De Vere Gardens. The poet had just come in, he told me, from a meeting of the committee for the memorial to Matthew Arnold, and he was evidently very depressed by the sad thoughts which had come upon him of his 'dear old friend, Mat.' 'I have been thinking all the way home,' he said, 'of his hardships. He told me once, when I asked him why he had written no poetry lately, that he could not afford to do it; but that, when he had saved enough, he intended to give up all other work and go back to poetry. I wonder if he has gone back to it now.' Here Browning's voice shook, and he was altogether more deeply moved than I had ever seen him. 'It's very hard, isn't it?' he went on, 'that a useless fellow like me should have been able to give up all his life to it—for, as I think I told you, my father helped me to publish my early books—while a splendid poet like Arnold actually could not afford to write the poetry we wanted of him.'

"That morning Mr. Browning was in an unusually communicative mood. Generally he would say: 'Oh, I don't want to talk about my poems—they were quite enough trouble to write without talking of them.' But to-day he spoke of one and another, reciting scraps and chatting about their aims. I remember that among many others 'James Lee's Wife' was mentioned. 'Tell me,' I said, 'what is your private opinion of "James Lee's Wife"? Was she quite guiltless in the matter of her husband's estrangement? Or was he simply a shallow soul who would have got tired of her, or any other good woman, in time?' 'Well, I'm not quite sure,' he answered, and sat looking into the fire for some moments. 'I was always very fond of her, and I really believe that there are one or two bits of her history which are as good as anything I have done.' After a pause he suddenly began to recite part of that section of the poem entitled 'By the Sea,' with curious dramatic inflections of the voice. I had never till then quite realised the unutterable pathos of the woman's fate who sees her husband's love slipping away from her, tired by the excess of her own. He had got as far as the verse —

> "'O love, love, no, love, not so indeed!
> You were just weak earth, I knew;
> With much in you waste, and many a weed,
> And plenty of passion run to seed,
> But a little good grain too.'

"There he stopped, and again paused a moment. By and by he said, 'Do you know, I think Mrs. Lee was a little to blame. I fancy she had not much tact, and did not quite know how to treat her husband. I think she worried him a little.'

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There is a pathetic reference among the recollections of Browning printed

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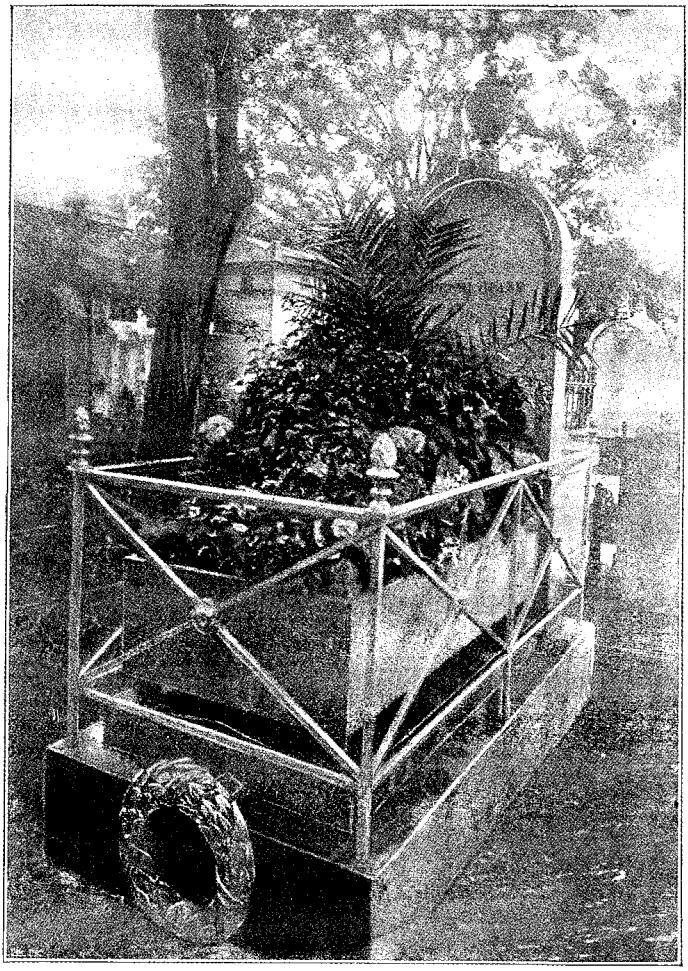

THE NEW TOMB MARKING HEINE'S GRAVE AT MONTMARTRE, PARIS.

above to the slow recognition which was also Arnold's lot as well as Browning's. It is now nearly nine years ago since the apostle of sweetness and light was laid in his grave in Laleham Churchyard. And as Arnold himself cited Macaulay's comment on the waning influence of Wordsworth ten years after his decease, so in Arnold's case nearly the same period of time has brought about an opposite effect in the very remarkable and widespread growth of interest in his own poetry. Time has strangely altered his position in the world of letters, and it is not as a tractarian, controversialist, and critic that he is best known to-day, but pre-eminently as a poet and essayist. The splendid discernment of his *Essays in Criticism* will always preserve for him a place in English literature; and his verse, though it will never be popular in the common acceptation of that term, will always be appreciated and remembered by a "fit audience, though few." The reaction in favour of Byron at the present time calls to mind Arnold's partisanship and glorification of the poet, in defiance of Swinburne, by which he suffered much at the time with the literary public.

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We also give an illustration from the London *Sketch* of the new tomb marking Heine's grave at Montmartre, Paris. "I remember well the first time I visited Paris," writes a correspondent to this journal:

"It was in the month of September, and thus, when I went to the cemetery of Montmartre the force of Matthew Arnold's lines appealed to me in their full significance, as I stood viewing Heine's grave—

"'HENRI HEINE—'tis here!
That black tombstone, the name
Carved there—no more!'

Here Heine had lain since 1856, and when I visited it the monument was in a shocking condition. 'Trim Montmartre' was scarcely a fitting description to apply to the neglected little plot with the bald headstone, yet the place was just the same as when Arnold wrote

'. . . the faint
Murmur of Paris outside;
Crisp everlasting-flowers,
Yellow and black, on the graves.'

Yet this headstone, such as it was, formed all the memorial that Heine ever had, for neither Germany nor Austria has immortalised him thus.'"

The new monument which marks the lonely grave in Paris is the work of M. L. Hasselriis, a Danish sculptor in Rome.

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The conversion of John Oliver Hobbes, as manifested in her new novel, *The School for Saints*, is one of the topics of

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the hour in literary circles. The epigrammatic force of her style still remains, but purged of its steely cynicism and harsh edge, and chastened by a serious, even a profoundly, religious tone. In the midst of much that is dull, irrelevant, and didactic, there are flashes of originality, distinct power, and compelling interest in the romance of the inner life. Written in the manner of *John Inglesant*, recalling *Daniel Deronda* not infrequently, disclosing a remarkable knowledge of the Bible and the influence of Ouida in certain chapters, Mrs. Craigie has written a novel which commands respect for its thoughtfulness, its serious purpose, and its successful portrayal of the hero and heroine. There is to be a sequel, and we look forward with eagerness to learn how Robert and Brigit, after their brief moment of ecstatic union, bore their separation. We have a quarrel with Mrs. Craigie for calling her heroine by so unromantic a name as Brigit. To be sure it is Frenchified from Brigitte, but the association still remains. Not the least successful feature about Dr. Mitchell's *Hugh Wynne* is the name of his heroine. "Darthea" is eloquent of all the feminine graces, and weaves a spell on the page whenever she is introduced.

❀

The London *Literary World* declares that it has the best authority for saying that the statements made in several quarters as to the autobiographical character of Sarah Grand's latest work are misleading. The only foundation for them is the following allusion to *The Beth Book* by the author in an interview in *The Young Woman*. "In the story itself there will be a good deal of early experience among the peasantry in Ireland." All she has done is to use familiar scenes as a setting or background to her fiction; but that is obviously not at all the same thing as using actual incidents in her own life. Taken as an autobiography, one is certainly repelled oftentimes by its extreme frankness, recalling the *Confessions* of Rousseau at many points. We are rather relieved by the denial set forth by the *Literary World*, for, to say the least, one cannot but be amazed and shocked at many things—for example, the choice of a name for the delinquent husband. However great one's respect may be for the sincerity and even the nobility of much that one finds in *The Beth Book*, it is impossible for her to escape the charge of coarseness, unconscious though she may be of this quality in her work. One thing is very certain: no one ever dwells long on such themes as are discussed in this public fashion and thrown open for solution over the tea-table without deterioration. It is impossible surely that Madame Grand can know how many of her readers will be affected by certain things in her book—things which stain the page without helping any argument in the least.

❀

It is reported in London that the allusion made by the late Poet Laureate (recorded in the *Memoir* by his son) to Tennyson's having smoked a pipe with Carlyle at the kitchen fireside of the latter in Cheyne Row, has attracted several visitors to the downstairs part of this well-known house, which has been as a rule neglected. Paul Bourget, who was accompanied on a recent visit to London by his daughter, is said to have exhibited a truly Gallic enthusiasm in his inspection of the various literary objects in each room, and Dr. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the United States Congress, and an old friend of Carlyle, displayed familiarity on the occasion of his visit lately with each corner of the house. While the interior of the building has undergone considerable renovation since Carlyle's decease, the kitchen fireplace and appurtenances remain as they were in 1852, and, indeed, appear as serviceable to-day as they ever did. Amid all the vicissitudes of time the following simple record remains indelibly engraven on a pane of glass, which singularly enough no Carlyle worshipper has disturbed: "John Harbert Knowles cleaned all the windows in this house and painted part in the 18 year of age, March 7, 1794"—more than a year before the birth of the man who was to render the old edifice famous for all time.

❀

In the January *Munsey* there may be seen a drawing which portrays the Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the Senate, and his adopted daughter, who guides his footsteps. For fifty-two years Dr. Milburn has kept pace with the tide of Congressional life, and dur-

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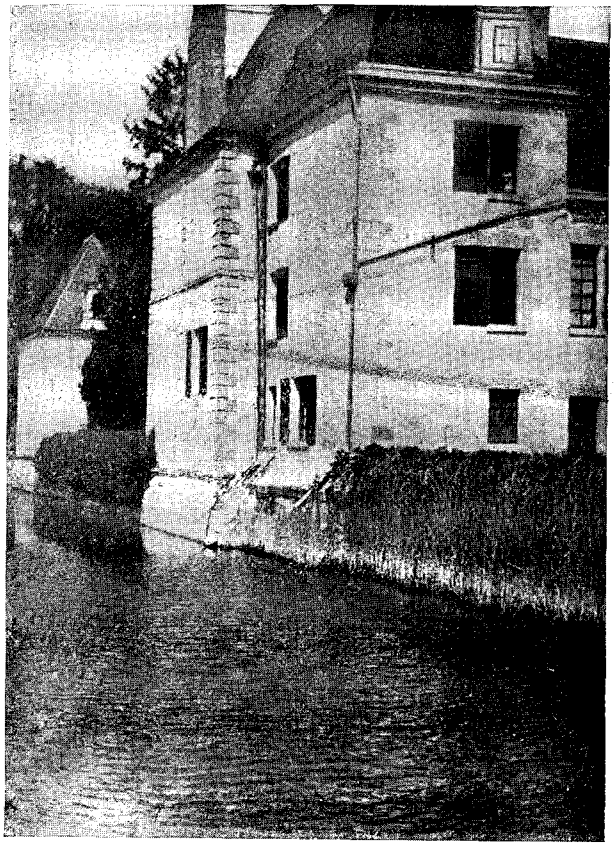

THE CHÂTEAU DE VELOR (EUGÉNIE GRANDET'S HOME).

ing that period Washington has grown around him out of a straggling village into a city of magnificent splendour.

❀

A correspondent from Paris sends us the accompanying photographs of the Château de Velor, at Avoine Beaumont, near Tours, which is celebrated as the home of the original "Eugénie Grandet." The château was at one time a hunting lodge of Charles the Seventh. It passed eventually by fraud into the possession of Père Nivelau, so that it became the home of his daughter Eugénie. Balzac lived in Tours at this time, and is said by local tradition to have fallen in love with the daughter, but to have been refused by old Nivelau on account of his poverty. The story, according to the present owner, the Marquise de Podestad, follows the facts very closely excepting that Eugénie's marriage was more actively unhappy than the novel represents it, and lasted long years instead of a few months. There were also several children, whereas in the story there are none, but Eugénie outlived them all, and died only some sixteen years ago. Many of her belongings are in the possession of the marquise, and the crucifix, at which old Grandet clutched while dying (because it was gilded) still hangs in the house. The moat surrounding the house is filled with water, but the story does not say whether or not it was so in Balzac's time. In the larger picture there is a glimpse of the chapel which Eugénie had decorated and which is just as she left it.

❀

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has just finished the novel upon which she has been hard at work for several months. During the writing, Mrs. Atherton has been in France, living quietly in Bois Guillaume, Rouen, and will probably not return to London before March. The new story is entitled *The Americans of Maundrell Abbey*, and is understood to touch upon the question of international marriages. It is said to be the most important work that Mrs. Atherton has done, and there are reasons to believe that it fully sustains her reputation for daring frankness. Most of her books,

FRONT VIEW OF THE CHÂTEAU DE VELOR.

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Patience Sparhawk particularly, aroused the resentment of many sensitive Americans, but in England the story has been cordially received. It has gone into a fifth edition, and is reported among the leading books at the libraries.

❀

On the morning of Friday, November 26th last, there passed away, in the seclusion of her quiet Yorkshire home, Miss Ellen Nussey, the life-long friend of Charlotte Brontë, and the chief, if not sole, personal link existing in connection with that gifted family. As a matter of incidental interest, Charlotte Brontë was born on April 21st, 1816—Ellen Nussey on April 20th, 1817, thus showing the very slight disparity between the ages of the two. Charlotte Brontë died at the age of thirty-eight—Ellen Nussey had completed her eightieth year. Lady Morrison, who enjoyed the close and confidential friendship of Miss Nussey for more than ten years past, contributes the following reminiscence:

❀

"In person Ellen Nussey was not striking, but she was sprightly, attractive — coquettish, no doubt, in her younger days—and intelligent; her manners charming; every word and gesture bearing emphatically the stamp of truth; while her voice, mellowed and modulated to a peculiarly gentle cadence, was exceedingly pleasant to hear. I have often sat beside her, and heard with unfeigned interest her sparkling talk about the Brontë family; have heard her relate incidents and anecdotes in the lives of the sisters, which seemed to me better than any information to be gathered from books; and I recall the unabated affection and zest with which she dwelt upon the ways and merits of her gifted friends, while the indignation with which she denounced any aspersion cast upon the memory of Charlotte Brontë and her sisters was, in its righteousness, beautiful to see. Miss Nussey told me that she considered Branwell, the brother, the cleverest and most talented of the whole family, and, but for his misused powers, he could, had he chosen, have outstripped his sisters in literature. Many of the incidents which she related go far to prove that Charlotte Brontë was keenly alive to humour, fun, and all the brighter aspects of life; that she eagerly enjoyed and participated in a joke; and that, until grave and distressing sorrows visited and clouded

ELLEN NUSSEY.

her life, she was at all times open to, and rejoiced in, its gaiety and sunshine. That Ellen Nussey is the prototype of 'Caroline Helstone' in *Shirley* cannot for a moment be doubted. It may be remembered that in one part of the book Caroline is described as wearing a brown dress with a pink bow. When I inquired of Miss Nussey if this also was taken from herself, she said that she *was* wearing that particular kind of attire at the time *Shirley* was written. It is to Ellen Nussey that the public is, and will ever be, indebted for authentic information with regard to the Brontë family. But for her, no history of these remarkable people could have gone forth to the world in a truthful and reliable form."

❀

Mr. Walter Raymond is just finishing a new book which he calls *A Man of the Mendify*—a title which his friends are right in urging him to change, as it is altogether too local. A well-known London critic who has read the manuscript says that it is the best thing that Mr. Raymond has written.

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ALPHONSE DAUDET.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Alphonse Daudet is dead. In his death, which occurred on the 16th of last December, France has lost one of her brightest ornaments. He departed without one unkind word being uttered or one uncharitable thought being harboured by anybody, not even by the French Academy, in spite of his having written *l'Immortel*, not even by the Tarasconese, although he is the creator of the immortal Tartarin! And this universal kindliness around his open grave went to the writer no less than to the man, to the man no less than to the writer.

But what idea must we preserve of the latter? What will posterity say or think of him? What will remain of all that he wrote, to tell our descendants how he charmed us for a period of twenty or twenty-five years?

The first thing that must be noticed about him, it seems to me, the one feature which lies both at the surface of his works and in the very marrow of his nature, is that he was the one genuine *méridional* among the men of letters of his country. The course of history has given France such a strong, compact, national unity that we easily forget how discordant the elements were out of which French nationality has been formed. That there once was a Northern France and a Southern France which harboured none but feelings of enmity toward each other; that these two countries, wholly dissimilar in language, in institutions, in religious and ethical views, once fiercely rushed upon each other; that the Northern Frenchman was in the South hated as a ruthless conqueror, an ignorant and contemptuous destroyer of everything that was held dear and beautiful in the conquered country, is now all but forgotten, save by the close student of historical records. The South, it need hardly be said, gave to France afterward many a brilliant intellect, more, perhaps, than the North. But the sons of the South were taken hold of by the new nationality that resulted from the blending of the two halves, and are thought of simply as Frenchmen. Who thinks of the *méridional* in Thiers and Mignet, in Montaigne,

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in Montesquieu, in Guizot? Even Gambetta's exuberance is ascribed, and not unjustly, to his Italian father's more than to his Southern French mother's blood. In Daudet the Southerner, the Provençal, is discernible nearly in every line that he wrote. It is the sunshine of his native Provence that illumines his works and gives them the peculiar warmth which is one of their most attractive features. Oh, to be sure, he is a Southerner of a peculiar kind! He is not a Gascon; he does not, as the hero of the popular story, wonder that the river Garonne, or the Rhone, even, could give out enough water to fill all the seas and oceans. The Provençal that was in him had become a Parisian too, endowed with that keen sense of the ridiculous which is carried on the banks of the Seine farther than anywhere else, and sometimes altogether too far. The Parisianised Daudet could look from outside at the natives of his dear Provence, or else Tartarin never would have appeared. But his conception, if not of life itself, at least of that which makes life worth living, which makes it beautiful, remained Southern to the last; to the last his favourite music must have been the scraping of the *cigales'* wings, his favourite library, that *Bibliothèque des Cigales* of which he speaks in one of his most charming stories.

Then he was a poet, not a singer exactly, though *Les Amoureuses*, his first volume of verse, contains some of the prettiest poems written in France since the hushing of the three great poetical voices of the century, but a poet who had to draw music and harmony out of every sound of nature, out of every manifestation of social life. His saddest works, *L'Evangéliste* and *Sapho*, have their bit of brightness, their corner of repose, where the soul may rest a while from the stern tragedies of real life.

And yet those who call him a realist are not altogether wrong. He was not out of place in the famous quartette of writers of which he was a member together with Flaubert, Edmond de Goncourt, and his lifelong friend, Émile Zola. As soon as he found himself in Paris—and he was then only seventeen years of age—in 1857, he began to observe and to take notes. He saw quickly and noted accurately, with too great minuteness, perhaps, everything that he saw, and he soon acquired the gift of choosing the characteristic detail which must appeal to the eye and leave in the mind of the reader an indestructible image of the person described. Where is the reader of Daudet who has not before his eyes the standing silhouette of Monsieur Chèbe, Sidonie's father, who cannot accept any sitting business, and therefore has always to be up and doing —nothing?

A realist he undoubtedly was, but what sort of a realist? He was intensely interested in life; he loved to say what he had seen. We are not sure that this is not a Southern trait. His Numa Roumestan, a true Southerner, could not think except when speaking; but the reverse also is true of the *méridional;* what is in his mind and memory must come out, in talk or in print. And Daudet was as wonderful in his conversation as in his books. Life, the every-day events that he came across, were so interesting to him that he at times hardly dared to alter them when introducing them in his books. No one certainly could complain of poverty of imagination in the man who wrote the *Lettres de mon Moulin* and the *Contes du Lundi*, *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné*, and *Sapho*, and yet the same man has, perhaps, transferred bodily into his writings more actual events related in the newspapers, in the court-house, or in society, than any other writer of the present age; of some of his novels one hardly dares say that they are works of fiction; their characters are men and women of our time, we know their names, and they do in the book almost exactly what they had done in real life. Paris society was not a little amused once when, in a celebrated separation case, an incident was testified to by witnesses as having actually had for its heroine the woman in the case, which formed one of the most entertaining chapters of *Les Rois en Exil*, then the most recently published of Daudet's novels.

But this is not true of *all* of his books. We dare say it is not true of the best of them. Thus, for instance, it is hardly disputed by any one that *Port Tarascon* is decidedly inferior to the two preceding volumes of the Tartarin series, *Tartarin de Tarascon* and *Tartarin sur les Alpes;* and it is well known that the original of Port Tarascon was *Port-Breton*, a fantastic and swindling colonisation scheme, which brought poverty and ruin to hun-

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dreds of French families, and landed its originator in a French jail. *Le Nabab* belongs to the same class. Daudet himself did not, in fact, he could not, deny that the Duc de Mora was the Duc de Morny, by whom he had been employed as secretary ; everybody in Paris, especially around the Chamber of Deputies, knew who was the original of Jansoulet, the nabob, and the same stories were read in the novel which had been related in the lobbies, and even in the open sessions of the House, when it had had to pass upon the credentials of the unscrupulous but good-natured adventurer. We could name here the physician, many said "the quack doctor," whom everybody then recognised in Dr. Jenkins; charity forbids. The same thing is true of *Les Rois en Exil*. In his *Souvenirs d'un Homme de Lettres* Daudet himself states, what everybody knew, moreover, that his Queen of Illyria was the ex-Queen of Naples, who had been living in Paris since the conquest of her kingdom by Garibaldi and Vittorio Emmanuele ; everybody knew, not far from the Tuileries, the real estate agency which is so brightly described in the book, and the managers of which play such an important part in the development of the story.

The above features we single out not as merits, but as decided shortcomings in some of Daudet's novels. The explanation is obvious. Daudet did not write a history ; he still clung to the idea that he was writing a novel. He conscientiously invented his plot, created some of the surrounding characters, but he had to make the whole fit in with every detail of the incidents which he had borrowed from real life, and which he had not previously transformed by the process of intellectual digestion, which is one of the necessary labours of the novelist. Those works of Daudet's are not unlike the panoramas, so popular in Paris and elsewhere a few years ago, where, between the spectator and the circular canvas, which was the work of the artist, were placed real material objects—trees, guns, carriages, etc.—intended to intensify the realistic effect. They did intensify it for a while, until close observation revealed the exact line where reality ceased and representation began. It seems to us that the same line is visible in such works as *Le Nabab*, *Les Rois en Exil*, and *Numa Roumestan*.

We are not sure that the same ought not to be said of *Le Petit Chose* also. The interest of the work lies in its autobiographical character, but it is not a simple autobiography, in which the author takes care to state nothing which is not true. The form is that of the novel, and the imaginary have to fit in exactly with the real incidents. Here, as in the above novels, it seems to us that the blending of the two elements has not been accomplished with perfectly artistic accuracy, and for the same reason, because the real incidents of the author's life are presented too much as they actually occurred. What would be a great merit in a historical work becomes thus a blemish in a work of fiction. How much more fascinating, because more convincing, the short chapters that constitute *Trente Ans de Paris* and the *Souvenirs d'un Homme de Lettres*, especially those that are headed *Histoire de mes Livres!* Here we have simple notes taken down almost day by day, where Daudet's marvellous accuracy of vision and power of delicate rendering stand out by themselves and interpose between us and reality nothing but the most deliciously translucid atmosphere.

Does this mean that Daudet was unable to create? By no means. When at his best he is a creator. In fact, he was essentially a creator, because a poet, but so curious of life in all its manifestations, that when he had held a portion of it under his observation he found it extremely painful to alter it in the smallest particular. That the public was quite ready to accept reality as transformed by his poetic imagination ought to have been made clear to him by the reception given to his first successful novel, which, perhaps, remains his masterpiece, *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné*. The characters in the novel were every one of them types, not individuals, or, rather, they were possibilities, not realities ; they were almost truer than life, and at once Delobelle, the *cabotin* accepted by his family, and to a certain extent by himself, as a man of genius, poor self-sacrificing Mademoiselle Zizi, Sigismond Planus, the faithful cashier, Monsieur Chèbe, and, above all, the bewitching, scheming, and perverse Sidonie took

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their place among those products of human fancy, which we are hardly able at times to distinguish from our real acquaintances.

And, ten years later, in *Sapho*, we find the same achievement repeated, with less delicacy and less purity, perhaps, but with greater power of compact and logical construction. And here, we think, lies the greatest difference between Daudet and the great English writer to whom he has often been compared. Daudet's tragedies are of the simplest kind ; they spring from the natures of his characters ; they are every-day events, important for them alone ; we pass by them, and do not notice them ; they would hardly provide a newspaper with one paragraph ; no shipwrecking storms, no kidnappings, no murders ; and they are only the more real, the more heart-rending for their simplicity and homeliness. Give Jean Gaussin a little more strength of will, a little less susceptibility to sensuous enjoyments, and *Sapho's* tragedy disappears ; and the tragedy itself, what does it amount to ? A man overboard, that is all. It happens every day.

L'Evangéliste, in our estimation, ranks nearly as high as *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné* and *Sapho*. But here, again, a certain unreality is discoverable, due, no doubt, to the fact that the main incident was an event which had actually occurred in the family, if we are not mistaken, of the Daudet children's music teacher. In fact, the more Daudet trusts to his poetical faculty of transforming truth the more real he is.

This is the secret of the extraordinary success of his short stories. There real occurrences had to be left out ; they would have taken too much room ; the artist dealt with possibilities, not with realities, and gave the most minute and convincing life to the dreams of his fancy. His two great faculties are both manifested in the highest degree in these earlier and, perhaps, most perfect products of his genius, the *Lettres de mon Moulin*, the *Contes du Lundi*, etc. Sometimes Daudet's fancy is fed by reality, as in *Le Siège de Berlin*, than which anything more realistic can hardly be imagined ; sometimes it is all poetry—the poetry of nature and love, the warm sunshine and the penetrating aroma of the fields of Provence, as in *Le Sous-Préfet aux Champs*. And whether realistic or poetical, his stories possess a charm which is due both to the author's inexhaustible sympathy with every form of life and to the accuracy of an unpretentious and self-restrained descriptive style.

This self-restraint Daudet does not always practise. In some of his larger works, in the *Nabab*, for instance, he once in a while allowed himself to be carried away by a desire of turning his pen into a brush, which has the invariable result of introducing vagueness of utterance. It may do well in other languages ; it does not in French. French style may be narrative, oratorical, descriptive, poetical to a certain extent ; but suggestiveness is not its province. When the outline is not clear, real good French is absent. How many of the French writers of the last thirty years are open to the above criticism ! Daudet is not altogether free from that fault, but with him it appears only here and there, in patches, as it were ; it is not a regular component of his literary nature. In fact, we would willingly say that no one was freer from it, with the exception of the lamented Guy de Maupassant.

Clearness and completeness of vision, perfect accuracy of statement, and sympathy, these are the qualities that made Daudet, perhaps, not only the novelist and story writer that he is, but also the first of French humourists. It has been said not seldom that the French have wit, but no humour. While true in general, we doubt whether an exception ought not to be made in favour of a few quite modern authors, at the head of whom Daudet stands pre-eminent. Who would realise the difference between humour and wit need only pass from the perusal of the Tartarin volumes to almost any of Edmond About's short stories. About's wit is simply irresistible, and laughter comes up to our lips and eyes whether we wish it or not. With Daudet it is simply an amused and kindly smile. We see this big Southern, fun-loving, bragging Tartarin uttering lies as big as houses, first among his own townspeople, whom he does not expect to believe him any more than he believes himself, then among other people, who first take him at his word, and whose contempt he cannot understand after they have found

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that his heroism is all Southern froth, and no more; all his ethical vagaries amuse us like the gambols of some big fishes. We do not want him to hurt himself; but we feel he is not exactly a man after our own likeness. Daudet knows all that and tells us: "Look at him, all the same. He is not useless; he'll bring into your life a ray of his Southern sunshine, provided you do not take him *au sérieux*." No wonder the Tarasconese never forgave him for making their small town the special home of this peculiar branch of the genus man!

On the whole, barring the terrible physical sufferings which in the last thirteen years of his life he endured with admirable fortitude—a fortitude made comparatively easy by the loving devotion of his wife—Daudet was a happy man. In one direction, however, he knew what disappointment was. It was one of his ambitions to be a dramatic writer, and he does not seem to have been meant for one. He who saw others so well was unable to gain the same accurate knowledge of his own nature. He wrote a good deal for the stage, and even before he published any of his novels. *L'Arlésienne*, which was not his first dramatic attempt, was performed when *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné* was not yet written. His dramatic writings are not without merit, and they did not go without a certain degree of success, but they lack the clear, rapid, logical development which is necessary on the stage. Daudet's great gift of accurate and complete vision here obstructed his path rather than helped his progress. He did not know what to set forth and what to omit. Indeed, he sometimes omitted what was most essential for dramatic emotion, so that the only thing to expect of his characters was the unexpected. There are beautiful scenes, though, in *L'Arlésienne*, in *La Lutte pour la Vie*, and especially in *L'Obstacle*, the one of his dramas which comes nearest to being a real play; but a string of scenes is not a drama. In Daudet's plays it always seems that we ought to have an interpreter, a guide, a chorus, to explain to us what is going on in the minds of the various characters before they get ready to take any definite action, and thus spare us the disappointed surprise which otherwise we are sure to feel when they do act before our eyes.

He remains, then, first of all, perhaps, a master of French prose, of a highly musical prose, lighted up with a dash of poetical radiance; a careful and interested observer and describer of life, of that inner life which is called fancy, as well as of the outer life by which we are uninterruptedly surrounded; a kindly and sincere humourist, and in many respects a creator of types. Posterity will lull itself in the mirth and poetry of his light sketches, read one or two, perhaps three, of his novels, and once in a while gaze with some wonder upon the features of the illustrious Tartarin de Tarascon's father.

Let us add here—for in forming an estimate of the man these facts ought not to be forgotten—that Daudet was not one of Fortune's *enfants gâtés*. His beginnings were as humble as well could be. It took him years of the hardest work so to master his natural gifts as to be able to turn them into agents of literary production. His first really great success he won when already thirty-four years of age, and ten years later he felt the first painful symptoms of the terrible ailment which has just carried him off. And yet he was a happy man, because he carried in himself, in his loving heart, and in his sympathy for everything that has received the inseparable gifts of life and suffering the source of his own and of his associates' happiness.

Adolphe Cohn.

IN CAPRICORN.

Around the shoulders of the sleeping hills
His ample robe the hands of Winter fold:
The muffled brook—a dream of tinkling trills;
In leafless woods the hazel's wrinkled gold.

Benjamin F. Leggett.

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THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

Until quite recently the public, outside literary circles, had come to regard Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton as a sort of literary "Mrs. Harris," as something between Mr. Stead's "Julia" and the critical spirit of the age personified. The minor poets—to their credit be it said—have never entertained atheistic doubts about the being of a Theodore Watts. Has not the name been used this last twenty years as a sort of bogey with which to frighten into silence the naughty little boys who would insist upon publishing verse? It is one of the first articles in their creed that on the watch-tower of that stern castle-keep of literature—the *Athenæum*—there lurks a dreadful ogre who lives upon suckling bards In nine cases out of ten, when a critic with unraised visor sallies forth from these dreaded portals to administer a well-deserved castigation, or it may be only a gentle and salutary chastisement, the castigated person tells you that the hand which struck the blow was that of "Theodore Watts," little knowing—for there are not a score of poets all told, of whom Mr. Watts-Dunton has written in the *Athenæum*—that the critic in question has in all probability never so much as heard the victim's name.

So far from being the editorial ogre whose delight it is to rend and trample upon budding bards, the sober fact is that no living man of letters is more genuinely distressed to see a cruel and unjust review than he. More than one author of distinction has borne testimony to the fact that the hand which was outstretched to him in the hour of his direst need was the hand of the poet-critic of whom Rossetti once spoke as "a hero of friendship." It is true that, like his friend, George Borrow, Mr. Watts-Dunton will have none of your literary bagman who puffs his own wares. And it is true, too, that as he says in "Apollo in Paris,"

> "He grieves when bastard-brows are crowned with flowers,
> And Helicon grows noisier than a mart,"

but no one is more ungrudging and generous in his recognition of genuine merit. As a matter of fact, he writes comparatively few reviews of poetry in the *Athenæum*, and those few deal only with poets of distinction. "Reviews" is, indeed, hardly the word to apply to his contributions. They are essays pregnant with the fine gold of criticism—essays which display profound scholarship and intimate acquaintance with the literature of the world—but which deal more with the first principles of poetry than with any particular poet.

I remember once asking a well-known writer whether there was any likelihood of Mr. Watts-Dunton "doing" his new book for the *Athenæum*. "God forbid!" he replied. "He would write an article which would be more informing than a volume by any other critic—an article which in its mastery of the subject could be penned by no living hand except his own. But I should be only the peg upon which the rare and invaluable piece of critical workmanship would hang, and in all probability the only mention of my book would come in somewhere within the last half dozen lines." I replied that the writer who is reviewed, even in this way, by Mr. Watts-Dunton might consider himself peculiarly fortunate, for the readers of the *Athenæum*, who take English literature seriously, recognise Mr. Watts-Dunton's hand gladly, and read his brilliant and pregnant articles to the end. Our only quarrel with him is that what was meant for mankind should be given to the magazines. Mudie's knows him not, nor Smith's Library, and until recently one might vainly ransack the British Museum catalogue for his name on the title-page of a book. Rumours of a remarkable romance named *Aylwin* reached us—I am afraid to say how long ago—but though *Aylwin* has been actually in type for years, and a few intimate friends have been privileged to read it, the novel remains unpublished. Unpublished, too, and alas! unwritten is that Life of Rossetti—*the* Life of Rossetti—which only one living man, and that man Mr. Watts-Dunton, can adequately accomplish. And where is the Life of George Borrow for which we had fondly hoped? Where are the Reminiscences of Tennyson, Browning, Lowell, Morris, Jowett, and many an-

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other illustrious man with whom Mr. Watts-Dunton has been on terms of brotherly intimacy? Even his magazine articles have been, so to speak, "dragged out of him." Rossetti said of him long ago that he shunned publicity as persistently as other men sought it, and those who know the inner history of the volume of poems that he has at last published, or permitted to be published, know that Mr. Lane wrestled with Mr. Watts-Dunton for that work as Jacob of old wrestled for a blessing with the angel.

The volume takes its name from the longest and most important poem, but the name is in other respects singularly apt and inclusive, for the entire contents of the book might be ranged under the one title, *Love Poems*, with the following four subdivisions:

1. Poems dealing with the Love of Nature.
2. Poems dealing with the Passion of Love.
3. Poems dealing with the Love of Friends.
4. Poems dealing with the Love of England.

To Mr. Watts-Dunton Nature is not only the Great Mother, but the Great Mesmerist. No sorrow is too keen for a pass of her hand to soothe. He turns to her for consolation under bereavement or calamity as surely as his own stormy petrel turns, when liberated from its cage, to the sea.

"Away to sea! no matter where the coast,
The road that turns for home turns never wrong."

No doubt his capability of holding rapt commune with Nature, his readiness to respond to her every mood, is in part the result of the romantic experiences which brought him, in early life, into close association with that wandering people whose very existence in nineteenth-century England is an anachronism—the people to whom Emerson has given voice in rude and characteristic chant:

"The wild air bloweth in our lungs,
The keen stars twinkle in our eyes,
The birds gave us our wily tongues,
The panther in our dances flies."

The title-poem, "The Coming of Love," is the story of the passion of a "gorgio," or gentile, for a gipsy girl. It consists of a number of exquisite lyrics and sonnets, which, by the aid of what, for want of a better word, one must call "stage-directions" and interpolated descriptive passages, Mr. Watts-Dunton has woven together into an unconventional, but unique tragic drama. The difficulties—both in regard to sequence and to sustaining the narrative interest—which such a form presents must, in less skilful hands, have resulted in disastrous failure. To say that Mr. Watts-Dunton has achieved an unqualified success is to pay a high tribute to his ability as a dramatic poet. Only in one instance is its stage machinery obtrusive—that in which the poet watches, across a river, the death struggle between his lover and his rival:

"'Tis he, my gipsy rival, by her side!
He lifts a knife. She springs, the dauntless girl,
Lithe as a leopardess! Ah! can she hurl
The giant down the bank?"

Is not this with the subsequent stage-directions—"He prepares to plunge into the river in order to swim to her"—dramatically weak? Surely, too, so passionate a lover, at the first hint of danger to his loved one, would have plunged into the river to her rescue! One finds it difficult to picture him standing tamely on the bank that he may act the part of chorus for the benefit of the audience.

But with this single exception, "The Coming of Love" is from first to last a success. The philosophy of the poem, and what Rossetti would have called the "fundamental brainwork," are what might have been expected from one of the most intellectual of living poets. The heart history of the rapt nature-worshipper, learning, by the purity of his love for a true woman, to read the secret of Natura Benigna, as in his loveless days he had never read it, is nobly conceived and nobly unfolded, and is faultless alike as poetry or as psychology. And when, after the tragic death of Rhona, Natura Benigna seems to the half-frenzied poet, wandering restlessly among the great mountains, to be Natura Benigna no longer, but Natura Maligna, the drama rises to a grandeur of lurid power that recalls Coleridge.

"The Lady of the Hills with crimes untold
Followed my feet with azure eyes of prey;
By glacier brink she stood—by cataract spray—
Where mists were dire, or avalanche echoes rolled.

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At night she glimmered in the death-wind cold,
And if a footprint shone at break of day
My flesh would quail, but straight my soul would say,
'Tis hers whose hand God's mightier hand doth hold.'
I trod her snow bridge, for the moon was bright,
Her icicle-arch across the sheer crevasse,
When lo! she stood! . . . God made her let me pass,
Then felled the bridge! . . . Oh, there in sallow light,
There down the chasm I saw her cruel, white,
And all my wondrous days as in a glass."

Thence, through a succession of Blake-like pictures, the poem passes on to a fitting sunrise close, with its superb Natura Benigna morning anthem, which is quoted elsewhere in this paper.

The only point that calls for mention in connection with the poetic construction of the work is this: Mr. Watts-Dunton's friends are aware that the conception and scheme of "The Coming of Love" have been in his mind for years, and that each poem has been written as part of a component whole. But the fact that several of these exquisite lyrics have already been allowed to appear in print as separate poems, without any note to the effect that they were, as I have said, parts of a component whole; the fact that the public has been allowed to inspect as single gems some of the precious stones of poesy which are here found in their true setting, will cause the uninformed to ask whether the gems suggested the setting or the setting the gems; whether, to use another and somewhat Hibernian metaphor, Mr. Watts-Dunton has not raised a house, because he wished to enclose between four walls some previously built and beautiful rooms. He has done injustice to himself in letting the work appear without some note explaining the circumstances under which portions have already been published; and in view of the probability, or rather the certainty of other editions being called for, some such explanation might profitably be added.

In expressing one's admiration of "The Coming of Love," as a conception one must not forget to call attention to the many fine lyrics that round it into a single and sustained poem, but first we must congratulate Mr. Watts-Dunton on the success which has attended his curious experiment with Romany as a poetic medium. Many gipsy words—"chirikel" for "bird," "kollo" for "black," "gipsy magpie" for "water-wagtail," for instance—are so picturesque that they lend themselves readily to such an attempt, but to have written, in Romany, a love-letter which, while remaining Romany, passes into pure poetry, is a task which, perhaps, only such accomplished Romany scholars as Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland or Mr. Francis Hinde Groome can adequately appreciate. Rhona's piteous letter for forgiveness is heart-breaking in its pleading, and wherever Romany is introduced throughout, the result is as picturesque in effect as is the touch of red afforded by the handkerchief which a gipsy-girl's love of warm colouring prompts her to twine around her head or to thrust into her bosom.

Nor does Mr. Watts-Dunton omit to make impressive, even lurid, use of the gipsies' strangely superstitious belief in the "Dukkeripen," or omen. To them man's doom is pronounced by the stars, his destiny determined by the shape of a cloud in the sky, or by the very ripples on a river:

"The mirrored stars lit all the bulrush-spears
And all the flags and broad-leaved lily-isles;
The ripples shook the stars to golden smiles,
Then smoothed them back to happy golden spheres.
We rowed—we sang; her voice seemed in mine ears
An angel's, yet with woman's dearer wiles,
But shadows fell from gathering cloudy piles,
And ripples shook the stars to fiery tears.
What shaped those shadows like another boat,
Where Rhona sat and he Love made a liar?
There where the Scollard sank I saw it float,
While ripples shook the stars to symbols dire;
We wept—we kissed—while starry fingers wrote
And ripples shook the stars to a snake of fire."

Another signal achievement is the "Ode to a Caged Petrel." Nearly every bird has now its poet. Shakespeare, Shelley, Hogg, and Mr. Meredith have rivalled the lark with lyrics no less lovely than the carol which Richard Jefferies likens to "a waterfall in the sky." Keats has swooned into song more musical than the nightingale's plaining; Wordsworth has stayed the seasons as perpetual Spring with his cuckoo's cry; and Mr. Swinburne has sent floating sunward and southward after the swallow the very silver pollen of song.

The list might be multiplied indefi-

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nitely, as witness Mr. Phil Robinson's book, *The Poets' Birds*. But Mr. Robinson (much of whose work, by the by, appeared first in Mr. F. W. Robinson's memorable little magazine, *Home Chimes*, which counted among its contributors Mr. Watts-Dunton, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Barrie, and many another distinguished man of letters) must add a new chapter to his next edition. Mr. Watts-Dunton is not the first English poet to write of the stormy petrel; but though posterity is a dark horse to lay money upon, one may give odds that posterity will rank his with the best. It is a noble poem, a poem rich

"In purple of billow, silver of ocean foam,"

and salt with the briny lash and sting of flying spray. As one reads, one's sight, like the sight of the poet's caged petrel,

"Is mocked with Ocean's horses—manes of white,
The long and shadowy flanks, the shoulders bright.
* * * * *
They rise, each foamy-crested combatant,
They rise and fall and leap and foam and gallop and pant,
Till albatross, sea swallow, and cormorant
Must flee, like doves, away."

The italicised line is masterly in its "representative art," and the whole poem is so fine that one may respectfully submit to the future editor of the *Golden Treasury* that here surely is work well worthy of inclusion in that standard anthology.

"The Coming of Love" is no less a love poem than a nature poem. It is, in fact, a love epic, opening with the coming of Love, passing on from the confession to the consummation of love on that sacred night

"When darkness seemed more dear than Eden's light,
Fragrant of Love's warm wings and Love's warm breath,"

and thence to the tragedy of Rhona's murder, after which all that is left of love to the poet-husband is a memory:

"Beneath the loveliest dream there coils a fear:
Last night came she whose eyes are memories now;
Her far-off gaze seemed all forgetful how
Love dimmed them once, so calm they shone and clear.
'Sorrow,' I said, 'has made me old, my dear,
'Tis I, indeed, but grief can change the brow:
Beneath *my* load a seraph's neck might bow,
Vigils like mine would blanch an angel's hair.'
Oh, then I saw, I saw the sweet lips move!
I saw the love-mists thickening in her eyes—
I heard a sound as if a murmuring dove
Felt lonely in the dells of Paradise:
But when upon my neck she fell, my love,
Her hair smelt sweet of whin and woodland spice."

Another exquisite love poem is that entitled "A Sleepless Night at Venice," which occurs in the Sonnet-Sequence of "Prophetic Pictures."

"When hope lies dead—ah, when 'tis death to live,
And wrongs remembered make the heart still bleed,
Better are Sleep's kind lies for Life's blind need
Than truth, if lies a little peace can give.
A little peace! 'tis thy prerogative,
O Sleep! to lend it, thine to quell or feed
This love that starves—this starving soul's long greed,
And bid Regret, the queen of hell, forgive.
Yon moon that mocks me through the uncurtained glass
Recalls that other night, that other moon,—
Two English lovers on a grey lagoon—
The voices from the lanterned gondolas,
The kiss, the breath, the flashing eyes, and soon
The throbbing stillness, all the heaven that was."

There are in the volume other love poems no less beautiful, but in them, too, we find twin flames—the red flambeau of passion and the white taper of purity—burning on one altar.

And here I must pause to call attention to a characteristic of Mr. Watts-Dunton's work, both as poet and critic, which I do not remember ever to have seen commented upon—his innate love of purity and his uncompromising attitude toward everything like uncleanliness in literature. It is well for English literature that one who stands in her high places—one of whom so keen a student as Dr. Robertson Nicoll said recently (*Academy*, November 13th), "Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton is undoubtedly the first of living critics, and perhaps the first of all English critics"—should thus jealously guard the honour of the mistress whom he serves. He is of the company of poets who, in his own words,

"Have for muse a maiden without scar,
Who knows how beauty dies at touch of sin."

He has kept unsullied the white shield of letters which has been entrusted to his care, and his influence for good upon the men and women of his own and a

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later generation is none the less real and lasting because it can never be estimated.

Pitfalls beset the feet of every poet of individuality and originality, and though no one walks more warily than Mr. Watts-Dunton, he is apt to wander perilously near to the steep and treacherous places of Mount Parnassus. When the successive lines of a sonnet have too great a similarity in rhythm and in fall of accent, the effect is peculiarly droning and humdrum to an ear so sensitive as his. Being keenly alive to this, he seeks occasionally, when writing a sonnet, to avoid monotony by the introduction of an extra syllable in some of the rhyming words. But his tendency to introduce the extra syllable has of late been so marked as to threaten to become a mannerism, as Mr. Watts-Dunton is possibly himself aware, for I observe that the sonnet on James Russell Lowell has been altered from the original reading in the *Athenæum*, so that the second and third lines now end with "years" and "pioneers" instead of with "story" and "hoary." As an example—a marked example—of a sonnet with lines containing extra syllables, the fourth of the second series of sonnets addressed to Rossetti may be quoted.

"Last night Death whispered: 'Life's purblind procession,
Flickering with blazon of the human story—
Time's fen-flame over Death's dark territory—
Will leave no trail, no sign of Life's aggression.
Yon moon that strikes the pane, the stars in session
Are weak as Man they mock with fleeting glory.
Since Life is only Death's frail feudatory,
How shall Love hold of Fate in true possession?'

"I answered thus: 'If Friendship's isle of palm
Is but a vision, every loveliest leaf,
Can knowledge of its mockery soothe and calm
This soul of mine in this most fiery grief?
If Love but holds of Life through Death in fief,
What balm in knowing that Love is Death's—what balm?'"

When it is done sparingly, the addition of an extra syllable gives what some sonnet-students may consider a pleasing variety to the lines, although personally I am strongly of opinion that Mr. Watts-Dunton's finest sonnets are those which are written in the more familiar form. Another sonnet to Rossetti—the first in the first series—may be instanced as a case in point. It is interesting to note, though the fact is not mentioned by Mr. Watts-Dunton in his volume, that the sonnet was originally addressed to Heine, though intended from the first for Rossetti.

"Thou knewest that island, far away and lone,
Whose shores are as a harp where billows break
In spray of music, and the breezes shake
O'er spicy seas a woof of colour and tone,
While that sweet music echoes like a moan
In the island's heart and sighs around the lake,
Where, watching fearfully a watchful snake,
A damsel weeps upon her emerald throne.

"Life's ocean breaking round thy senses' shore
Struck golden song, as from the strand of Day:
For us the joy, for thee the fell foe lay—
Pain's blinking snake around the fair isle's core,
Turning to sighs the enchanted sounds that play
Around thy lovely island evermore."

This is one of Mr. Watts-Dunton's most characteristic sonnets. He can concentrate into fourteen lines what many another poet could not cram into forty. The sonnet is noteworthy also as an illustration of his skilful treatment of elision, by the aid of which he gives some of his lines the confluent volume of sound and sonorousness of organ music. But much as one admires the fine effects he can attain in this way, the fact that his use of elision is fast merging into a mannerism must be patent to every one. It is true that elision, like alliteration, is a plant that blooms on Parnassus. But elision and alliteration are growths of strange quality. An odd blossom or two of either added here and there enriches a nosegay immeasurably, but pluck these treacherous flowers with reckless hand, and the chances are that your carefully culled posy turns to a handful of weeds.

Mr. Watts-Dunton's poems of friendship are numerous. The two sonnets addressed to Rossetti, that have already been quoted, bear witness to one of the most beautiful chapters in the history of literary friendships. Equally beautiful and brotherly is the affection that exists between himself and our one supreme living singer—the greatest lyric poet since Shelley—Mr. Swinburne. Indeed, to enumerate the distinguished

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men, from Tennyson downward, with whom Mr. Watts-Dunton has been on terms of intimacy would be to give a list of the most illustrious names in later Victorian literature.

Among the sonnets of friendship contained in *The Coming of Love*, there is one entitled "A Talk on Waterloo Bridge: the Last Sight of George Borrow," for which space must be found:

"We talked of 'Children of the Open Air,'
Who once on hill and valley lived aloof,
Loving the sun, the wind, the sweet reproof
Of storms, and all that makes the fair earth fair;
Till on a day, across the mystic bar
Of moonrise, came the 'Children of the Roof,'
Who find no balm 'neath evening's rosiest woof,
No dews of peace beneath the Morning Star.
We looked o'er London, where men wither and choke,
Roofed in, poor souls, renouncing stars and skies,
Yes, every voice that to their fathers spoke:
And sweet it seemed to die ere bricks and smoke
Leave never a meadow outside Paradise."

Mr. Watts-Dunton's two most important poems of the love of England are "Christmas at the Mermaid," occupying about sixty pages of *The Coming of Love*, and "Jubilee Greeting at Spithead to the Men of Greater Britain," which was published in the summer in a separate booklet. In "Christmas at the Mermaid" all the members of that historic club, with the exception of Shakespeare, whose love of meditation has caused him to forsake London for Avon, are assembled at the Mermaid Tavern, with Ben Jonson at the head of the table and Raleigh facing him. Raleigh, who fears that "the fine Elizabethan temper" is dying out in England, is anxious to reawaken public enthusiasm in favour of continuing the struggle with Spain, and he and his fellow-revellers vie with each other in retelling the glorious story of the Armada.

The most successful portion of the poem, with the exception of that fearsome and arresting bit of *diablerie*, the story of Gwyn, the galley slave and the golden skeleton, "God's Revenge," are not, however, the patriotic songs and narratives, but those relating to Shakespeare, "Mr. W. H.," Marlowe, and other literary subjects. It is possible that our recent surfeit of cheap patriotism of the manufactured and music-hall type has done something to spoil one's appreciation of the genuine article, though I am bound to confess that such a verse as the following, which Mr. Watts-Dunton puts into the mouth of Sir Walter Raleigh, leaves me unstirred:

"Wherever billows foam,
The Briton fights at home,
His hearth is built of water—water,
Blue and green;
There's not a wave of ocean
The wind can set in motion
That shall not own our England—own our England Queen."

This seems to me too much in the style of "Rule Britannia"—on a copy of which Carlyle, according to tradition, once wrote "Cock-a-doodle-do!"—to be worthy of Mr. Watts-Dunton. How much "Rule Britannia" owes to its bugle-call music we shall never know. Its patriotism is of a somewhat gassy nature, and had Thomson lived a century or two later, one could readily have believed that, like many other articles for British consumption, it had been "made to order," and "in Germany," after a pattern designed by that well-meaning if ridiculous young man, William the Versatile. It is not when the British Lion is, in vulgar parlance, "doing a prance round," and inviting creation generally to "come in;" not when those who are the real "little Englanders"—since they would belittle England—scream, "*My* country: right or wrong!" not when Englishmen change the old battle-cry of "For God and England!" to "For England, and—unless otherwise inconvenient—God!" that the sturdy and splendid spirit of British patriotism leaps in our blood again. Rather is it when we see England as Mr. Watts-Dunton pictures her in the following fine sonnet, which shows how genuinely he can, on occasion, catch the true and ancient spirit of British patriotism.

ENGLAND STANDS ALONE.

"England stands alone: without an ally."—*A German newspaper.*

She stands alone! ally nor friend has she,
Saith Europe of our England—her who bore
Drake, Blake, and Nelson—Warrior Queen who wore
Light's conquering glaive; that strikes the conquered free.
Alone! From Canada comes o'er the sea,
And from that English coast with coral shore,
The old-world cry Europe hath heard of yore
From Dover cliffs: "Ready, aye ready we!"

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"Europe," saith England, "hath forgot my boys!—
Forgot how tall in yonder golden zone
'Neath Austral skies my youngest boys have grown
(Bearers of bayonets now and swords for toys)—
Forgot' mid boltless thunder—harmless noise—
The sons with whom old England 'stands alone'!"

There are many equally noble and moving lines in the "Jubilee Greeting," but it seems to me that it is as a son and seer of nature, not as a writer of patriotic verse, stirring and virile though it be, that Mr. Watts-Dunton will live in English song. His patriotic poems are the handiwork of a master-craftsman whom long and patient study has taught every secret by which to "build the lofty rhyme." But his nature poems are of an entirely different order. "Natura Benigna," for instance, is less a sonnet than an incantation, like that by which Saul summoned to his presence the Witch of Endor. It is a spell, a wizard word, whispered in the poet's ear by the unseen lips, whence Coleridge and Wordsworth learned their lore—a spell that can at any time conjure the very spirit of nature before us.

"What power is this? What witchery wins my feet
To peaks so sheer they scorn the cloaking snow,
All silent as the emerald gulfs below,
Down whose ice-walls the wings of twilight beat?
What thrill of earth and heaven, most wild, most sweet—
What answering pulse that all the senses know,
Comes leaping from the ruddy Eastern glow,
Where far away the skies and mountain meet?

"Mother, 'tis I reborn: I know thee well,
That throb I know, and all its prophecies,
O Mother and Queen, beneath the olden spell
Of silence, gazing from thy hills and skies.
Dumb Mother, struggling with the years to tell
The secret at thy heart through helpless eyes."

Does not this noble sonnet, with its Wordsworthian sense of space, its Coleridgean grandeur and glamour of imagery, strike a new note in English poetry? Or rather, does it not strike an old note, the note which has been struck in varying degrees of majesty by every true poet from Chaucer to Swinburne?

Coulson Kernahan.

AT POMPEII.

At Pompeii I heard a woman laugh,
And turned to find the reason of her mirth,
Saw but the silent figure of a girl
That centuries had mummied into earth:

The running figure of a little maid
With face half hidden in her shielding arm,
Silent, yet screaming, yea, in ev'ry limb,
The cruel torture of her dread alarm.

At Pompeii I heard a maiden shriek
All down the years from out the distant past;
Blind in the awful darkness still she runs,
Death in the mould of fear her form has cast.

A little maid once soft and sweet and white,
Full of the morning's hope, and love and joy,
That Nature moving to the voice of Time,
Shook her dark wings to wither and destroy.

At Pompeii I saw a woman bend
Above this dead, pronounce an epitaph;
The mother of a child, it may have been,
O horrible! I heard a woman laugh.

Dora Sigerson Shorter.

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THE PÆDAGOGICAL TYPE.

School-teachery is Haymarket Square among the professions, peculiarly liable to the explosion of bombs. There are enough teachers who manifest their first symptoms of unrest in "resignation" to give colour to the theory that their true prototype is Balzac's Athanase Granson, who was "likely to reach, through a series of emotions imperceptible to common souls, those sudden determinations which make fools say of a man, 'He is mad.'" As the searching analyst implied, the real "madness" appertains not to the imaginative soul that gives to the world only results, but to the public who wilfully overlook the difficulties under which he labours, and the stern facts with which he is in daily collision, and who are, therefore, startled at the unexpected.

A year or so ago, a Western superintendent of schools, who was admirably adapted by natural aptitude, educational training, and popularity with his associates to continue the good work he had begun, resigned a post worth $4000 per annum. He was led to this determination by no complaint or charge of incompetence. The only reason he gave was that he did not care to be longer identified with and responsible for the administration of the educational affairs of the city. A young man who had had several years of experience in teaching recently declined a good offer from the Brooklyn Boys' High School on the ground that he "didn't like the pædagogical type," and had decided to follow journalism instead. A brilliant woman of thirty-five, graduate of an Eastern college, after teaching for twelve years and attaining the headship of the classical department in an Ohio institution, quietly withdrew, and has since devoted her energies to humanitarian work in New York, preferring, she says, to meet society on a normal footing.

These, of course, are exceptional cases, and are cited in no spirit of special pleading. No brief is here held for the disgruntled or discouraged or changeling teacher. To say that these three had the courage of their convictions is far from implying that others have not. But the fact that thousands of teachers, from Maine to California, are plodding along with apparent content and, apparently, no serious thought of abandoning their vocation, does not deprive the examples presented of their striking suggestiveness. And if it were possible to ascertain the professional views held by the thousands whose lips are sealed, it might transpire that these were not isolated instances, of no particular significance, but rather straws indicating the current of hidden motives. There is certainly no harm in a frank discussion of the mental processes that lead occasionally to such astonishing decisions.

The last two pretexts given supplement each other as cause and effect. The fact that the public school-teacher meets society on an abnormal footing helps to accentuate the type toward which most teachers, both men and women, undeniably tend. This "type" looms up before them as a bugbear and kill joy, and sometimes appeals so strongly to their imaginations as to induce them to abandon teaching—while there is yet time. They doubtless observe that other occupations and professions leave as distinct an impress, that neither the lawyer, physician, business man, nor typewriter can long resist the subtle influence and indelible stamp of his calling. But there are types and types, and the teacher perhaps feels that his, when well emphasised, is quite beyond popular sympathy. And, alas! he is right. The teacher's reward, like that of many clergymen, is to be relegated to an isolated, unreal existence, with no vitalising outlook on the big bounding world or contact with it. His immediate environment fosters in him a narrow conceit, a talky shallowness, a worrisome primness and ethical-mindedness that would unbalance any ordinary mortal, and which compel the world, elbow deep in the batter of life, to make a special case of him. And there it ends; or rather, there his problem begins. What is a man to do when he is shelved socially and intellectually? He may live in the next world, or write his life-lines "to antiquity," but he does not live among his contemporaries.

It is true that he is in constant fellowship with his pupils. But they are not his contemporaries. They belong to another generation, to the world of the

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future. Discriminate as he will, their standards of conduct, or rather the standard of conduct he inculcates on them, becomes in time his own standard of conduct; and he finds himself living not according to principle, but by rule, precisely as, in the old college days, when he studied philosophy, he vowed that he never would. Moreover, police-duty vulgarises. To be a tool, a mere receptacle for others' determinations, degrades one who can come to his own. Reiteration dulls a bright mind. If, as an able critic once said, "acting is the lowest of the arts; and even if it were the highest, it would be brought low again by its infinite self-repetition," what can be the reflex influence of teaching, and where does teaching rank among "the arts"?

Against what odds must the teacher work! What blighting restraints are put upon his personality, and how he is handicapped in the free play of his individuality! The "superintendent" is usually an uncultured martinet, whose one thought is of his copper-ribbed "system," and whose knowledge of books is confined to the imprint of certain favoured publishers. The "principal" is usually of the jelly or weakfish variety, and manages to keep his balance between the superintendent and the teachers by acquiescing with every brain-cracked experiment of the former and by discouraging independence and spontaneity of thought among the latter. Knowing that his own invertebrate character is merely brought into strong relief by the light of a subordinate's ability or gentlemanliness, the principal is usually blind to merit and lavishes praise only on those who are frail enough to copy his own defects. Well may Mr. Zangwill exclaim, "O the scandal of a teacher's being guilty of originality!"

Then there are the parents to be reckoned with, all of whom, however crude their ideas of education or how superficial their judgments, the teacher must promptly please or the principal will persecute him. In fact, the principal prizes a teacher according as he saves him the necessity of sustaining any personal relations with parents. Moreover, the text-books are not of the teacher's choosing (a carpenter is permitted, I believe, to select his own hammer), and if "free," they are a whole corner-grocery by themselves, requiring a system of double-entry that would craze a peanut-vender or a pawnbroker, to either of whom it were better adapted. And there are likely to be other account-books to record attendance, "marks," vaccination, and so forth, all of which, absurdly enough, must balance as accurately as the entries of a head book-keeper. Whatever energy remains from these clerical duties and the "trimming" necessary to appease one's superiors is devoted to teaching. Under such conditions it is a curse to think. In fact, a thinking man will be least able to cope with the physical rack and mental boredom incidental to them. Circumstances well-nigh forbid that teaching should ever rise above the forced labour we call toil, to the level of real work; or that once attaining that level it should ever find the line of least resistance and be dignified—for the nonce, "art." Friction is a constant, dependable quantity, and must be allowed for always; and strong is the man or woman who, without becoming steel, can steel himself against the wear and tear of the upper and nether grindstone. For teaching, as the editor of an educational journal with unwitting felicity remarked, does "require effort." This effort is unremitting and is only consciously abated if the teacher fall into a rut; but then he becomes an automaton, and his pastime a far from harmless tampering with blank cartridges.

Naturally, when the pædagogical profession is noticed by the outside world, these side-tracked fossilised teachers are overlooked and attention is focussed on the active live teacher, the creature of forced labour, the untiring exerter of effort. One is tempted also to remark, Was there ever so much scrubbing with so little reflex polish? The circus girl gains an ease and grace. Of the teacher it may be said, Others he has helped, himself he cannot help. Mr. E. S. Nadal tells a story of a well-known poet who sat at table "with those who had taught others all their lives rather than themselves." This would be pathetic if it were not so common and prosaic.

It may be questioned if there is any romance about teaching at the best. John Addington Symonds wrote that he was "engaged in the husky task of lecturing to drowsy folk on topics which they neither understood nor cared to be instructed in." One does not have to

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read many of Lowell's letters, written when he was a professor at Harvard, to discover that he, too, was bored, and writhed right vigorously in the pædagogical harness. Yet between art and lecturing to college students the gap seems less wide. The bathos is rather in the transition from art to school-teaching. There is a pretty little story by Constance Fenimore Woolson, called "The Street of the Hyacinth," which tells how a Kansas "artist" settled in a narrow street back of the Pantheon, in Rome, with a determination to paint. She had come, much to his surprise, to be in the tutelage of Raymond Noël, an art critic, whose books she had secretly adored and memorised. He gave her over to an English artist, who from love of her overlooked her artistic failure and ministered to her false hopes till at his death she was disillusioned, and, Kansas girl once more, turned to teaching. The contrast is admirably worked out.

Without romance, without applause or other outward incentive, the teacher who does not misconstrue Emerson's advice to hold fast the illusions of one's youth will early decide upon one of two courses. On the one hand, he may boycott society even as he fancies he is boycotted, thereby depriving his work of a broad human interest and of "atmosphere," and seek what measure of comfort and congeniality is available within the pædagogical fold. In other words, he will court the companionship of teachers on all occasions. It is as easy as a snail's withdrawing within its shell or an ostrich's burying its head in the sand. Many choose this alternative in the ingenuous belief that it solves the problem. On the other hand, waging an unequal warfare against prejudice, he may determine to win a place with men of other professions. He will aspire to an acquaintance with the leading thinkers of his age, that his teaching may receive fresh stimulus outside of books. He will emulate the example of the late David Swing and Doctors T. T. Munger and Henry van Dyke, who, from the corresponding clerical standpoint, overcame the narrowing restraints of their profession by dint of literary ties. A few seize the latter alternative and nobly triumph. Many give it up, after an ineffectual trial, to their own detriment, or are forced into more congenial fields by a sense of social inadequacy. The last is no anomaly. In fact, most of those who appear to have used teaching as a stepping-stone to something else tried to make it their profession, but could not reconcile themselves to a steady diet of social ostracism and artistic penury, nor endure the dominance of "the machine," of which they were expected to be harmless, unnecessary cogs.

It is true that almost every wage-earner believes his task is the worst. In a private letter, from which I am allowed to quote, Mr. William Winter once wrote to a young man :

> "I should counsel you, or any other person asking advice on the same subject, to avoid both the Press and the Stage. Both are overdone. No vocation could be chosen more difficult, more thankless, or worse paid than that of a writer. Any industrial pursuit is preferable. Saw wood rather than undertake to earn your living with a pen. Above all, do not add to the flood of scribble with which the community is already afflicted about books and theatres."

No one could deny to Mr. Winter a sense of humour. It only shows how inevitably youthful exuberance gives way to conservatism and cynicism even in those who are ranked successful. To enjoin on young men not to renounce their "early visions" seems superfluous when Nature, in her economy, designed that each one of us should have just enough enthusiasm for the knock-down-and-drag-out fight of one life. Young men may well profit by the laconic replies elicited from those who have long been in the professions they are contemplating. The lesson appears to be : Take the line of work of which you will least weary, that of "the least resistance" if you please, for at best all is vanity, and little does the mountain rivulet know of the falls and eddies that will dissipate, as well as accelerate, its course toward the unknown ocean.

In spite of all that has been said, or may yet be said, it is possible to indicate what class of young men and young women may with least injury to themselves pursue teaching as a life-work. By noting the consequences that long-continued teaching carries in its train, we are the better prepared to detect the fallacy of *a priori* reasoning, and to take a sane and discriminating, and, above all, practical view. Any one can suffer himself to be induced to commence pædagogy ; those alone make a safe

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choice who, as Keats said of friendship, first open their eyes to all its faults and drawbacks, and then, remaining passive, observe whether they are still insensibly drawn toward the object. One has no power to break the bonds of such a "call."

Who, then, should teach? And this is only another way of asking, Who can best resist the mordant fixative of the pædagogical type?

It has been well said that whoever takes in hand this great work of education must take it in all its parts. First and foremost is the physical strain. It is a truism that the ideal school does not exist. The following sketch of one is culled from a newspaper:

"The students have no recess. There is no stated hour for instruction, although it is understood that the pupils are expected to be at their desks from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. If one is tardy, no questions are asked. If he wants to be late or dilatory, he is the sufferer. There is no roll-call. There is no romping, no high jinks, at any time during the day. There is no sticking of bent pins into the seats of the other pupils; no pitching of the ball; no playing hookey. It is an earnest class. The teacher has never yet reprimanded one of his pupils."

Of course the school here described was in Utopia, or, as Carlyle would have said, in the village of Weissnichtwo. Every one knows that in most schools all the things here mentioned exist or have been perpetrated. The real question put to the teacher is not whether he has a love, and, I may say, the gift, of imparting knowledge, but whether he has such a love as will endure and be aggressive when

"The eternal bung iz loose."

It is not whether he has an affection for books, and can spout Emerson in the library or Thoreau in the woods to admiring friends, but whether he can maintain the same elevated view and inspiring grasp of literature in the class-room. It is not whether he can instruct the best students in congenial subjects, but whether he can teach dullards uncongenial subjects, and treat mischievous and sometimes malicious boys as if they were gentlemen, meanwhile not one jot abating his own scholarly zeal and aspirations. Can he be heart-whole against their seeming ingratitude, consent even to be caricatured, and *still* maintain a sympathy with them and with his subject, with no diminution of essential dignity or corroding self-consciousness or bitterness? From time immemorial it has been customary to make the pædagogue or the college professor, however illustrious, the butt of undergraduate jokes. Many of these are of such a "practical" nature as to occupy, in the course of years, a considerable part of his attention. It will be seen, then, that a strong physique is required. It is well to be either a steam-roller or an athlete in constant training. One may emerge exhilarated from buffeting the waves once or twice; but to contend each year with a new and mightier tide of youthful energy that is never quite gorged and sated, and that rises each morning to charge again its human barriers, presupposes an almost supernatural vigour.

No less important in coping with such odds are an even temper, a buoyant optimism, and lots of patience. The last two traits may be little more than a physical enthusiasm and a physical power of endurance, and so are not beyond youth to possess. While the truest optimism is usually the product of experience, few there are who thus attain to it; and a well-tried patience is quite as rare. It is difficult for people who have lived a while not to take what may be called the "middle-age" view of life, divested of every illusion and based on a rock-bottom of fact and common sense. The man who has reached this stage may be very well equipped for grappling with affairs, but he is not likely to succeed as a teacher. No melancholy Jacques who ever lived can inspire in scholars more than a picturesque interest, or support even that without great personal discomfort. One rather pities the students in a high school whose faculty is merrily described by one of its number as "full of cynics." Better far that the teacher be one of those round-faced, wrinkleless characters who proclaim their calling by their boyish ways and ebulliency. And patience, too—though Faust cursed it last among the virtues—at least, intellectual patience in dealing with the errors of others, may be a youthful acquisition. Some, from early years, are more charitable toward the defects of the world than are others. These are fitted by temperament or their own education to be teachers, for they will not be petulant and nagging when they are confronted by

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the shortcomings and stupidities of children who have "never had a chance." As to the other kind of patience, which is based on a knowledge of human nature, it will perhaps come with experience. It is absurd to expect inexperienced young people to be, morally speaking, other than impatient. But intellectual forbearance and physical enthusiasm are nowhere so widely diffused.

The teacher who is impatient with the infirmities and prejudices of others is very likely, without the knowledge of his peers, to be endowed with an artistic instinct, a creative impulse. Perhaps the converse is nearer the mark, that every creative soul is impelled to achievement by a "love of doing and a scorn of done" that make him at times as discontented with his environment as he is with himself. He never "settles down" to a low aim, and he cannot tolerate those who do. The satisfied man, in his opinion, is always the inferior man, and students who are inclined to choose ways that are lazy and thoughts that are hazy are pretty sure to irritate him. The ablest thinkers, consequently, are seldom the best teachers. From John Milton to Bret Harte it would be difficult to name a distinctively literary man who could patiently teach school. Such a man is quick to see that pædagogy puts him into a false position, and rather than sacrifice the serenity of his temper, he will at any cost resume his freedom. For him only tragedy lies in the direction of teaching. He may adopt it temporarily as a means of livelihood without serious detriment to himself or the community; but sooner or later he must choose between friction and art.

What is needed in the schools is the recreative impulse, that which will enable the teacher to sympathise and interpret rather than originate. He should be above all *a teacher*. He should cultivate that art of getting along with others which we call tact, and cherish definite aims and methods. He should have no inordinate thirst for κῦδος, the paths of which "lead but to the grave," and should be unharassed by the *cacoëthes scribendi* which is to-day bringing to the glaring light of publicity a varied assortment of immature and dreary views, and what is worse, is sadly interfering with the natural growth and efficiency of many of the holders of those views. The teacher's chief delight should be in his own work. He should have a serene confidence in the permanent value of that work, quite apart from public recognition. Getting himself well out of the way, he should esteem "exposition" the highest of all rhetorical norms. He will be more likely to succeed if his mind does not revel in poetic niceties or deep soundings, for students may generally be depended upon to miss subtleties. He will take especial pains not to be haunted by the theory that learning is valuable solely for the artistic use to which it may be put. He will reverence knowledge *per se*, and never, perceptibly, weary of facts. These, rather than principles, will find lodgment in the youthful mind, and must be driven home with unction. To this end the teacher will be incapable of being bored. He will regard literature, even, as something to be communicated, something to be implanted. It will not pall on him because of the association of great names with prosaic tasks. When masterpieces are dismembered; when Shelley's "Cloud" is paraphrased; when the metres of *L'Allegro* are labelled and its commas duly accounted for, he will have no disgust to choke down. He will consent to see beauty mangled that budding minds may acquire polish, and he will firmly believe that, once polished, they will "brighten to all eternity." These "tablets" are his κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί, and sympathy with stumbling humanity is his first duty.

It is plain, then, that the third qualification for teaching is interpretative skill. The teacher should be a telegraph-wire, not a post. He should not possess the artistic temperament.

Be his spiritual outlook that of the missionary rather than of the artist. At any rate, he must habitually take the ethical rather than the æsthetic view of life. This may rob him of attractiveness in the eyes of many, but in its superficial estimates the world is undoubtedly often wrong. As long as young people who are emerging from barbarism crave to have morality taught them no less than taste, the teacher must be able, by indirect preachment and example, to inculcate what is right as well as what is pleasing. "Child schools of ethical culture" has a heavy sound, but infants cry for these, and a consideration of the disorganising influences at

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work in many homes will leave one not ungrateful that they do. The teacher will find that in the class-room literature itself will inevitably be enveloped in an ethical atmosphere, owing to stubborn little centres of abnormal ethical development. It is difficult, for instance, to view Johnson's *Rasselas* except as it may be related to the last Sunday-school lesson, or to deal with Byron and *Don Juan* separately. The questions propounded indicate what aspect of literature the scholars and their parents are most interested in, and therefore expect you to be most interested in. Of course the trend of your mind will be ethical, and no doubt you will some day write a book claiming that the purpose of literature is "to unite into an organic unity a spiritual conception and a material form, to solemnise the nuptials of the finite and the infinite, to embody what may be in the terms of what is"!

Among the forces of which the pædagogical type of the present day is the resultant must be ranked the science of pædagogy. This is no longer merely one item in the teacher's presupposed outfit, like an acquaintance with the humanities, but it is an influence, and as such is the hall-mark of educationalism. The incipient teacher will reckon without his host if he does not imbibe or affect an interest in Herbart and Froebel. Hegel and Schopenhauer will not be received as collateral. One must hold his psychology of teaching, like a watch, in his hand, and be timekeeper to every circuit or movement of the youthful mind. The interest, the pose, is all-important. No one honestly pretends to an exact knowledge of the application of this science. Such questions as how much time a day should be devoted to writing or spelling, how many studies may be pursued simultaneously, or whether the classical and modern languages are equally disciplinary, are in a state of mellifluous uncertainty. But abstractions to the effect that "the Child's rest is in God" are cheap and elastic. Institutes discuss them, educational journals expatiate upon them. One must keep pace with the greatest. In order to teach, one must know not one system of education, but all systems of education, just as one must do homage to a whole World's Congress of Religions to be good. If the university graduate who has steeped his mind in philosophy and drunk deep of life is of the opinion that his co-workers are making a fetich of the word "pædagogy" and engaging in tiresome logomachies, he had better keep his opinion to himself. Pædagogy is *en l'air*. Once he has filled his lungs with it he will breathe easier. After all, man is a talking animal. In every vocation there is vapid ranting about something: in the ministry, theological quibbles; in the law, hair-splitting technicalities; in politics, free-trade and silver. Of course, no one knows what he is talking about. The Man Who Thinks will learn to keep a straight face with the rest. This is not hypocrisy, but courtesy. No one is asked what kind of a world he will be born into professionally.

Indeed, self-restraint and the timely assumption of that Atlas look which betokens an "outspoken interest" in these matters will be half the battle. Educational fads are not to be ignored by one who would retain his position. Fancy yourself an instructor in a high-school. A "progressive" Principal and School Board are subjecting it to all manner of experiments and innovations, each ostensibly representing somebody's age-end "apperception." At one time the Principal will insist that you take a boy's ability for granted; at another, that you harp on his salient defects and never fail to mention his weak point in a letter of commendation. One year the Board will believe in military rule and the subjugation of the individual; the next, in government by injunction or moral suasion. "Physical exercise" and singing, both probably conducted by the teacher who happens to be hearing the class recite at the time the gong rings, and various systems of "marking" will from time to time be introduced. These interruptions, it should be remembered, are not designed to make a clown of the teacher, but to keep it apparent that the school is forging ahead. The teacher is but a cog in a vast machinery, and will find it increasingly difficult to take himself seriously. It occurs to no one of his "superiors" that he is bestowing half the force of his fine intellect on calculating whether Tom, Dick, and Harry have earned a 7 or an 8 in recitation. It is difficult to imagine what would be the immediate effect on trustees and officers

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if Emerson should step in and say to the school: "It does not matter so much what you study as with whom you study," or if Garfield could retell the old story of Mark Hopkins and his log. There would certainly be a sensation. And the teacher, for the moment, would expand to the full stature of his manliness. Such a message, however, would be an intrusion on the present trend of things, and count as little as a penny placed upon a railroad track. The tendency in America is to glorify the institution, and reduce strong personalities to a dead level of uniformity and commonplace. Emerson's or Garfield's words would be far less likely to be heeded to-day than would the suggestion that, "in view of the enlargement and enrichment of its course of study, the Squashtown High School be renamed the College of Squashtown, and that a new building be constructed to emphasise its growth and expansion." This is latter-day Americanism, and the withering individual has no right to dispute the supremacy of stone and mortar. Are not granite and the Administration supreme in the Post-Office and the Custom House? And cannot the teacher taste the delights of obscurity along with the man who opens the trunks or handles the mail? Besides, he has his consolations. Chief among them is Pædagogy, the entering wedge of all this enlightenment. He no longer complains that it is expected of him socially. The chatter about Froebel and Sturm and "rest in God" becomes his grand resource. Without these tender affiliations he would be but a fraction of a man—how large a fraction he can now precisely calculate. This, again, is a diverting exercise and will be a welcome contribution to the Bureau of Statistical Information.

How important, then, that the young teacher should nestle up to Pædagogy! It was Dr. G. Stanley Hall who declared, at a "University Convocation," that this word included all that was dearest to him in the present life.

While the foregoing may be a truthful picture of the pædagogical situation, it cannot, I am well aware, be of any particular aid in enforcing the admonition that "nowadays one does what one can." Neither can it add dynamic stress to Mrs. Browning's lines:

> "Better far
> Pursue a frivolous trade by serious means
> Than a sublime art frivolously."

The majority, in every age, prefer to find out the quicksands and rocks for themselves. Last fall, no doubt, scores of enthusiastic, sensitive youths, in delicate health, accepted principalships and instructorships, proclaiming that it was their intention to pursue teaching as a profession. Many a young college man turned his eyes in that direction who had never been known to keep his temper on the slightest provocation, or whose patience was frayed out at the edges in daily intercourse with his little sister. Many a fine spirit or timid talent, that recoiled from obstacles and shrunk before the least hostility, deliberately flung itself into the arena to wrestle with obstreperous boys rather than follow the leadings of its half-blown convictions. The thing is to fill up all the holes with pegs, whether square or round, and not be kept waiting. Many a potential preacher commences authorship, and many a potential author endeavours to teach literature to an ethical-minded community, and many a scholarly mind rejects pædagogy at the personal risk of its owner, who imagines that the appreciation of his pupils is all that is necessary to maintain him in his position.

Well, there are so many professions, we cannot all be hitting the mark. Neither can angelic foresight always be expected on life's threshold. It is only the young preacher who insists: "Be good—be good." The old preacher sagely says: "My dear friends, if you cannot be good, then be as good as you can." And for the traveller who has mistaken a wayside station for his final destination there are crumbs of comfort in the remonstrance of Epictetus: "Man, thou hast forgotten thine object; thy journey was not *to* this, but *through* this."

George Merriam Hyde.

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NEW YORK NOCTURNES.

I.

A Nocturne of Exile.

Out of this night of lonely noise,
The city's crowded cries,
Home of my heart, to thee, to thee
I turn my longing eyes.

Years, years, how many years, I went
In exile wearily,
Before I lifted up my face
And saw my home in thee!

I had come home to thee at last.
I saw thy warm lights gleam.
I entered thine abiding joy—
Oh, was it but a dream?

Ere I could reckon with my heart
The sum of our delight,
I was an exile once again
Here in the hasting night.

Thy doors were shut. Thy lights were gone
From my remembering eyes.
Only the city's endless throng;
Only the crowded cries!

II.

A Nocturne of Trysting.

Broods the hid glory in its sheath of gloom
Till strikes the destined hour, and bursts the bloom,
A rapture of white passion and perfume.

So the long day is like a bud
That aches for coming bliss,
Till flowers in light the wondrous night
That brings me to thy kiss.

Then, with a thousand sorrows forgotten in one hour,
In thy pure eyes and at thy feet I find at last my goal;
And life and joy and hope seem but a faint prevision of the flower
That is thy body and the flame that is thy soul.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

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ONE HUNDRED BEST BOOKS FOR A VILLAGE LIBRARY.

Editors of THE BOOKMAN :

I have read with much interest an article in the December BOOKMAN entitled "A Hundred Books for a Village Library," by Clement K. Shorter. I am curious to know what sort of village this writer had in mind when he prescribed his list. Was it the average American village, or an English village with a population made up of college graduates and retired professional men, whose book wants and needs he aimed to supply? I apprehend he had no thought of the American village, else he would have included in his list more than a paltry *four* American books out of one hundred.

If I may be permitted, I should like to offer a plea in behalf of the people of our American villages who are on the search for a hundred volume library. Mr. Shorter's criticism of Sir John Lubbock may be justly applied to his own selection, for a large portion would be as unwelcome in one of our village libraries as Butler's *Analogy* or the *Mahabharata;* besides, there is scarcely a modern book in his list. How many of our village people would ever read any of his first seven books, or Goethe's *Faust*, *Don Quixote*, Borrow, Horace, or Rousseau's *Confessions?* The proposition is to name a hundred books best suited to meet the requirements of the average village community. Mr. Shorter does not consider this point, as he admits that his list is limited to pure literature (and includes some thirty books of poetry). It occurs to me that such a library would fail of the chief benefits sought to be derived by a rural people from their village library. The American villagers, while intelligent, enterprising, and progressive, have not usually had their lives cast along literary lines exclusively, and they lack the opportunities for intellectual culture open to the people of our cities. A village library should consist of quite a variety of books outside of poetry; books that give information and mental strength; books of facts and principles; books that will enable youth to trace the rise and growth of houses, tools, governments, schools and industries, religions; books that teach men not only to think, but to see. This is a busy, hustling, practical age, and the battle of life is being waged with terrible earnestness. Time is too precious and life too short for the average villager to give much attention to poetry and the fine arts. It is more to his taste and station to study economics, politics, science, invention, biography, and history. These are matters of every-day service to him. There are boys and girls, young men and young women in our villages—shall the village library have nothing for them?

One would scarcely gather from Mr. Shorter's list even a hint that anywhere on earth there existed such a country as the United States of America. His list does not contain a line of American history or the biography of a single American. I am no Jingoist, but I believe in affording at least our young villagers the noble and inspiring examples to be found in the biographies of our own great men and women. A village library, however small, should contain a number of reference books, since these serve to explain and elucidate all other books. They are continually sought after for information on many topics. Our villagers will be allured into reading real history by reading some of the best historical novels, which give faithful pictures of life and society at various times and places. In the realm of fiction there is a vast wilderness of the good, bad, and abominable. The printing-presses are turning out tons of the last-named, and herein lies great danger to the indiscriminate reader. There are novels of great merit, healthful and instructive, which can be read without resorting to the so-called trash.

I subjoin a list of a hundred books for a village library, selected from the standpoint of my long acquaintance with the needs and capacities of a village population. Out of the thousands of good and suitable books, there could be chosen many lists of a hundred each. This list is a suggestion of the ground that ought, in my opinion, to be covered in forming a practical, working hundred-volume library for an American village.

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1. The Bible.
2. The Standard Dictionary.
3. Hoyt Ward's Cyclopædia of Quotations (or Bartlett's).
4. Heilprin's Historical Reference Book.
5. Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.
6. Smith's Bible Dictionary.
7. Atlas of the World.
8. History of English Literature. Taine.
9. History of the English People. Green.
10. The Age of Fable. Bullfinch.
11. Eighteen Centuries. White.
12. The Thirty Years' War. Schiller.
13. The Holy Roman Empire. Bryce.
14. The French Revolution. Carlyle.
15. Fifteen Decisive Battles. Creasy.
16. History of France. C. M. Yonge.
17. The Greeks and the Romans. George W. Cox.
18. Student's History of Rome. W. W. How.
19. History of the United States. Ridpath.
20. American Lands and Letters. D. G. Mitchell.
21. Conquest of Mexico. Prescott.
22. Conquest of Peru. Prescott.
23. The Beginnings of New England. John Fiske.
24. The American Revolution. John Fiske.
25. Life of Nelson. W. C. Russell.
26. Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men.
27. Life of Oliver Cromwell. F. Harrison.
28. Life of Savonarola. William Clark, M.A.
29. Life of Columbus. C. K. Adams.
30. Life of Washington. Irving.
31. Life of Benjamin Franklin. James Parton.
32. Life of Lincoln. Noah Brooks.
33. Lives of Eminent Americans. Lossing.
34. Life of John Paul Jones. Abbott.
35. Life of Robert Fulton. R. H. Thurston.
36. Life of Dolly Madison. Maud Goodwin.
37. Captains of Industry. James Parton.
38. Girls who Became Famous. Sarah K. Bolton.
39. The Oregon Trail. Francis Parkman.
40. Views Afoot Bayard Taylor.
41. Our Great West. Julian Ralph.
42. Self-Help. Samuel Smiles.
43. Pushing to the Front. O. S. Marden.
44. Homer's Iliad. Bryant's Translation.
45. Tennyson's Poems. Household Edition.
46. Longfellow's Poems. Household Edition.
47. Burns's Poetical Works.
48. Scott's Lady of the Lake.
49. Shakespeare's Hamlet. Rolfe.
50. " Merchant of Venice. Rolfe.
51. " Romeo and Juliet. Rolfe.
52. Milton's Paradise Lost.
53. Moore's Lalla Rookh.
54. Library of Poetry and Song. Bryant.
55. Farm Ballads. Will Carleton.
56. Kathrina. J. G. Holland.
57. Essays of Elia. Charles Lamb.
58. Emerson's Essays.
59. Ivanhoe. Sir Walter Scott.
60. Waverley. Sir Walter Scott.
61. Vanity Fair. Thackeray.
62. Pickwick Papers. Dickens.
63. David Copperfield. Dickens.
64. Zenobia. William Ware.
65. Lucile. Meredith.
66. Monte Cristo. Dumas.
67. Robinson Crusoe. De Foe.
68. Toilers of the Sea. Victor Hugo.
69. Jane Eyre. Charlotte Brontë.
70. Last Days of Pompeii. Edward Bulwer-Lytton.
71. Fairy Tales. Hans Christian Andersen.
72. Lorna Doone. R. D. Blackmore.
73. Scarlet Letter. Hawthorne.
74. Sketch Book. Irving.
75. The Cloister and the Hearth. Reade.
76. John Halifax, Gentleman. Miss Mulock.
77. Ben Hur Lew Wallace.
78. Uncle Tom's Cabin. Harriet B. Stowe.
79. In Ole Virginia. Thomas Nelson Page.
80. Vicar of Wakefield. Goldsmith.
81. Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. O. W. Holmes.
82. The Deerslayer. J. F. Cooper.
83. The Hoosier Schoolmaster. E. Eggleston.
84. Westward Ho! Kingsley.
85. Pilgrim's Progress. John Bunyan.
86. Tom Brown at Oxford. Hughes.
87. Little Women. Louisa M. Alcott.
88. The Boys of '61. C. C. Coffin.
89. Adventures of a Young Naturalist. L. Biart.
90. Boy Travellers in Great Britain and Ireland. T. W. Knox.
91. Ten Great Religions. J. F. Clarke.
92. Tools and the Man. Washington Gladden.
93. Fresh Light from the Monuments. A. H. Sayce.
94. Christianity and Social Problems. Lyman Abbott.
95. Life of Christ. A. Geikie.
96. Geological Sketches. A. Winchell.
97. Other Worlds than Ours. R. A. Proctor.
98. How Plants Grow. Grant Allen.
99. Beauties of Nature. Lubbock.
100. Books and Readings. Noah Porter. (A book about books.)

John W. Stone.

TOLEDO, O., December 18, 1897.

Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

Allow me the following criticism on an article appearing in your December number of THE BOOKMAN on "A Hundred Books for a Village Library."

The author says that if he should name the best hundred books that literature has given us, "this task would be but to put on paper the name of volume after volume that no one now reads, that no one to-day would derive any profit from reading."

Are not the writings of classic authors considered the best that literature can give us? I believe that there has never been a greater interest in real literature than at the present time. Good English translations of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are read in English work in the high schools of the country, and Longfellow's *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, and like classics by school children below grammar grades. Does not the present idea of putting into children's hands choice complete stories and poems from our

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best writers, in place of scrap-book readers, show that interest in the best literature is very much alive?

I agree that much that would come under the classification of the best literature would not interest the majority of people demanding books of a village librarian; but I object to the thought that the *best literature* ever dies or reaches the stage where to read it would not be profitable. I believe, however, that the author's list for a village library is much too heavy, and would bore many intelligent frequenters of such a library. I do not question Sir John Lubbock's judgment in expecting workingmen to understand and enjoy the German Iliad, the *Nibelungen Lied*, as I do Mr. Shorter to expect the average readers in an ordinary village to appreciate or care to read Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the *Rubáiyat* of Omar Kháyyám, Cellini's *Autobiography*, or the Prologue to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. I should consider it very bad form to criticise a list of books prepared by such a well-known worker in library fields as Sir John Lubbock without fully understanding the ground covered by such a list. I believe the list referred to was given as a *study list*, a very different thing to naming the best hundred books for a village library.

Why does the author speak of the *Nibelungen* as "sad trash"? The *Nibelungen Lied* is supposed to represent "the embodiment of German and hence English spirit," and it is therefore not only a good thing, but patriotic for workingmen to read these Teutonic legends. Many German workingmen would be familiar with it, as it contains much of the folk-lore of Germany. It is classed among the world's lasting literature, and forms the basis of many of our best known operas. As to translations, I have before me an edition prepared for young readers which has much interest for all classes of readers.

I note that Mr. Shorter objects to putting Shakespeare in bulk in such a library, "now that Messrs. Dent and Mr. Gollancz have so adequately provided us with Shakespeare's plays in separate volumes." The idea of putting into any public library a one-volume edition of Shakespeare has for some time been considered a bad policy, and a great many good single-volume editions may be obtained. A good American edition is one of six volumes by Richard Grant White. I should consider this a good edition for a village library, and should think it absolutely necessary to have all of Shakespeare's plays in such a library, for reference, even if some plays were never read.

In deciding as to the best hundred books for a village library, one must consider the hungry minds that are demanding food from a public library in a village or small town. We should give them books that are educating, but at the same time entertaining, and such as will make them love to read.

In the best hundred books for a village library, if it is best from all points of view, the children must not be forgotten. There must be good wholesome romance for the girls; books of adventure and travel for the boys; and interesting volumes for all classes of readers; and surely in this country, at least, a few carefully selected books on American history. I heard a librarian say recently that foreign-born patrons and their children call often for simple stories on American history.

I think that the editions given of the translations of classic authors in Mr. Shorter's list not the best. Do not the best authorities now give the following as the best translations—Bayard Taylor's *Faust;* Norton, Parson, and Longfellow's *Dante;* Bryant's *Iliad* and *Odyssey;* and would not these translations be preferred for a village library?

I sincerely believe that any honest thinker will agree with me that if the works recommended by Mr. Shorter were purchased and put on the shelves of a village library, in this country at least, two-thirds of them would not appeal to the frequenters of the library, and if all the books in the library were of the same nature, it would be impossible to develop in the public a love for good reading. The books are too heavy for any but good readers. Good readers, lovers of books, will read always, but the public libraries should have an educational influence in a community, and should aim to attract and interest the indifferent.

In creating a reading habit, by interesting the public in the best lighter literature, a love for good books is developed, which later on will carry the reader to the "fountains of perpetual life"—the writings of the classic authors.

Helene Louise Dickey.

4213 ELLIS AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

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JOHN SPLENDID.

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN AND THE LITTLE WARS OF LORN.*

By Neil Munro, the Author of "The Lost Pibroch."

CHAPTER IV.

Writing all this old ancient history down, I find it hard to riddle out in my mind the things that have really direct and pregnant bearing on the matter in hand. I am tempted to say a word or two anent my Lord Marquis's visit to my father, and his vain trial to get me enlisted into his corps for Lorn. Something seems due, also, to be said about the kindness I found from all the old folks of Inneraora, ever proud to see a lad of their own of some repute come back among them; and of my father's grieving about his wae widowerhood; but these things must stand by while I narrate how there arose a wild night in town Inneraora, with the Highlandmen from the glens into it with dirk and sword and steel Doune pistols, the flambeaux flaring against the tall lands, and the Lowland burghers of the place standing up for peace and tranquil sleep.

The market-day came on the morning after the day John Splendid and I foregathered with my Lord Archibald. It was a smaller market than usual, by reason of the troublous times; but a few black and red cattle came from the landward part of the parish and Knapdale side, while Lochow and Breadalbane sent hoof nor horn. There was never a blacker sign of the times' unrest. But men came from many parts of the shire, with their chieftains or lairds, and there they went clamping about this Lowland-looking town like foreigners. I counted ten tartans in as many minutes between the Cross and the kirk, most of them friendly with MacCailein Mor, but a few, like that of MacLachlan of that ilk, at variance, and the wearers with ugly whingers or claymores at their belts. Than those MacLachlans one never saw a more barbarous-looking set. There were a dozen of them in the tail or retinue of old Lachie's son—a henchman, piper, piper's valet, *gille-more*, *gille-cas-fleuch* or running footman, and such others as the more vain of our Highland gentry at the time ever insisted on travelling about with, all stout junky men of middle size, bearded to the brows, wearing flat blue bonnets with a pervenke plant for badge on the sides of them, on their feet deerskin brogues with the hair out, the rest of their costume all belted tartan, and with arms clattering about them. With that proud pretence which is common in our people when in strange, unfamiliar occasions—and I would be the last to dispraise it—they went about by no means braggardly but with the aspect of men who had better streets and more shops to show at home; surprised at nothing in their alert moments, but now and again forgetting their dignity and looking into little shop-windows with the wonder of bairns, and great gabbling together till MacLachlan fluted on his whistle, and they came, like good hounds, to heel.

All day the town hummed with Gaelic and the round bellowing of cattle. It was clear warm weather, never a breath of wind to stir the gilding trees behind the burgh. At ebb-tide the sea-beach whitened and smoked in the sun, and the hot air quivered over the stones and the crisping wrack. In such a season the bustling town in the heart of the stern Highlands seemed a fever spot. Children came boldly up to us for fairings or gifts, and they strayed—the scamps!—behind the droves and thumped manfully on the buttocks of the cattle. A constant stream of men passed in and out at the change-house closes and about the Fisherland tenements, where seafarers and drovers together sang the maddest love-ditties in the voices of roaring bulls; beating the while with their feet on the floor in our foolish Gaelic fashion, or, as one could see through open windows, rugging and riving at the corners of a plaid spread between them, a trick, I daresay, picked up from women, who at the waulking or washing of woollen cloth new spun, pull out the fabric to tunes suited to such occasions.

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I spent most of the day with John Splendid and one Tearlach (or Charles) Fraser, an old comrade, and as luck, good or ill, would have it, the small hours of morning were on me before I thought of going home. By dusk the bulk of the strangers left the town by the highroads, among them the MacNicolls, who had only by the cunning of mutual friends (Splendid as busy as any), been kept from coming to blows with the MacLachlan tail. Earlier in the day, by a galley or wherry, the MacLachlans also had left, but not the young laird, who put up for the night at the house of Provost Brown.

The three of us I have mentioned sat at last playing cartes in the ferry-house, where a good glass could be had and more tidiness than most of the hostelries in the place could boast of. By the stroke of midnight we were the only customers left in the house, and when, an hour after, I made the move to set out for Glen Shira, John Splendid yoked on me as if my sobriety were a crime.

"Wait, man, wait, and I'll give you a convoy up the way," he would say, never thinking of the road he had himself to go down to Coillebhraid.

And aye it grew late and the night more still. There would be a foot going by at first at short intervals, sometimes a staggering one and a voice growling to itself in Gaelic; and anon the wayfarers were no more, the world outside in a black and solemn silence. The man who kept the ferry-house was often enough in the custom of staying up all night to meet belated boats from Kilcatrine; we were gentrice and good customers, so he composed himself in a lug chair and dovered in a little room opening off ours; while we sat fingering the book. Our voices as we called the cartes seemed now and then to me like a discourtesy to the peace and order of the night.

"I must go," said I a second time.

"Another one game," cried John Splendid. He had been winning every bout, but with a reluctance that shone honestly on his face; and I knew it was to give Tearlach and I a chance to better our reputation that he would have us hang on.

"You have hard luck indeed," he would say. Or, "You played that trick as few could do it." Or, "Am not I in the key to-night? there's less craft than luck here." And he played slovenly even once or twice, flushing, we could read, lest we could see the stratagem. At these times, by the curious way of chance, he won more surely than ever.

"I must be going," I said again. And this time I put the cartes bye, firmly determined that my usual easy and pliant mood in fair company would be my own enemy no more.

"Another chappin of ale," said he. "Tearlach, get Elrigmore to bide another bit. Tuts, the night's but young, the chap of two and a fine clear clean air with a wind behind you for Shira Glen."

"Wheest!" said Tearlach of a sudden, and he put up a hand.

There was a skliffing of feet on the road outside—many feet and wary, with men's voices in a whisper caught at the teeth—a sound at that hour full of menace. Only a moment and then all was by.

"There's something strange here!" said John Splendid, "let's out and see." He put round his rapier more on the groin, and gave a jerk at the narrow belt creasing his fair-day crimson vest. For me I had only the dirk to speak of, for the *sgean dubh* at my waist was a silver toy, and Tearlach, being a burgh man, had no arm at all. He lay hold on an oaken shinty stick that hung on the wall, property of the ferry-house landlord's son.

Out we went in the direction of the footsteps, round Gillemor's corner and the jail, past the Fencibles' arm-room and into the main street of the town, that held no light in door or window. There would have been moon, but a black wrack of clouds filled the heavens. From the kirk corner we could hear a hushed tumult down at the Provost's close-mouth.

"Pikes and pistols!" cried Splendid. "Is it not as I said? yonder's your MacNicolls for you."

In a flash I thought of Mistress Betty with her hair down, roused by the marauding crew, and I ran hurriedly down the street shouting the burgh's slogan, "Slochd!"

"Damn the man's hurry!" said John Splendid, trotting at my heels, and with Tearlach too he gave lungs to the shout.

"Slochd!" I cried, and "Slochd!" they cried, and the whole town clanged

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like a bell. Windows open here and there, and out popped heads, and then—

"Murder and thieves!" we cried stoutly again.

"Is't the Athole dogs?" asked some one in bad English from a window, but we did not bide to tell him.

"Slochd! slochd! club and steel!" more nimble burghers cried, jumping out at closes in our rear, and following with neither hose nor brogue, but the kilt thrown at one toss on the haunch and some weapon in hand. And the whole wide street was stark awake.

The MacNicolls must have numbered fully threescore. They had only made a pretence (we learned again) of leaving the town, and had hung on the river-side till they fancied their attempt at seizing MacLachlan was secure from the interference of the town-folk. They were packed in a mass in the close and on the stair, and the foremost were solemnly battering at the night door at the top of the first flight of stairs, crying, "Fuil, airson fuil!—blood for blood, out with young Lachie!"

We fell to on the rearmost with a will, first of all with the bare fist, for half of this midnight army were my own neighbours in Glen Shira, peaceable men in ordinary affairs, kirk-goers, law-abiders, though maybe a little common in the quality, and between them and the mustering burghers there was no feud. For a while we fought it dourly in the darkness with the fingers at the throat or the fist in the face, or wrestled warmly on the plain-stones, or laid out, such as had staves, with good vigour on the bonneted heads. Into the close we could not—soon I saw it—push our way, for the enemy filled it—a dense mass of tartan, stinking with peat and oozing with the day's debauchery.

"We'll have him out, if it's in bits," they said, and aye upon the stair-head banged the door.

"No remedy in this way for the folks besieged," thinks I, and stepping aside I began to wonder how best to aid our friends by strategy rather than force of arms. All at once I had mind that at the back of the land facing the shore an outhouse with a thatched roof ran at a high pitch well up against the kitchen window, and I stepped through a close further up and set, at this outhouse, to the climbing, leaving my friends fighting out in the darkness in a town tumultuous. To get up over the eaves of the outhouse was no easy task, and I would have failed without a doubt had not the strategem of John Splendid come to his aid a little later than my own and sent him after me. He helped me first on the roof, and I had him soon beside me. The window lay unguarded (all the inmates of the house being at the front), and we stepped in and found ourselves soon in a household vastly calm considering the rabble dunting in its doors.

"A pot of scalding water and a servant wench at that back-window we came in by would be a good sneck against all that think of coming after us," said John Splendid, stepping into the passage where we met Mistress Betty the day before—now with the stair-head door stoutly barred and barricaded up with heavy chests and napery-aumries.

"God! I'm glad to see you, sir!" cried the Provost, "and you, Elrigmore!" He came forward in a trepidation which was shared by few of the people about him.

Young MacLachlan stood up against the wall facing the barricaded door, a lad little over twenty, with a steel-gray quarrelsome eye, and there was more bravado than music in a pipe tune he was humming in a low key to himself. A little beyond, at the door of the best room, half in and half out, stood the good-wife Brown and her daughter. A son of the house, of about eighteen, with a brog or awl was teasing out the end of a flambeau in preparation to light for some purpose not to be guessed at, and a servant lass, pock-marked, with one eye on the pot and the other up the lum, as we say of a glee or cast, made a storm of lamentation, crying in Gaelic—

"My grief! my grief! what's to come of poor Peggy?" (Peggy being herself) "Nothing for it but the wood and cave and the ravishing of the Ben Bhuidhe wolves."

Mistress Betty laughed at her notion, a sign of humour and courage in her (considering the plight) that fairly took me.

"I daresay, Peggy, they'll let us be," she said, coming forward to shake Splendid and me by the hand. "To keep me in braws and you in ashets to break would be more than the poor creatures would face, I'm thinking. You are late in the town, Elrigmore."

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"Colin." I corrected her, and she bit the inside of her nether lip in a style that means temper.

"It's no time for dalliance, I think. I thought you had been up the glen long syne, but we are glad to have your service in this trouble, Master—Colin" (with a little laugh and a flush at the cheek), "also Mr. Campbell. Do you think they mean seriously ill by MacLachlan?"

"Ill enough, I have little doubt," briskly replied Splendid. "A corps of MacNicolls, arrant knaves from all airts, worse than the Macaulays or the Gregarach themselves, do not come banging at the burgh door of Inneraora at this uncanny hour for a child's play. Sir" (he went on, to MacLachlan), "I mind you said last market-day at Kilmichael, with no truth to back it, that you could run, shoot, or sing any Campbell ever put on hose; let a Campbell show you the way out of a bees'-bike. Take the back-window for it, and out the way we came in. I'll warrant there's not a wise enough (let alone a sober enough) man among all the idiots battering there who'll think of watching for your retreat."

MacLachlan, a most extraordinary vain and pompous little fellow, put his bonnet suddenly on his head, scrugged it down vauntingly on one side over the right eye, and stared at John Splendid with a good deal of choler or hurt vanity.

"Sir," said he, "this was our affair till you put a finger into it. You might know me well enough to understand that none of our breed ever took a back door if a front offered."

"Whilk it does not in this case," said John Splendid, seemingly in a mood to humour the man. "But I'll allow there's the right spirit in the objection—to begin with in a young lad. When I was your age I had the same good Highland notion that the hardest way to face the foe was the handsomest. *Pallas Armata* (is't that you call the book of arms, Elrigmore?) tells different; but *Pallas Armata* (or whatever it is) is for old men with cool blood."

Of a sudden MacLachlan made dart at the chests and pulled them back from the door with a most surprising vigour of arm before any one could prevent him. The Provost vainly tried to make him desist; John Splendid said in English, "He that maun to Cupar maun to Cupar," and in a jiffy the last of the barricade was down, but the door was still on two wooden bars slipping into stout staples. Betty in a low whisper asked me to save the poor fellow from his own hot temper.

At the minute I grudged him the lady's consideration—too warm, I thought, even in a far-out relative, but a look at her face showed she was only in the alarm of a woman at the thought of any one's danger.

I caught MacLachlan by the sleeve of his shirt—he had on but that and a kilt and vest—and jerked him back from his fool's employment; but I was a shave late. He ran back both wooden bars before I let him.

With a roar and a display of teeth and steel the MacNicolls came into the lobby from the crowded stair, and we were driven to the far parlour end. In the forefront of them was Nicol Beg MacNicoll, the nearest kinsman of the murdered Braleckan lad. He had a targe on his left arm—a round buckler of *darach* or oak-wood covered with dun cow-hide, hair out, and studded in a pleasing pattern with iron bosses—a prong several inches long in the middle of it. Like every other scamp in the pack, he had dirk out. *Beg* or little he was in the countryside's byename, but in truth he was a fellow of six feet, as hairy as a brock and in the same straight bristly fashion. He put out his arms at full reach to keep back his clansmen, who were stretching necks at poor MacLachlan like weasels, him with his nostrils swelling and his teeth biting his bad temper.

"Wait a bit, lads," said Nicol Beg; "perhaps we may get our friend here to come peaceably with us. I'm sorry" (he went on, addressing the Provost) "to put an honest house to rabble at any time, and the Provost of Inneraora specially, for I'm sure there's kin's blood by my mother's side between us; but there was no other way to get MacLachlan once his tail was gone."

"You'll rue this, MacNicoll," fumed the Provost—as red as a bubblyjock at the face—mopping with a napkin at his neck in a sweat of annoyance; "you'll rue it, rue it, rue it!" and he went into a coil of lawyer's threats against the invaders, talking of brander-irons and gallows, hamesucken and housebreaking.

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We were a daft-like lot in that long lobby in a wan candle-light. Over me came that wonderment that falls on one upon stormy occasions (I mind it at the sally of Lecheim), when the whirl of life seems to come to a sudden stop, all's but wooden dummies and a scene empty of atmosphere, and between your hand on the basket-hilt and the drawing of the sword is a lifetime. We could hear at the close-mouth and far up and down the street the shouting of the burghers, and knew that at the stair-foot they were trying to pull out the bottom-most of the marauders like tods from a hole. For a second or two nobody said a word to Nicol MacNicoll's remark, for he put the issue so cool (like an invitation to saunter along the road) that all at once it seemed a matter between him and MacLachlan alone. I stood between the house-breakers and the women-folk beside me—John Splendid looking wonderfully ugly for a man fairly clean fashioned at the face by nature. We left the issue to MacLachlan, and I must say he came up to the demands of the moment with gentlemanliness, minding he was in another's house than his own.

"What is it ye want?" he asked MacNicoll, burring out his Gaelic *r*'s with punctilio.

"We want you in room of a murderer your father owes us," said MacNicoll.

"You would slaughter me, then?" said MacLachlan, amazingly undisturbed, but bringing again to the front, by a motion of the haunch accidental to look at, the sword he leaned on.

"Fuil airson fuil!" cried the rabble on the stairs, and it seemed ghastly like an answer to the young laird's question; but Nicol Beg demanded peace, and assured MacLachlan he was only sought for a hostage.

"We but want your red-handed friend Dark Neil," said he; "your father kens his lair, and the hour he puts him in our hands for justice, you'll have freedom."

"Do you warrant me free of scaith?" asked the young laird.

"I'll warrant not a hair of your head's touched," answered Nicol Beg; no very sound warranty I thought from a man who, as he gave it, had to put his weight back on the eager crew that pushed at his shoulders, ready to spring like weasels at the throat of the gentleman in the red tartan.

He was young, MacLachlan, as I said; for him this was a delicate situation, and we about him were in no less a quandary than himself. If he defied the Glen Shira men, he brought bloodshed on a peaceable house, and ran the same risk of bodily harm that lay in the alternative of his going with them that wanted him.

Round he turned and looked for guidance—broken just a little at the pride, you could see by the lower lip. The Provost was the first to meet him eye for eye.

"I have no opinion, Lachie," said the old man, snuffing rapee with the butt of an egg-spoon and spilling the brown dust in sheer nervousness over the night-shirt bulging above the band of his breeks. "I'm wae to see your father's son in such a corner, and all my comfort is that every tenant in Elrig and Braleckan pays for this night's frolic at the Tolbooth or gallows of Inneraora town."

"A great consolation to think of," said John Splendid.

The goodwife, a nervous body at her best, sobbed away with her pock-marked hussy in the parlour, but Betty was to the fore in a passion of vexation. To her the lad made next his appeal.

"Should I go?" he asked; and I thought he said it more like one who almost craved to stay. I never saw a woman in such a coil. She looked at the dark MacNicolls, and syne she looked at the fair-haired young fellow, and her eyes were swimming, her bosom heaving under her screen of Campbell tartan, her fingers twisting at the pleated hair that fell in sheeny cables to her waist.

"If I were a man I would stay, and yet—if you stay— Oh, poor Lachlan! I'm no judge," she cried; "my cousin, my dear cousin!" and over brimmed her tears.

All this took less time to happen than it takes to tell with pen and ink, and though there may seem in reading it to be too much palaver on this stair-head, it was but a minute or two, after the bar was off the door, that John Splendid took me by the coat-lapel and back a bit to whisper in my ear—

"If he goes quietly or goes gaffed like a grilse, it's all one on the street. Out-

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bye the place is hotching with the town-people. Do you think the MacNicolls could take a prisoner by the Cross?"

"It'll be cracked crowns on the causeway," said I.

"Cracked crowns any way you take it," said he, "and better on the causeway than on Madame Brown's parlour floor. It's a gentleman's policy, I would think, to have the squabble in the open air, and save the women the likely sight of bloody gashes."

"What do you think, Elrigmore?" Betty cried to me the next moment, and I said it were better the gentleman should go. The reason seemed to flash on her there and then, and she backed my counsel; but the lad was not the shrewdest I've seen, even for a Cowal man, and he seemed vexed that she should seek to get rid of him, glancing at me with a scornful eye as if I were to blame.

"Just so," he said, a little bitterly; "the advice is well meant," and on went his jacket that had hung on a peg behind him, and his bonnet played scrug on his forehead. A wiry young scamp, spirited too! He was putting his sword into its scabbard, but MacNicoll stopped him, and he went without it.

Now it was not the first time "Slochd a Chubair" was cried as slogan in Baile Inneraora in the memory of the youngest lad out that early morning with a cudgel. The burgh settled to its Lowlandishness with something of a grudge. For long the landward clans looked upon the incomers to it as foreign and unfriendly. More than once in fierce or drunken escapades they came into the place in their *mogans* at night, quiet as ghosts, mischievous as the winds, and set fire to wooden booths, or shot in wantonness at any mischancy unkilted citizen late returning from the change-house. The tartan was at those times the only passport to their good favour; to them the black cloth knee-breeches were red rags to a bull, and ill-luck to the lad that wore the same anywhere outside the Crooked-Dyke that marks the town and policies of his lordship. If he fared no worse, he came home with his coat-skirts scantily filling an office unusual. Many a time "Slochd!" rang through the night on the Athole winter when I dosed far off on the fields of Low Germanie, or sweated in sallies from leaguered towns. And experience made the burghers mighty tactical on such occasions. Old Leslie or "Pallas Armata" itself conferred no better notion of strategic sally than the simple one they used when the MacNicolls came down the stair with their prisoner; for they had dispersed themselves in little companies up the closes on either side the street, and past the close the invaders bound to go.

They might have known, the MacNicolls, that mischief was forward in that black silence, but they were, like all Glen men, unacquaint with the quirks of urban war. For them the fight in earnest was only fair that was fought on the heather and the brae; and that was always my shame of my countrymen, that a half company of hagbutiers, with wall cover to depend on, could worst the most chivalrous clan that ever carried triumph at a rush.

For the middle of the street the invaders made at once, half ready for attack from before or behind, but ill prepared to meet it from all airts as attack came. They were not ten yards on their way when Splendid and I, emerging behind them, found them pricked in the rear by one company, brought up short by another in front at Askaig's land, and harassed on the flanks by the lads from the closes. They were caught in a ring.

Lowland and Highland, they roared lustily as they came to blows, and the street boiled like a pot of herring; in the heart of the commotion young MacLachlan tossed hither and yonder—a stick in a linn. A half score more of MacNicolls might have made all the difference in the end of the story, for they struck desperately; better men by far as weight and agility went than the burgh half-breds, but (to their credit) so unwilling to shed blood, that they used the flat of the claymore instead of the wedge.

Young Brown flung up a window and lit the street with the flare of the flambeau he had been teasing out so earnestly, and dunt, dunt went the oaken rungs on the bonnets of Glen Shira, till Glen Shira smelt defeat and fell slowly back.

In all this horoyally I took but an onlooker's part. MacLachlan's quarrel was not mine, the burgh was none of my blood, and the Glen Shira men were my father's friends and neighbours.

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Splendid, too, cannily kept out of the turmoil when he saw that young MacLachlan was safely free of his warders, and that what had been a cause militant was now only a Highland diversion.

"Let them play away at it," he said; "I'm not keen to have wounds in a burgher's brawl in my own town when there's promise of braver sport over the hills among other tartans."

Up the town drifted the little battle, no dead left as luck had it, but many a gout of blood. The white gables clanged back the cries, in claps like summer thunder, the crows in the beech-trees complained in a rasping roupy chorus, and the house-doors banged at the back of men, who, weary or wounded, sought home to bed. And Splendid and I were on the point of parting, secure that the young laird of MacLachlan was at liberty, when that gentleman himself came scouring along, hard pressed by a couple of MacNicolls ready with brands out to cut him down. He was without steel or stick, stumbling on the causeway-stones in a stupor of weariness, his mouth gasping and his coat torn well nigh off the back of him. He was never in his twenty years of life nearer death than then, and he knew it; but when he found John Splendid and me before him he stopped and turned to face the pair that followed him—a fool's vanity to show fright had not put the heels to his hurry! We ran out beside him, and the MacNicolls refused the *rencontre*, left their quarry and fled again to the town-head, where their friends were in a dusk young Brown's flambeau failed to mitigate.

"I'll never deny after this that you can't outrun me!" said John Splendid, putting by his small sword.

"I would have given them their kail through the reek in a double dose if I had only a simple knife," said the lad angrily, looking up the street, where the fighting was now over. Then he whipped into Brown's close and up the stair, leaving us at the gable of Askaig's house.

John Splendid, ganting sleepily, pointed at the fellow's disappearing skirts. "Do you see yon?" said he, and he broke into a line of a Gaelic air that told his meaning.

"Lovers?" I asked.

"What do you think yourself?" said he.

"She is mighty put about at his hazard," I confessed, reflecting on her tears.

"Cousins, ye ken, cousins!" said Splendid, and he put a finger in my side, laughing meaningly.

I got home when the day stirred among the mists over Strone.

CHAPTER V.

Of course Clan MacNicoll was brought to book for this frolic on Inneraora fair-day, banned by Kirk, and soundly beaten by the Dempster in name of law. To read some books I've read, one would think our Gaels in the time I speak of, and even now, were, and are, pagan and savage. We are not, I admit it, fashioned on the prim style of London dandies and Italian fops; we are—the poorest of us—coarse a little at the hide, too ready, perhaps, to slash out with knife or hatchet, and over-ready to carry the most innocent argument the dire length of a thrust with the sword. That's the blood; it's the common understanding among ourselves. But we were never such thieves and marauders, caterans bloody and unashamed, as the Galloway kerns and the Northmen, and in all my time we had plenty to do to fend our straths against reivers and cattle-drovers from the bad clans round about us. We lift no cattle in all Campbell country. When I was a lad some of the old-fashioned tenants in Glenaora once or twice went over to Glen Nant and Rannoch and borrowed a few beasts; but the Earl (as he was then) gave them warning for it that any vassal of his found guilty of such practice again should hang at the town-head as ready as he would hang a Cowal man for theftuously awaytaking a board of kipper salmon. My father (peace with him!) never could see the logic of it. "It's no theft," he would urge, "but war on the parish scale; it needs coolness of the head, some valour, and great genius to take fifty or maybe a hundred head of bestial hot-hoof over hill and moor. I would never blame a man for lifting a *spreadh* of black cattle any more than for killing a deer; are not both the natural beasts of these mountains, prey lawful to the first lad who can tether or paunch them?"

"Not in the fold, father," I mind of remonstrating once.

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"In the fold too," he said. "Who respects Breadalbane's fenced deer? not the most Christian elders in Glenurchy; they say grace over venison that crossed a high dyke in the dead of night tail first, or game birds that tumbled out of their dream on the bough into the reek of a brimstone fire. A man might as well claim the fish of the sea and the switch of the wood, and refuse the rest of the world a herring or a block of wood, as put black cattle in a fank and complain because he had to keep watch on them!"

It was quaint law, but I must admit my father made the practice run with the precept, for more than once he refused to take back cattle lifted by the Macgregors from us, because they had got over his march-stone.

But so far from permitting this latitude in the parish of Inneraora, Kirk and State frowned it down, and sins far less heinous. The session was bitterly keen on Sabbath-breakers, and to start on a Saturday night a kiln-drying of oats that would claim a peat or two on Sabbath, was accounted immorality of the most gross kind.

Much of this strict form, it is to be owned, was imported by the Lowland burghers, and set up by the Lowland session of the English kirk, of which his lordship was ruling elder, and the Highlanders took to it badly for many a day. They were aye, for a time, driving their cattle through the town on the Lord's day or stravaiging about the roads and woods, or drinking and listening to pipers piping in the change-houses at time of sermon, fond, as all our people are by nature, of the hearty open air, and the smell of woods, and lusty things—like pipers playing old tunes. Out would come elders and deacons to scour the streets and change-houses for them, driving them, as if with scourges, into worship. Gaelic sermon (or Irish sermon, as the Scots called it) was but every second Sabbath, and on the blank days the landward Highlanders found in town bound to go to English sermon whether they knew the language or not, a form which it would be difficult nowadays to defend. And it was, in a way, laughable to see the big Gaels driven to chapel like boys by the smug light burghers they could have crushed with a hand. But time told; there was sown in the landward mind by the blessing of God (and some fear of the Marquis, no doubt) a respect for Christian ordinance, and by the time I write of there were no more devout churchgoers and respecters of the law ecclesiastic than the umquhile pagan small-clans of Lochfinne and the Glens.

It is true that Nicol Beg threatened the church-officer with his dirk when he came to cite him before the session a few days after the splore in Inneraora, but he stood his trial like a good Christian all the same, he and half a score of his clan, as many as the church court could get the names of. I was a witness against them, much against my will, with John Splendid, the Provost, and some other townsfolk.

Some other defaulters were dealt with before the MacNicolls, a few throughither women and lads from the backlanes of the burghs, on the old tale, a shoreside man for houghing a quay, and a girl MacVicar, who had been for a season on a visit to some Catholic relatives in the Isles, and was charged with malignancy and profanity.

Poor lass! I was wae for her. She stood bravely beside her father, whose face was as begrutten as hers was serene, and those who put her through her catechism found to my mind but a good heart and tolerance where they sought treachery and rank heresy. They convicted her notwithstanding.

"You have stood your trials badly, Jean MacVicar," said Master Gordon. "A backslider and malignant provan! You may fancy your open profession of piety, your honesty and charity, make dykes to the narrow way. A fond delusion, woman! There are, sorrow on it! many lax people of your kind in Scotland this day, hangers-on at the petticoat tails of the whore of Babylon, sitting like you, as honest worshippers at the tables of the Lord, eating Christian elements that but for His mercy choked them at the thrapple. You are a wicked woman!"

"She's a good daughter," broke in the father through his tears; but his Gaelic never stopped the minister.

"An ignorant besom."

"She's leech-wife to half Kenmore," protested the old man.

"And this court censures you, ordains you to make public confession at both English and Gaelic kirks before the congregations, thereafter to be excommuni-

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cate and banished furth and from this parish of Inneraora and Glenaora."

The girl never winced.

Her father cried again, "She can't leave me," said he, and he looked to the Marquis, who all the time sat on the hard deal forms, like a plain man. "Your lordship kens she is motherless and my only kin ; that's she true and honest."

The Marquis said yea nor nay, but had a minute's talk with the clergyman, as I thought at the time, to make him modify his ruling. But Master Gordon enforced the finding of the session.

"Go she must," said he ; "we cannot have our young people poisoned at the mind."

"Then she'll bide with me," said the father angrily.

"You dare not, as a Christian professor, keep an excommunicate in your house," said Gordon ; "but taking to consideration that excommunication precludes not any company of natural relations, we ordain you never to keep her in your house in this parish any more ; but if you have a mind to do so with her, to follow her wherever she goes."

And that sorry small family went out at the door, in tears.

Some curious trials followed, and the making of quaint bylaws ; for now that his lordship, ever a restraining influence on his clans, was bound for new wars elsewhere, a firmer hand was wanted on the people he left behind, and Master Gordon pressed for stricter canons. Notification was made discharging the people of the burgh from holding lykewakes in the smaller houses, from unnecessary travel on the Sabbath, from public flyting and abusing, and from harbouring ne'er-do-weels from other parishes, and seeing it had become a practice of the women attending kirk to keep their plaids upon their heads and faces in time of sermon as occasion of sleeping, as also that they who slept could not be distinguished from those who slept not, that they might be wakened, it was ordained that such be not hereafter, under pain of taking the plaids from them.

With these enactments too came evidence of the Kirk's paternity. It settled the salary (200 lb. Scots) of a new master for the grammar-school, agreed to pay the fees of divers poor scholars, instructed the administering of the funds in the poor's-box, fixed a levy on the town for the following week to help the poorer wives who would be left by their fencible husbands, and paid ten marks to an elderly widow woman who desired, like a good Gael, to have her burial clothes ready, but had not the wherewithal for linen.

"We are," said Master Gordon, sharpening a pen in a pause ere the MacNicolls came forward, "the fathers and guardians of this parish people high and low. Too long has Lochfinneside been ruled childishly. I have no complaint about its civil rule—his lordship here might well be trusted to that ; but its religion was a thing of rags. They tell me old Campbell in the Gaelic end of the church (peace with him !) used to come to the pulpit with a broadsword belted below his Geneva gown. Savagery, savagery, rank and stinking ! I'll say it to his face in another world, and a poor evangel and ensample truly for the quarrelsome landward folk of this parish, that even now, in the more unctuous times of God's grace, doff steel weapons so reluctantly. I found a man with a dirk at his hip sitting before the Lord's table last Lammas !"

"Please God," said the Marquis, "the world shall come to its sight some day. My people are of an unruly race, I ken ; good at the heart, hospitable, valorous, even with some Latin chivalry ; but, my sorrow ! they are sorely unamenable to policies of order and peace."

"Deil the hair vexed am I," said John Splendid in my ear ; "I have a wonderful love for nature that's raw and human, and this session-made morality is but a veneer. They'll be taking the tartan off us next may be ! Some day the old dog at the heart of the Highlands will bark for all his sleek coat. Man ! I hate the very look of those Lowland cattle sitting here making kirk laws for their emperors, and their ill-bred Scots speech jars on my ear like an ill-tuned bagpipe."

Master Gordon possibly guessed what was the topic of Splendid's confidence, in truth few but knew my hero's mind on these matters, and I have little doubt it was for John's edification he went on to sermonise, still at the shaping of his pen.

"Your lordship will have the civil chastisement of these MacNicolls after

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this session is bye with them. We can but deal with their spiritual error. Nicol Beg and his relatives are on our kirk rolls as members or adherents, and all we can do is to fence the communion-table against them for a period, and bring them to the stool of repentance. Some here may think a night of squabbling and broken heads in a Highland burgh too trifling an affair for the interference of the kirk or the court of law; I am under no such delusion. There is a valour better than the valour of the beast unreasoning. Your lordship has seen it at its proper place in your younger wars; young Elrigmore, I am sure, has seen it on the Continent, where men live quiet burgh lives while left alone, and yet comport themselves chivalrously and gallantly on the stricken fields when their country or a cause calls for them so to do. In the heart of man is hell smouldering, always ready to leap out in flames of sharpened steel; it's a poor philosophy that puffs folly in at the ear to stir the ember, saying, 'Hiss, catch him, dog!' I'm for keeping hell (even in a wild Highlandman's heart) for its own business of punishing the wicked.''

"Amen to you!" cried MacCailein, beating his hand on a book-board, and Master Gordon took a snuff like a man whose doctrine is laid out plain for the world and who dare dispute it. In came the beadle with the MacNicolls, very much cowed, different men truly from the brave gentlemen who cried blood for blood on Provost Brown's stair.

They had little to deny, and our evidence was but a word ere the session passed sentence of suspension from the kirk tables, as Gordon had said, and a sheriff's officer came to hale them to the Tolbooth for their trial on behalf of the civil law.

With their appearance there my tale has nothing to do; the Dempster, as I have said, had the handling of them with birch. What I have described of this kirk-session's cognisance of those rough fellows' ill behaviour is designed ingeniously to convey a notion of its strict ceremony and its wide dominion; to show that even in the heart of Arraghoel we were not beasts in that year when the red flash of the sword came on us and the persecution of the torch. The MacNicolls night in the Hie Street of MacCailein Mor's town was an adventure uncommon enough to be spoken of for years after, and otherwise (except for the little feuds between the Glensmen and the burghers without tartan), our country-side was as safe as the heart of France—safer even. You might leave your purse on the open road anywhere within the Crooked Dyke with uncounted gold in it and be no penny the poorer at the week's end; there was never lock or bar on any door in any of the two glens—locks, indeed, were a contrivance the Lowlanders brought for the first time to the town; and the gardens lay open to all who had appetite for kail or berry. There was no man who sat down to dinner (aye in the landward part I speak of; it differed in the town) without first going to the door to look along the highroad to see if wayfarers were there to share the meal with him and his family. "There he goes," was the saying about any one who passed the door at any time without coming in to take a spoon—"there he goes; I'll warrant he's a miser at home to be so much of a churl abroad." The very gipsy claimed the cleanest bed in a Glenman's house whenever he came that way, and his gossip paid handsomely for his shelter.

It was a fine fat land this of ours, mile upon mile thick with herds, rolling in the grassy season like the seas, growing such lush crops as the remoter Highlands never dreamt of. Not a foot of good soil but had its ploughing, or at least gave food to some useful animal, and yet so rocky the hills between us and lower Lochow, so tremendous steep and inaccessible the peaks and corries north of Ben Bhuidhe that they were relegated to the chase. There had the stag his lodging and the huntsman a home almost perpetual. It was cosy, indeed, to see of an evening the peat-smoke from well-governed and comfortable hearths lingering on the quiet air; to go where you would find bairns toddling on the braes or singing women bent to the peat-creel and the reaping-hook.

In that autumn I think nature gave us her biggest cup brimmingly, and my father, as he watched his servants binding corn head high, said he had never seen the like before. In the hazel-woods the nuts bent the branches, so thick were they, so succulent; the rasp, the strawberry, the blaeberry, the wortle,

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and the rowan swelled grossly in a constant sun; the orchards of the richer folks were in a revelry of fruit. Somehow the winter grudged, as it were, to come. For ordinary, October sees the trees that beard Dunchuach and hang for miles on the side of Creag Dubh searing and falling below the frost; this season the frost stayed aloof long, and friendly winds roved from the west and south. The forests gleamed in a golden fire, that only cooled to darkness when the firs, my proud tall friends, held up their tasselled heads in unquenching green. Birds swarmed in the heather, and the sides of the bare hills moved constantly with deer. Never a stream in all real Argile but boiled with fish; you come down to Eas-a-chleidh on the Aora with a creel and dipped it into the linn to bring out salmon rolling with fat.

All this I dwell on for a sensible purpose, though it may seem to be but an old fellow's boasting and a childish vanity about my own calf-country. 'Tis the picture I would paint—a land laughing and content, well governed by Gillesbeg, though Gruamach he might be by name and by nature. Fourpence a day was a labourer's wage, but what need had one of even fourpence, with his hut free and the food piling richly at his very door?

CHAPTER VI.

On the 27th of July in this same year 1644, we saw his lordship and his clan march from Inneraora to the dreary north. By all accounts (brought in to the Marquis by foot-runners from the frontier of Lorn), the Irishry of Colkitto numbered no more than 1200, badly armed with old matchlocks and hampered by two or three dozen camp-women bearing the bairns of this dirty regiment at their breasts. Add to this as many Highlanders under Montrose and his cousin Para Dubh of Inchbrackie, and there was but a force of 3500 men for the good government of Argile to face. But what were they? If the Irish were poorly set up in weapons, the Gaels were worse. On the spring before, Gillesbeg had harried Athole, and was cunning enough to leave its armouries as bare as the fields he burned, so now its clans had but home-made claymores, bows, and arrows, Lochaber *tuaghs* and cudgels, with no heavy pieces. The cavalry of this unholy gang was but three garrons, string, and bone. Worse than their ill-arming, as any soldier of experience will allow, were the jealousies between the two bodies of this scratched-up army. Did ever one see a Gael that nestled to an Irishman? Here's one who will swear it impossible, though it is said the blood is the same in both races, and we nowadays read the same Gaelic Bible. Colkitto MacDonald was Gael by birth and young breeding, but Erinach by career, and repugnant to the most malignant of the west clans before they got to learn, as they did later, his quality as a leader. He bore down on Athole, he and his towsy rabble, hoping to get the clans there to join him greedily for the sake of the old feud against MacCailein Mor, but the Stewarts would have nothing to say to him, and blows were not far off when Montrose and his cousin Black Pate came on the scene with his king's license.

To meet this array now playing havoc on the edge of Campbell country, rumour said two armies were moving from the north and east; if Argile knew of them he kept his own counsel on the point, but he gave colour to the tale by moving from Inneraora with no more than 2000 foot and a troop of horse. These regimentals had mustered three days previously, camping on the usual camping-ground at the Maltland, where I spent the last day and night with them. They were, for the main part, the Campbells of the shire: of them alone the chief could muster 5000 half-merkland men at a first levy, all capable swordsmen, well drilled and disciplined *soldadoes*, who had, in addition to the usual schooling in arms of every Gael, been taught many of the niceties of new-fashioned war, countermarch, wheeling, and pike-drill. To hear the old orders, "Pouldron to Pouldron; keep your files; and middlemen come forth!" was like an echo from my old days in Germanie. These manœuvres they were instructed in by hired veterans of the Munro and Mackay battalions who fought with Adolphus. Four or five companies of Lowland soldiers from Dunbarton and Stirling eked out the strength; much was expected from the latter, for they were, unlike our clansmen, never off the parade-ground, and were in receipt of pay for their militant

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service ; but as events proved, they were MacCailein's poor reed.

I spent, as I have said, a day and a night in the camp between Aora river and the deep wood of Tarradubh. The plain hummed with our little army, where now are but the nettle and the ivied tower, and the yellow bee booming through the solitude ; morning and night the shrill of the *piobmhor* rang cheerily to the ear of Dunchuach ; the sharp call of the chieftains and sergeants, the tramp of the brogued feet in their simple evolutions ; the clatter of arms, the contention and the laughing, the song, the reprimand, the challenge, the jest—all these were pleasant to me.

One morning I got up from a bed of gall or bog-myrtle I shared with John Splendid after a late game of chess, and fared out on a little eminence looking over the scene. Not a soldier stirred in his plaid ; the army was drugged by the heavy fir-winds from the forest behind. The light of the morning flowed up wider and whiter from the Cowal hills, the birds woke to a rain of twittering prayer among the bushes ere ever a man stirred more than from side to side to change his dream. It was the most melancholy hour I ever experienced, and I have seen fields in the wan morning before many a throng and bloody day. I felt "fey," as we say at home—a premonition that here was no conquering force, a sorrow for the glens raped of their manhood, and hearths to be desolate. By-and-bye the camp moved into life, Dunbarton's drums beat the reveille, the pipers arose, doffed their bonnets to the sun, and played a rouse ; my gloom passed like a mist from the mountains.

They went north by the Aora passes into the country of Breadalbane, and my story need not follow them beyond.

Inneraora burghers went back to their commercial affairs, and I went to Glen Shira to spend calm days on the river and the hill. My father seemed to age perceptibly, reflecting on his companion gone, and he clung to me like the *crotal* to the stone. Then it was (I think) that some of the sobriety of life first came to me, a more often cogitation and balancing of affairs. I began to see some of the tanglement of nature, and appreciate the solemn mystery of our travel across this vexed and care-warped world. Before, I was full of the wine of youth, giving doubt of nothing a lodgment in my mind, acting ever on the impulse, sucking the lemon, seeds and all, and finding it unco sappy and piquant to the palate. To be face to face day after day with this old man's grief, burdened with his most apparent double love, conscious that I was his singular bond to the world he would otherwise be keen to be leaving, set me to chasten my dalliance with fate. Still and on, our affection and its working on my prentice mind is nothing to dwell on publicly. I've seen bearded men kiss each other in the France, a most scandalous exhibition surely, one at any rate that I never gazed on without some natural Highland shame, and I would as soon kiss my father at high noon on the open street as dwell with paper and ink upon my feeling to him.

We settled down to a few quiet weeks after the troops had gone. Rumours came of skirmishes at Tippermuir and elsewhere. I am aware that the fabulous Wishart makes out that our lads were defeated by Montrose at every turning, claiming even Dundee, Crief, Strathbogie, Methven Wood, Philiphaugh, Inverness, and Dunbeath. Let any one coldly calculate the old rogue's narrative, and it will honestly appear that the winner was more often Argile, though his lordship never followed up his advantage with slaughter and massacre as did his foes at Aberdeen. All these doings we heard of but vaguely, for few came back except an odd lad wounded and cut off in the wilds of Athole from the main body.

Constant sentinels watched the land from the fort of Dunchuach, that dominates every pass into our country, and outer guards took day and night about on the remoter alleys of Aora and Shira Glens. South, east, and west, we had friendly frontiers ; only to the north were menace and danger, and from the north came our scaith—the savage north and jealous.

These considerations seemed, on the surface, little to affect Inneraora and its adjacent parts. We slept soundly at night, knowing the warders were alert ; the women with absent husbands tempered their anxiety with the philosophy that comes to a race ever bound to defend its own doors.

The common folks had *ceilidhs* at night, gossip parties in each other's

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houses, and in our own hall the herds and shepherds often convocate to change stories, the tales of the Fingalians, Ossian and the Finne. The burgh was a great place for suppers too, and never *ceilidh* nor supper went I to, but the daughter of Provost Brown was there before me. She took a dislike to me, I guessed at last, perhaps thinking I appeared too often, and I was never fully convinced of this till I met her once with some companions walking in the garden of the castle, that always stood open for respectable visitors.

I was passing up the Dame's Pad, as it was called, a little turfed road, overhung by walnut trees brought by the old Earl from England. I had on a Lowland costume with a velvet coat and buckled shoes, and one or two vanities a young fellow would naturally be set up about, and the consciousness of my trim clothing put me in a very complacent mood as I stopped and spoke with the damsels.

They were pretty girls all, and I remember particularly that Betty had a spray of bog-myrtle and heather fastened at a brooch at her neck.

She was the only one who received me coldly, seemed indeed impatient to be off, leaving the conversation to her friends while she toyed with a few late flowers on the bushes beside her.

"You should never put heather and gall together," I said to her rallyingly.

"Indeed!" she said, flushing. "Here's one who wears what she chooses, regardless of custom or freit."

"But you know," I said, "the badge of the Campbell goes badly with that of so bitter a foe as the MacDonald. You might as well add the oat-stalk of Montrose, and make the emblem tell the story of those troubles."

It was meant in good humour, but for some reason it seemed to sting her to the quick. I could see it in the flash of her eyes and the renewed flush at her temples.

There was a little mischievous girl in the company, who giggled and said, "Betty's in a bad key to-day; her sweetheart has vexed her surely."

It was a trivial remark, but I went off with it in my mind.

A strange interest in the moods of this old school-friend had begun to stir me. Meeting her on my daily walks to town by the back way through the new avenue, I found her seemingly anxious to avoid me, and difficult to warm to any interest but in the most remote and abstract affairs. Herself she would never speak of, her plans, cares, ambitions, preferences, or aversions; she seemed dour set on aloofness. And though she appeared to listen to my modestly phrased exploits with attention and respect, and some trepidation at the dangerous portions, she had notably more interest in my talk of others. Ours was the only big house in the glen she never came calling to, though her father was an attentive visitor and supped his curds-and-cream of a Saturday with friendly gusto, apologising for her finding something to amuse and detain her at Roderick's over the way, or the widow's at Gearran Bridge.

I would go out on these occasions and walk in the open air with a heart uneasy.

And now it was I came to conclude, after all, that much as a man may learn of many women studied indifferently, there is something magical about his personal regard for one, that sets up a barrier of mystery between them. So long as I in former years went on the gay assumption that every girl's character was on the surface, and I made no effort to probe deeper, I was the confident, the friend, of many a fine woman. They all smiled at my douce sobriety, but in the end they preferred it to the gaudy recklessness of more handsome men.

But here was the conclusion of my complacent belief in my knowledge of the sex. The oftener I met her the worse my friendship progressed. She became a problem behind a pretty mask, and I would sit down, as it were, dumb before it and guess at the real woman within. Her step on the road as we would come to an unexpected meeting, her handling of a flower I might give her in a courtesy, her most indifferent word as we met or parted, became a precious clue I must ponder on for hours. And the more I weighed these things, the more confused thereafter I became in her presence. "If I were in love with the girl," I had to say to myself at last, "I could not be more engrossed in her mind."

The hill itself, with days of eager hunting after the red-deer, brought not

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enough distraction, and to stand by the mountain tarns and fish the dark trout was to hold a lonely carnival with discontent.

It happened sometimes that on the street of Inneraora I would meet Betty convoying her cousin young MacLachlan to his wherry (he now took care to leave for home betimes), or with his sister going about the shops. It would be but a bow in the bye-going, she passing on with equanimity, and I with a maddening sense of awkwardness, that was not much bettered by the tattle of the plainstanes, where merchant lads and others made audible comment on the cousinly ardour of young Lachie.

On Sundays, perhaps worst of all, I found my mind's torment. Our kirk to-day is a building of substantiality and even grace; then it was a somewhat squalid place of worship, in whose rafters the pigeons trespassed and the swallow built her home. We sat in torturous high-backed benches so narrow that our knees rasped the boards before us, and sleep in Master Gordon's most dreary discourse was impossible. Each good family in the neighbourhood had its own pew, and Elrigmore's, as it is to this day, lay well in the rear among the shadows of the loft, while the Provost's was a little to the left and at right angles, so that its occupants and ours were in a manner face to face.

Old Gordon would be into many deeps of doctrine no doubt while I was in the deeper depths of speculation upon my lady's mind. I think I found no great edification from the worship of those days—shame to tell it!—for the psalms we chanted had inevitably some relevance to an earthly affection, and my eyes were forever roaming from the book or from the preacher's sombre face.

They might rove far and long, but the end of each journey round that dull interior was ever in the Provost's pew, and, as if by some hint of the spirit, though Betty might be gazing steadfastly where she ought, I knew that she knew I was looking on her. It needed but my glance to bring a flush to her averted face. Was it the flush of annoyance or of the conscious heart? I asked myself, and remembering her coldness elsewhere, I was fain to think my interest was considered an impertinence. And there I would be in a cold perspiration of sorry apprehension.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

The holiday season has left us in a benignant mood; so that just for once we are going to let our correspondents have a little more space than usual in which to air their grievances and bewilder our minds.

I.

A lady in Alton, Illinois, who signs herself L. E. C., says some amiable things about the Letter-Box, and then propounds three searching questions. They are these:

"1. Why are editorial departments almost always conducted by unsigned talent?"

Partly because of long-established custom, and partly because of the well-known editorial modesty.

"2. Why do the critics speak with such unstinted praise of the writings of Henry James? His latter-day novels are to the average novel reader more stupid than a five-barrelled sermon."

Exactly; and so the average novel reader goes off and reads Marie Corelli for a change. But if one is a novel reader above the average, he is fascinated by Mr. James's subtlety, his psychology, and his delicate yet searching style.

"3. Why do the realistic writers persist in reproducing the commonplace types? . . . Surely it is time for an idealised realism. Not what we and our commonplace neighbours *are*, but what we *would* and *could* be."

Yes; but what you *are* is real, and realism deals with realities. What you *would* be is perhaps ideal; but—well, you surely see the point. Please don't make us write an essay.

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II.

A gentleman in Middletown, Connecticut, writes :

"I grieve to learn from your editorial note on page 182 of the November BOOKMAN that Mr. Crawford has been 'broken' by his visits to America. Do you mean financially, or in health? Your sentence reads: '—— where (*i.e.*, in Sorrento) he has lived ever since, broken only by his visits to America.'"

The gentleman in Middletown, Connecticut, has scored.

III.

A correspondent who lives on Ellis Avenue, Chicago, writes us a letter. We don't know what on earth he is driving at, but we print his remarks, and will give a prize for their satisfactory elucidation if sent in before the expiration of thirty (30) days.

"DEAR EDITORS: Your common-sense defence of your Letter-Box in the November number encourages me in asking you a question or two.

"Has a speaker ever given you a gentle thought in one sentence? What do you think of the following: 'The birds rest at night'?

"In reading Ian Maclaren's *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, have you noticed the power with which he uses the word 'when'? For example: 'When George came home for the last time.' How soothing the introductory word! How it shines after a thousand tortures!

"What do you think of the following:

"'O Star! Who knowest what thou art?
Who can on earth thy secret steal?
What matchless worth, what utter dross
Thy light conceals!'"

IV.

A lady of a very literal turn of mind, writing from the editorial rooms of the *Advance* (Chicago), asks this severely critical question :

"DEAR SIRS: Will you please inform a benighted reader how inserting *u* in such words as 'honor,' 'splendor,' 'valor,' etc., gives 'sonorousness' to them? (See November BOOKMAN, p. 201.)

"Please tell me what is really the difference of sound between 'honor' and 'honour.'"

Of course there is no difference in the actual sound as pronounced; but the eye, if accustomed to the fuller, more dignified, and more stately forms "honour," "valour," "splendour," recalls it to the ear when the words are spoken, thus translating terms of sight into terms of sound. We are all continually doing this sort of thing in ordinary life and speech, one sense mysteriously affecting or instructing another. Thus we heard a gentleman say the other day, after trying a foreign dish, "Well, it tastes exactly like old boots!" Now, it is not to be supposed that this gentleman had ever eaten any old boots, or even that he had ever gingerly nibbled at an old boot; but his sense of smell told him, by an interchange of sense-perceptions, just how an old boot must actually taste.

V.

C. H. D. of this city wants to get way down deep into a valuable secret. He asks :

"Is book-writing really as unprofitable as is often said?"

It all depends upon the book.

VI.

A Philadelphian who signs himself (or herself) "An Anxious Reader," writes this letter :

"Editors of THE BOOKMAN :

"The Letter Box of the November BOOKMAN in answer to a correspondent contains the following: 'We hold that a writer who has but one style at his disposal is in the same case as a man who has only one suit of clothes in his wardrobe.'

"1. Now we want to know if a man would be justified in keeping his only suit of clothes in his wardrobe?

"2. If 'he feels rather awkward when he has to wear it on the golf links or at a bicycle breakfast,' how must he feel on other occasions?"

Oh, come now!

VII.

A nice girl in Scranton, Pennsylvania, who signs herself "A Clear White Soul," writes us four pages that are most amusing. But we detect between the lines a lurking desire to have a little fun at our expense, under a show of meekness; so we shall not print the communication, because it is not written in good faith. But we salute her amicably; for, as we said before, she is undoubtedly a nice girl,—if she isn't a man.

VIII.

The lady in Sierra Madre, California, who writes a beautiful English hand, and who was asked by us in these columns to let us know her name for our personal information, has courteously

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complied with our request. We, in our turn, desire to express our thanks for this mark of her confidence and good will.

IX.

E B. S B. earnestly inquires :

"Do you think it possible to read THE BOOKMAN in its present style of binding without suffering from temporary cross-eyedness?"

Yes. Why not?

X.

A reader sends us a newspaper clipping of a column and a half in length and headed "From Writing Books to Killing Hogs." Then he asks :

"Will you please publish your opinion of the enclosed article?"

The clipping gives an account of a young man who began a literary career by writing a book of travel, and then suddenly decided to take up the business of pork-packing as being more profitable. Well, our opinion is at any one's disposal. We read the young man's book of travel last year when it appeared, and from its general style and merit, we think that it is most sensible and commendable of him to give up literature and take to pork.

XI.

Immediately after we put forth our last observation on "To-morrow *is*," Miss Carolyn Wells returned to the fray with an argumentative letter. We intended to publish it in the present Letter-Box, but cannot do so now, partly because we have temporarily mislaid it, and partly because other persons have also been taking a hand at the same question. So we shall wait until all the arguments are in before having a grand philological and polemical round-up, so to speak.

XII.

A number of readers have inquired why there was no Letter-Box in the Christmas number. We answer that the Letter-Box appears only when there are letters to answer. We do not promise to have one every month. Here is a chance for certain readers to write and say they are glad to hear it. But we know these persons. They are correspondents who have at sundry times sent us complicated questions, thinking to rattle us, but who didn't.

Judging, however, from the number of letters that are still on our files waiting for an answer, we should say that the Letter-Box will have to be kept going right through the rest of the epistolary season.

PHILOMEL TO CORYDON.

Shepherd, wilt thou take counsel of the bird,
That oft hath hearken'd, from this leafy lair,
To love's entreaty, and the parting word?—
Sue not so humbly to the haughty fair.
Pipe, in her praise, upon thine oaten straw ;
And pipe the louder when she says thee nay :
Swear that her lightest wish to thee is law ;
But break the law, twice twenty times a day.
Trust not to argument, or thou'rt undone ;
But calmly, gently, when she doth protest
Her course is East, impel her to the West ;
Approve her way, but lead her in thine own.
For learn, fond youth, would'st thou escape disaster
That woman likes a slave—but loves a master.

William Young.

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NEW BOOKS.

THE HOUSE OF BLACKWOOD.*

We desire to give the most cordial welcome possible to these admirable and most interesting volumes. They are so interesting that the present reviewer sat up half a night to finish them. Mrs. Oliphant did her work so admirably that we do not hesitate to say that this, her last book, will outlive all the rest. She had a subject which she thoroughly knew, and into the treatment of which she could put all her great powers. Too often she wrote about things of which she knew just enough to make fireworks of them. Here she is throughout perfectly at home, and this consciousness of knowledge and of power gives a calmness and a geniality to her accomplished style which we miss in many of her books. Few can adequately appreciate the enormous difficulty of her labour. She was overwhelmed with materials. To examine conscientiously huge boxes of faded letters, to select the best, and to weave them into a narrative which carries the reader irresistibly on, to avoid mistakes of taste and temper in describing so many of the irritable race, to write the history of fiery controversies not even yet dead with a serene impartiality, is what very few could have done, and we believe no one so well as Mrs. Oliphant, unless possibly Mr. Andrew Lang, who has gone over part of the same ground, and acquitted himself no less triumphantly. The peculiar charm of this book lies in the fact that it is not merely a notable contribution to literary history—though it is certainly that—but also that in telling the story of the Blackwoods it has all the interest of a novel bringing us into contact with real and powerful personalities. In fact, the book has all the charm of the magazine itself. It has all its force, brilliancy, and occasional hardihood, and is altogether free from the occasional coarseness and ferocity which every one will admit characterised the early days of *Maga*. Mrs. Oliphant found a worthy and congenial task in writing the history of the great publishing house, and she did it as it ought to have been done. There could not be higher praise. These volumes are an addition to the standard literature of our day.

The difficulty which must embarrass every reviewer is the embarrassment of riches. Our copy of the book is turned down at almost every page. It is quite impossible even to touch one tenth of the subjects thus suggested, and all we can pretend to give is a few notes. It ought to be said that although the ground and much of the first volume is familiar, Mrs. Oliphant touches no subject without throwing fresh and welcome light on it. We vehemently disagree with an able critic who complains that there are not more extracts from *Blackwood's Magazine*. The very distinction of this book is that it is all original. As for *Blackwood's Magazine*, those who are worthy to criticise this book ought to have a set and to know the best part of it. If we have occasion to remark on any omission this is not to be taken as a complaint. Mrs. Oliphant was compelled to make a thousand omissions by the very nature of the case, and for our part we should have been glad if the work had run in the good old fashion to twenty volumes.

On the whole, perhaps, the most interesting and living figure in these volumes is that of William Blackwood himself, the founder of the firm and magazine. He appears in these pages as a strong, sturdy, shrewd Scot, as a man with a talent for business, and a perception for literary excellence which amounted to nothing less than genius. But we have more of him than this, much more. We see him in the intimacy of his private life, in the tenderness of his affections, in his profound and for the most part unexpressed piety. The most beautiful thing we have read for a long time is the letter he wrote to his son in India when that son announced his intention of getting married. The publisher, not old, but worn with the stress of life, was very near the end; and the combination of solicitude, of love, of self-sacrifice, devotion, and chivalry, must leave a strong impression on the mind of every reader. The let-

* William Blackwood and His Sons: their Magazines and Friends. By Mrs. Oliphant. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $10.50.

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ter, indeed, is one of the very best in the language, and there has been nothing to touch it in any recent biography, not even in Tennyson's. Every writer on the *Blackwood's* is confronted by the question, How did such a man as Blackwood permit the personalities which appeared in the early years of his magazine? We do not think it is very difficult to answer. For one thing, Mr. Blackwood saw with perfect clearness that there must be life in his magazine if it was to live. The *Edinburgh Review* had at any rate taught him as much as that—if, indeed, he needed the teaching. He perceived also that his chance was to get new writers, young men of vigorous and aggressive personality. He found them with a vengeance in Lockhart and in Christopher North. Having such allies, it was impossible he could altogether repress them. He controlled them to a large extent, but often he gave them their heads. Nor will it be denied that he had a certain secret sympathy with their rashness, and was willing to take his chance. Through all the clamour he was firm as a rock, meeting the abuse and threats that came from every quarter with supreme courage and firmness, and yet all the while prudent in his counsels and seriously anxious to do for his business what he could by enlisting the strongest recruits. In the second place, the manners of the time were rough, and but few writers could be acquitted of odious personalities. To our mind Hazlitt was a very much greater writer than either Lockhart or Wilson, but who does not hang his head when he reads Hazlitt's essay on Coleridge? In the third place, both Lockhart and Wilson, and especially the former, were masters of satire. It is a little difficult for us now to enjoy the articles which made in their day so great a sensation. To tell the truth, some of them remind one of Tom Paine and his description of Abraham as "the principal ruffian of a restless gang." Many of the jokes inevitably appear clumsy and floundering; and besides, the people attacked, though no doubt they were once real live monsters, whom it was thought creditable to kill, have now faded from memory. On the whole, we have come to sounder ideas about severe criticisms. Such there must always be, but we think it is now generally felt that they ought not to be anonymous. In fact, it is beginning to be accepted as a sound principle that no man should write any criticism to which he would be ashamed to affix his name. All that can be said is that much of the writing complained of was done under violent excitement, and may as well be forgotten. We wish we could say that either Wilson or Lockhart belonged to that small, strange and heroic class of writers referred to by Fitzjames Stephen, who, being men of great ability, have a genuine intellectual sympathy with the losing side. Lockhart and Wilson both loved to be in the majority, and their arguments suited the majority, for most certainly they were never fine spun or cloisterlike.

As to Lockhart, he appears in a less favourable light here than in the biography of Mr. Lang. His was a personality which is emphatically not to be described in a single phrase, or even in a few phrases. If we have any complaint against Mrs. Oliphant, it is that so far as we can see she entirely ignores what was at once the best and the worst thing Lockhart ever did in connection with *Blackwood*. She must have been aware of the extraordinary attack on Professor Playfair. Playfair began his career as a parish minister, and ended as a professor in the University of Edinburgh. He was a great mathematician, and a very amiable man. It is worth saying that his style was singularly beautiful and lucid, even when he was dealing with the most difficult subjects, and that his *Edinburgh Review* articles are always easily recognised. Perhaps it has not been said before that Brewster modelled his style on Playfair, though never successfully, for he attempted too much, and he had not a particle of imagination. Lockhart attacked Playfair as an apostate allied with a band of men like those whom St. Augustine calls "the corruptors." No more severe and unjustified attack was ever written, and there does not seem to have been the very slightest foundation for it. Playfair was no doubt a Moderate, both when he was a minister, and also when he was a professor. That he altered his convictions in the smallest degree there is no evidence, or rather what evidence there is points directly the other way. Lockhart had much more to justify him when he attacked the religion of the *Edinburgh Review*,

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and in the whole range of his writings there is nothing so calm, and yet so stinging and so crushing, as his dissection of Sydney Smith and his hatred of the awful mysteries of the soul. Lockhart, with all his aberrations, was a true son of the manse. None knew better that there are two great types of religion—the feeling of awe and responsibility, and the feeling of personal affection for the object of worship. In the *Edinburgh Review* he recognised neither type, and there was much to support his contention. He himself, though reticently, no doubt, adhered to the latter view, in this a singular contrast to his great father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott, who in the direst extremities of his life never seems once to have offered up a prayer. To Wilson justice is done. His daughter, Mrs. Gordon, in the silly and misleading biography which has hitherto been almost the only authorised source of information, makes out that her father had little part in the excesses of *Blackwood*. As it happened, he was far more guilty than Lockhart. It is shown in this biography that Wilson seemed sometimes to be possessed with an evil spirit. He could not refrain from lampooning Wordsworth, although he had accepted Wordsworth's hospitality, and had professed the warmest admiration for his poetry. It was Sir Walter Scott who practically won for him his professorship, and yet he wrote malignantly about his benefactor. When he was likely to be found out he wrote letters which one is humiliated to read, imploring Blackwood to keep him concealed. Mrs. Oliphant says well about one of these epistles : "It is a tragedy indeed, and shows an almost despairing collapse of every faculty." As might have been expected, Wilson was a most troublesome contributor, nearly always late with his copy ; yet with all his drawbacks he did much for the magazine, and the Blackwoods knew it, and most cordially recognised it. Ordinarily his writing was free from all qualms and refinement. His style was sturdy and full-bodied, and his attacks on books and authors were in the good old hang-him by-the-neck-till-he-is-dead style. Yet Wilson's real power lay in this, that he illustrated the vein of poetry and romance which runs through every part of the Scottish character, though it is so hard for observers to discern and understand it. Like Lockhart, he is practically forgotten, so far as his work goes, but like him, too, he will always be remembered for the great place he filled in the literature of the nineteenth century.

When William Blackwood died the business fell mainly into the hands of his very able and accomplished son John Blackwood. The worst thing that can ever be said of him is that he admired Warren's ridiculous "Lily and the Bee," of which it was said that as there was no reason in it there ought to have been some rhyme. Mr. Blackwood, however, was a critic of the first mark, and steadily carried forward the various enterprises of the house. His great discovery was George Eliot, whose *Scenes of Clerical Life* was published in the magazine. Looking over the old volumes recently, we were amazed to think that there should have ever been the smallest hesitation about the new writer's genius. In numbers that contained much excellent matter, she shines out so brightly as to put all the rest into dimness. In fact, it may be doubted whether she ever wrote anything so good on the whole as these *Scenes*, yet there was great hesitation about that even at the time. George Eliot rather encouraged the belief that she was a clergyman, and the *Saturday* reviewer had no doubts. Mrs. Oliphant does not mention that the *Guardian*, which at that time, as now, had good and careful reviews, criticised the book in a passage worth quoting as a contribution to the curiosities of criticism. Here is the whole notice :

"*Scenes of Clerical Life*, by George Elliot (*sic*) (Blackwood), are a republication of some stories from *Blackwood's Magazine*. They were sufficient for their original purpose, but they did not deserve the honour of a more permanent shape. There is some cleverness, mingled with a good deal of affectation, in the style, and there is incident enough to carry you through a few chapters at a time with interest. But the stories have no probability, and the characters no truthfulness. It is all melodramatic and unreal. And the name itself is partly resented as a deception. When you discover that the *Scenes* are supposed to be enacted some fifty years ago, it practically amounts to a confession that the author knows little of contemporary clerical life."

As usual the great soul of the world was just and pronounced its verdict unmistakably. We are told quite frankly that there was coldness at times between

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George Eliot and her publisher. She received £800 for *Adam Bede* over and above the sum originally agreed upon, and haughtily declined to have her next story published in the magazine. Happily, however, the connection lasted to the end, and was in the highest degree honourable to both parties.

It was about this period that Lord Lytton took his new departure in fiction by writing *The Caxtons*, and the other volumes of the series. The late Mr. Hutton, always Lytton's stern antagonist, would not admit that even in this line Lytton had made a success. He allowed that the books were lively, but complained that they were deformed by direct and poor imitations of Sterne, for which Lord Lytton had not the requisite humour, and that they rarely rose above the ordinary novelist's work. He admitted, however, great merit in the figure of Jasper Losely, the modern bandit, and beyond that he would not go. Many criticisms can be made of Lord Lytton, and there is a great deal to be said for the thesis that he was merely a clever man, of varied knowledge, of vast ambition and industry, but without genius. The question is still undecided. We do not think Mrs. Oliphant has mentioned that in *Blackwood* the first sketch of *A Strange Story* appeared. Perhaps Lytton's claims to genius might be hazarded on that impressive and weird story. Lytton, though apparently blamable in his private life, had many things to recommend him. He had a genuine love for literature, and a feeling of genuine brotherhood for literary men. His tastes were unusually broad and catholic, and at the back of his mind there was a prevailing sense of justice. There are many of us still who rank *The Caxtons* very much higher than Mr. Hutton ranked it, although by no means blind to its faults.

Our space is exhausted, and we cannot dwell as we should like to have done on Maginn, the two Moirs, Thomas Aird, James Hogg, and many others. Neither can we say what we should like to have said of Major Blackwood and his letters. The great surprise of the book to students of literary history will be that so little is made of Aytoun. However, these subjects must be let alone. We have had a book which cannot be criticised, a book which we can only give thanks for, a book of books. If the next volume is half as well done there will be no reason for complaint. It is matter of great satisfaction to think that this great and honourable history is not in sight of the end. The present eminent head of the house has maintained its traditions nobly. The magazine was never better than it is, and there was never more enterprise shown in the publication of books. The Blackwoods have never been afraid, and they are not afraid now, to give their impression to whatever is worthy in the works of young writers; and some of the most prominent among recent English and Scottish writers, like Miss Beatrice Harraden, Mr. Meldrum, Mr. Neil Munro, and many others, promise to maintain the great traditions of which we are all thinking to-day.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XV.*

"He who considers that the face of the monarch causes the felicity of the courtier, whose life is occupied with the desire of seeing him and being seen by him, may understand how the sight of God suffices for the glory and the bliss of the saints." This naïve sentence of La Bruyère's, quoted by Mr. Perkins in his *France under Louis XV.*, gives us a glimpse of the eighteenth century Frenchman's conception of heaven. It was a heaven of fine clothes, gold snuff-boxes, and punctilio, of *grandes* and *petites entrées*, of paint and powder and periwigs, and the god of it all was the poor, dull, insignificant little Louis, who had just intelligence enough to be bored by it, but not sufficient wit or force of mind to rise above it. The gossipy style of the author of these volumes and his free use of contemporary memoirs give a vivid impression of this fool's paradise. The scandals and extravagances of the court, the silly intrigues of the officers of the buttery and the ladies of the queen's chamber, the wrangles of the nobles as to who should have the privilege of handing the Dauphin a glass of water, and of the clergy

* France under Louis XV. By James Breck Perkins. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2 vols. $4.00.

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as to the right of saying grace before him—these and all the other minutiæ in the tiresome ritualism of court etiquette are strung together and illustrated with anecdotes. It is the usual small beer chronicle, and would be as dull as it is familiar, if the author had not an unusual gift for description. As it is, he makes the matter interesting. His style is such that one reads fast and yet retains distinct impressions. In other words, he has the knack of the populariser. Neither in this nor in his previous work on *France under the Regency* is there evidence of great originality. He is concrete, definite, lucid, rather than profound, and gives you clean-cut, neat little pictures of people and things instead of large notions about the movement of history. After all, the lessons to be drawn from the times he is writing of are so obvious, that perhaps it is only courteous that he should leave you to do your own moralising. He is an agreeable, easy, well-bred guide, and neither a pedagogue nor a philosopher. He busies himself about the doings and misdoings of court and favourites, the amount of game the king bagged in a day, the perquisites of the queen's ladies, the sums lost at play by the duke of this and the marquis of that, and a hundred other details of this sort. How he can have the patience to narrate so many of them is surprising, for although they have value in their cumulative effect, one would think he would take refuge in an occasional generalisation. But his province is detail, and he is to be judged by what he does in it rather than by his essays in other fields. To be sure, there are chapters on the international relations of France, on wars and their effects, on social and intellectual progress, economic changes, and all the other topics that we should look for in a history of pre-revolutionary France, but in treating them he does little more than reinforce commonly accepted views by a pleasing narrative and pertinent illustrations. He is novel only in his choice of instances.

If any one is piqued by curiosity in regard to any point in the life of Louis XV., here is the chance of gratifying it. After reading these two volumes he will feel himself on terms of yawning intimacy with the monarch. He will understand just why a people that went wild for joy at the recovery of their "well-beloved" from a brief illness, that delighted in seeing his would-be assassins tortured with such barbarous cruelty, "as no tribe of Iroquois would have manifested in torturing a hostile chief," should have passed through the successive stages of disgust, hatred, and contempt till they greeted the death of their king with jocular epigrams and fired indecent jests at his passing cortége. A few of the clergy remained faithful. Bishops had crowded the salon of Madame du Barry, which no woman of rank could be induced to enter, and a bishop on the king's death fervently remarked: "I will not talk of the great achievements of this mighty king, his successes, his victories. A prince so dear to human hearts must have been according to God's heart."

Quite a little pathos is thrown into the account of the clever but mischievous Pompadour. "If the king found some one else with whom he could talk about his hunting and affairs, at the end of three days he would not know the difference if I were gone," she said. Hence a constant strain to amuse his sluggish mind and keep a little warmth in his battered old heart. "This frivolous woman led as anxious and agitated an existence as Richelieu or Mazarin." In practice she apparently regarded statecraft as merely the filling of offices with her friends, but oddly enough she secretly longed to be looked upon as a second Agnes Sorel, and grieved deeply when she found that foolish measures did not bring great results. If one wants to hear things that really concern the future of France, he will not listen long in the council chamber of the Pompadour, but rather hang about the *entresôl* where Quesnay is making physiocratic proselytes in the intervals of his duties as court physician.

Apropos of Quesnay and the physiocrats, the author gives us a bit of economic history which, though interesting, is somewhat superficial. "Political economy as a science," says he, "may be said to have begun its existence in the last century; . . . that a bag full of gold pieces stowed away in a garret added to the national wealth, and that a well-cultivated field, a house stored with articles of luxury and comfort, a warehouse filled with stout boots and warm clothes, were no part of the na-

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tional wealth would have been disputed by few in the seventeenth century." This is forcible, but, like a good many forcible remarks, conveys only a half truth, for there was some intelligence even among the much-abused mercantilists of the seventeenth century. No doubt they laid too much emphasis on a favourable balance of specie, and deserved the rebukes of Adam Smith and his physiocratic teachers; but economic truths are relative, and the mercantilist policy, as Roscher shows, had a sound basis in existing facts. It is absurd to condemn a statesman for not applying nineteenth-century principles to seventeenth-century conditions. But the author does not fall into this error often. His account of Law's Mississippi Scheme in the earlier volume on *France under the Regency* is as fair as it is well written, and shows the grains of truth and common sense in some of Law's projects. Still in both works it is clear that Mr. Perkins is not at his best in tracing historical causes or analysing the intellectual life of the times. He is rather a historical photographer, and what fix themselves in our minds are such matters as the whirl and scramble of the Rue Quincampoix, the king's clandestine visits to the *parc aux cerfs*, the trial of Beaumarchais, and the scandals, cynicisms, and epigrams of a decadent society—the phosphorescence of social decomposition.

A reviewer innocently says of this book that it could not fail to be interesting on account of the subject with which it deals. Little does he realise the fatal facility of dulness or the variety of paths open to the tedious narrator. It would be easy to name a dozen very respectable scholars who would not have the slightest difficulty in making the subject tiresome. A lively, natural, simple style is not such a common possession that we can afford to belittle it. There is hardly a dull page in Mr. Perkins's two volumes, nor is there an obscure one. He is wholly without tricks or mannerisms or rhetorical flourishes. He is the ideal narrator—clear, compact, and impersonal, reaching his end so quickly and skilfully that you are unconscious of the means employed. In his own particular province as a populariser he is delightful, and we should be thankful that he generally stays in it. If he philosophises, he will be lost; for, like the messenger in the play, he will mar a curious tale in the telling, but can deliver a plain message bluntly.

Frank Moore Colby.

DOWDEN'S "FRENCH LITERATURE."*

In his review of Mr. Stopford Brooke's admirable *Primer of English Literature*, Matthew Arnold declared that the author of a guide-book which should show us in clear view the growth of a literature, its series of productions and their relative value, must needs have certain special qualifications. "He ought to be clear. He ought to be brief—as brief as is consistent with not being dry. For dry he must not be; but we should be made to feel, in listening to him, as much as possible of the power and charm of the literature to which he introduces us. His discourse, finally, ought to observe strict proportion and to observe strict sobriety. He should have one scale and should keep to it. And he should severely eschew all violence and exaggeration; he should avoid in his judgments even the least appearance of what is arbitrary, personal, fantastic."

Brevity, clearness, proportion, sobriety—these are the needful qualifications; and of the possession of these Professor Dowden gives proof in the pages of this history of French literature. He is brief, for in less than four hundred and fifty pages he carries the long record of French authors down to the middle of this century. He is clear; and he shows adroitly the successive movements of the French mind as each of these has produced its impression on literature. He keeps to his scale, and he is very tactful in the assignment of space to the great authors and in the due subordination of those of minor importance. And he is sober throughout; his judgments represent the consensus of the best criticism; nowhere in these pages is there any freakish obtrusion of personal preferences. Indeed, the one fault of this history is that it lacks individuality a little; that it is rather a summary and a redaction

* A History of French Literature. By Edward Dowden, Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

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than the chastened opinion of an expert who had thought out things for himself and had yet arrived at the same conclusions as the best of his predecessors. And here it is that Professor Dowden's book is less interesting than Mr. Stopford Brooke's *Primer of English Literature* and than Professor Jebb's *Primer of Greek Literature*—the two best brief histories of literature in our language, having both of them the elementary virtues Matthew Arnold insisted upon, and having each of them also a delightful savour of individuality.

But it is with original writers like Mr. Brooke and Professor Jebb that Professor Dowden is to be compared, and not with the day-labourers of the text-book, such as Professor George Saintsbury, for example. His fitness for the task he has undertaken is shown especially by his refusal to be tempted into digression, or trivial anecdote, or mere biography. He has given us a real history of French literature, not a collection of the lives of French authors. The biographical details are kept subordinate to the narration of the broader literary development.

The phrasing of the criticism upon many of the leading authors is as felicitous as the opinion expressed is just. Excellent is the characterisation of Villon (pp. 63–65). Villon, he says, "is modern in his passion for the real, and in those gleams of ideal light which are suddenly dashed across the vulgar surroundings of his sorry existence. . . . The ideas which he expresses are few and simple—ideas common to all men; but they take a special colour from his own feelings and experiences, and he renders them with a poignancy which is his own, with a melancholy gaiety and a desperate imaginative sincerity." Excellent also is the criticism of Rabelais (pp. 87–90): "Below his laughter lay wisdom; below his orgy of grossness lay a noble ideality; below the extravagances of his imagination lay the equilibrium of a spirit sane and strong." And it is absolutely accurate, although not at all obvious to say of Corneille (p. 169) that his drama "deals with what is extraordinary, but in what is extraordinary it seeks for truth. He finds the marvellous in the triumphs of the human will." This about Victor Hugo is also admirable in its understanding of the real position of the French poet in the history of literature: "To say that Hugo was the greatest lyric poet of France is to say too little; the claim that he was the greatest lyric poet of all literature might be urged. The power and magnitude of his song result from the fact that in it what is personal and what is impersonal are fused in one" (pp. 377, 378).

Where Professor Dowden is weakest is where English-speaking critics nearly always are weak—in the treatment of the dramatists. It is as men of letters that he considers them, and not primarily as play-makers. He has not firmly grasped the essential truth that in the dramatic literature which is really of value the drama preceded the literature. In his remarks about the comedies of Larivey, Professor Dowden almost enunciates this truth, but elsewhere he fails to act on it. He tells us, for instance (p. 206) that "as a writer Molière is not free from faults; but his defects of style are like the accidents that happen within the bounds of a wide empire." Now, this is wholly beside the mark. Molière's style is oral, and no oral style was ever better adapted to its purpose than his. Molière wrote to reach his audience through the mouths of actors on the stage, and not through the eyes of readers in the library.

Thus it is that there is a certain inadequacy in Professor Dowden's pages on Racine also and on Beaumarchais. He fails to bring out the weight of the influence upon Molière of the contemporary Italian *commedie dell' arte*, and he fails also to set forth the effect on Molière's choice of subjects exerted by the fact that Molière was a comedian himself and also the manager of a company of comedians. In general Professor Dowden has followed M. Lanson's invaluable work, but, oddly enough, he has not profited by what is perhaps the French critic's single original contribution to the history of French literature. M. Lanson makes clear (by an explanation of the simultaneous scenery of the French mysteries) how it was that the French welcomed the alleged unities as a simplification of an existing complexity, although the unities were rejected emphatically in England and in Spain. In Professor Dowden's book this difficulty is not faced.

It will be remembered by all who relish plain speaking and vigorous writing

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that Professor Dowden's style in his biography of Shelley was derisively analysed by Mark Twain, a critic of literature whose judgments are sometimes somewhat over-emphatic, but whose discrimination is remarkably keen. Mr. Clemens declared that the Shelley biography was "a literary cake-walk. . . . All the pages, all the paragraphs walk by sedately, elegantly, not to say mincingly, in their Sunday best, shiny and sleek, perfumed, and with *boutonnières* in their buttonholes; it is rare to find even a chance sentence that has forgotten to dress." From this reproach the present book is free; now and then the reader may find a sentence or even a paragraph open to Mark Twain's corrosive criticism; but in the main Professor Dowden has managed to get along here with an every-day vocabulary. It is pleasant to see that he is careful to follow the example of Macaulay, and to write "the Duke of Orleans," etc., and not "the Duc d'Orléans." Once (p. 148) he allows "Savoie" to retain the French form, although he prints it later (p. 355) in the English form, "Savoy." He is guilty once of the Gallo-Briticism of "costumier" for "costumer," and more than once of another Gallo-Briticism for which there is really no excuse, "Mdlle." for "Mlle.," although he is careful always to write "Mme." and never "Mdme," as the British pervert it. He makes the mistake also of quoting occasionally in French; and a book like this is necessarily addressed chiefly to those who do not read French. If a student has mastered the language sufficiently to understand these quotations of Professor Dowden's, he does not need Professor Dowden's volume, for there is M. Lanson's.

Brander Matthews.

KOREA AND HER NEIGHBOURS.*

Thirty years ago the Pacific Mail Steamship Company opened its Trans-Pacific line, making Yokohama a port of call on the voyage to Hong Kong and of divergence for the branch line to Shanghai. No steamers thought of stopping at any of the ports of Korea, a country then called "The Hermit Nation," "The Land of the Morning Calm," to indicate that which is no part of the great community of nations. To-day that land *is* a part of Us; it has opened its doors (just a little, to be sure) to Western influences, the palace of the king is lighted by electric lamps, railways have been staked out and are rapidly being built, its finances are being adjusted upon a firm basis, its commerce is reckoned as something to be considered, and what may be its ultimate fate is a matter of interest to diplomats, to merchants, to missionaries, and to the world at large.

A most valuable contribution to our literature on Korea is Mrs. Bishop's book, *Korea and Her Neighbours*. She is an old hand at Eastern travel, knows how to touch details and to dwell upon important matters, and we therefore expect to find much of value and interest in her book, and that expectation is fully realised. From first to last attention is held by her narrative of personal experiences or by her observations upon social matters and political developments. She frequently draws comparison between the characteristics of the Chinese and Japanese settlements at the places where they stand side by side, and always, and justly, to the advantage of the latter; for, say what we will of the conceit of the Japanese, their notions of sanitation are far ahead of the Chinese, even if they do fall behind our own highest ideal. It is not a matter of serious regret that Seoul's orientalism, attractive as it may have been, with its concomitant of "self-asserting dirt," is being fast improved off the face of the earth, for it was too much Chinese orientalism.

So well told are Mrs. Bishop's bits of curious manners and customs that it is difficult to refrain from commenting on all of them; but one must be contented with a few. The seclusion of Korean women of the better classes is more rigid than of the Japanese, of course, or even than of the Chinese, yet the feminine fondness for visiting and for gossip is recognised; and that it may be gratified without scandal, Mrs. Bishop tells us that:

"In the capital a very curious arrangement prevailed. About eight o'clock [P.M.] the great

* Korea and Her Neighbours. A Narrative of Travel, with an Account of the Recent Vicissitudes and Present Position of the Country. By Isabella Bird Bishop, F.R.G.S. Fleming H. Revell Co. $2.00.

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bell tolled a sign for men to retire into their houses, and for women to come out and amuse themselves and visit their friends. The rule which clears the streets of men occasionally lapses, and then some incident occurs which causes it to be rigorously enforced. So it was at the time of my arrival, and the pitch-dark streets presented the singular spectacle of being tenanted solely by bodies of women, with servants carrying lanterns. . . . At twelve the bell again boomed, women retired, and men were at liberty to go abroad. A lady of high position told me that she had never seen the streets of Seoul by daylight."

It is extremely fortunate for us that Mrs. Bishop happened to be in Korea on what was probably the last time that the Kur-dong was celebrated in its fullest splendour. This "was a visit of the king in state to sacrifice in one of the ancestral temples of his dynasty." Her description (the only satisfactory one extant in the writer's knowledge) is too long to be given here, and no condensation would be satisfactory.

In telling of the marriage customs, the present of two pieces of silk which are sent to the bride for her outer wedding garments is mentioned, and we are told :

"A number of men carrying gay silk lanterns bear this present to the bride, and on the way are met by a party of men from her father's house bearing torches, and a fight ensues, which is often more than a make-believe one. . . . If the bridegroom's party is worsted in the *mêlée* it is a sign that he will have bad luck ; if the bride's, that she will have misfortunes."

In either case, unless the fight be "drawn," there would seem to be unhappiness in store !

The success of the Korean peasants who have crossed the boundary into Siberia and have been encouraged and helped by the Russian authorities, indicates that they have a capacity for farming and stock-raising which needs only relief from the exactions of their own officials to develop them into a thrifty class, and the efforts which are now being made to correct the old, iniquitous methods of taxing and "squeezing" ought to produce that same thrift at home. There is no other country—perhaps some of those we call barbarous excepted—where prosperity is shunned by the middle and lower classes as it is in Korea. Success which brings a little accumulation marks the successful man as the prey of officials who extort from him his little hoard by forced "loans" never repaid !

Throughout the book there are many exquisite descriptions of scenery. One only is quoted, while all are commended.

"The beauty of the Han [river] culminates at To-tam in the finest river view I had then ever seen, a broad stretch, with a deep bay and lofty limestone cliffs, between which, on a green slope, the picturesque, deep-eaved, brown-roofed houses of the village are built. The gray cliff is crowned with a goodly group of umbrella pines, in Korea called 'parasol pines,' because they resemble in shape those carried before the king. Guarding the entrance of the bay are three picturesque, jagged, pyramidal rocks much covered with the *Ampelopsis veitchiana*, and, of course, sacred to dæmon worship. These sentinels are from 40 to 83 feet high. To the southwest the Han, dark and deep, rolls out of sight round a pine-clad bluff, among the magnificent ranges of the Sol-rak-San Mountains, masses of partially pine-clothed peaks and pinnacles of naked rocks. To the northeast the river makes an abrupt bend below superb limestone cliffs, and disappears at the foot of Sölmi-San, a triplet of lofty peaks."

The chapters on superstitions, Buddhist monasteries, and those containing accounts of special trips—*e.g.*, to Mukden, Vladivostock, etc.—are not only most interesting, but remarkably exact, showing an immense amount of care in procuring facts ; while those which tell of political events must be read entire to be properly appreciated.

We must still turn to Griffis and to Lowell for the picturesqueness of old Korea, but for the practical side of Korea to-day, for a carefully written narrative of the transition from the hermit state to one of active modern life, Mrs. Bishop's book is to be highly praised.

J. King Goodrich.

EXPERIMENTAL SOCIOLOGY.*

The difference between the science of Plato's day and that of our own time, is that the one reasoned how things ought to be, the other tries to find out how they are. So the great disciple of Socrates erected for us a very magnificent ideal republic, in which there are many things hard to be understood, and many others which, if put into operation, would act in a manner precisely opposite to the design of the philosopher. Our own time, on the contrary, though it also has not failed to produce

* The Workers : An Experiment in Reality —The East. By Walter A. Wyckoff. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

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imaginary republics, has given us the College Settlement, and the work of Mr. Alvan Sanborn and Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff. It is with the last named that we are now concerned; the mention of the others is sufficient to show that we consider them to be working along the same lines and toward the same end.

To say that a young college graduate gave up, temporarily, a luxurious home, and for two years earned his bread as an unskilled labourer, seems at first glance sufficiently simple; so very simple, indeed, that, as one critic has already remarked, we are tempted to ask, "Is the man a fool?" But the sanity of the book is perfectly evident; its value, therefore, as a sociological investigation would seem to depend upon the equipment, mental, moral, and physical, of the investigator, and to be most readily tested through the following questions: With what motive, or motives, was it undertaken? With what degree of success was it carried out? What elements of danger or of weakness does it exhibit, for the warning of any future investigators along the same line?

Mr. Wyckoff states that he entered upon this experiment as a new and practically untried field of investigation, inspired by the "vital knowledge of men and things," and the "catholic sympathy with human nature," of the friend to whom the book is dedicated. We are thus enabled to classify his motives as scientific curiosity and altruism, both of which are not only lawful, but also expedient and commendable. And we may say just here that there is no trace in his record that he was swayed by any other or meaner motives than those referred to.

The success of the investigation depended upon Mr. Wyckoff's power of becoming an integral part of his new life; of getting out of his own skin and into that of an unskilled day labourer, and thus of appreciating the full power or value of every new factor of an environment hitherto untried. To do this absolutely without limitation would be manifestly impossible. Mr. Wyckoff, by divesting himself at the outset of money and of all personal belongings except strict necessities; by eating, sleeping, washing, and combing precisely on the same terms and with the same materials as his fellow-workmen, seems to have done all that a man could do in this direction. He tells us that on one occasion, failing to find work, he went without food for twenty-four hours, sleeping most of that time in a haystack; yet even thus, it seems to the present writer, the fact that this hunger was his own choice, was an important psychological difference between himself and his co-workers. On the other hand, details which to them were mere matters of course probably caused our author greater discomfort than he cares to describe.

But these divergencies are subjective; objectively, Mr. Wyckoff lived the life of the men around him, as an employé of a contractor for the removal of an old academic building at West Point, as a hotel porter, a farm hand, a hired man at an asylum, and in a logging camp; and he tells us about it in a delightfully easy and picturesque manner, with an admirable choice of material and a careful perspective. The value of his observations will probably be found to vary considerably for different readers; to one, each word or phrase will be pregnant with meaning, tingling with life, illuminative, inspiring; to another it will be "Words, words, words;" he will wonder why the man put himself out to that degree, and may conclude that he really likes to live with that sort of people.

Certain of his results, however, seem to have a very definite importance, as his record of the craving for stimulant, produced by his work at West Point; of the deadening of the mental and spiritual powers by excessive physical toil; of what seems the incompatibility between the unskilled labourer and religion, the "social cleavage which yawned to my vision from the new point of view." His observation of the status, moral and especially physical, of unskilled labour in a hotel; his personal preference for domestic service over out-of-door or factory work; his reasons for the preference, as also his explanation of the popular feeling upon the subject, have a special value as authoritatively confirming a great deal that has already been said in discussing the much-argued question of our American tendency to avoid household employment. It is also remarkable that he has but few remedies to propose even when conditions appear to him most

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unfortunate; we remember only two suggestions in this line—education and organisation. Upon these he dwells with the fervour of absolute assurance; but he writes not for the purpose of amending, but of observing; which scientific temper should give additional weight to every word that he permits himself.

There remains now the question of possible dangers to Mr. Wyckoff's successors and imitators in this field of research. Fortunately it is not likely to attract very many, for our author's experience has made it perfectly clear that unskilled labour finds strange bed-fellows. The physical dangers of work so violent and unwonted, and of food, which when one is "on a job" is coarse but abundant, and at other times is conspicuous by its absence, hardly require to be pointed out; there seems little peril otherwise, except the peril of failure. But our author writes with such straightforward simplicity, such apparent unconsciousness, that he has done anything at all remarkable except for its novelty, that he almost succeeds in blinding the reader to the very remarkable personality that made his experiment possible. He went among the poor not as a superior, nor even as an investigator, in the coldly scientific sense; in the words of an old-fashioned writer, "He made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant." And, as we read, the conviction deepens within us, that on no other terms could the experiment have been brought to a conclusion in any degree successful.

August Max.

SOME QUESTIONS OF GOOD ENGLISH.*

Dr. Fitzedward Hall, the reader inexpert in erudite linguistic literature must be informed, is a distinguished American scholar, the classmate at Harvard of Professor Norton and the late Professor Child. Chance led him in early life to India, where he became master of much Eastern learning, and circumstances or preference have made him for many years a resident of England. He is the author of several volumes, as well as numerous articles and notes, dealing with present English usage, and is perhaps best known to Americans through a series of contributions to the New York *Nation*, signed "F. H.," which have been continued irregularly for some twenty years. The general trend of Dr. Hall's doctrine with regard to English usage has been, on the whole, radical. Again and again, in the English press, he has broken a lance with an opinionated adversary who had incautiously dubbed some chance phrase an Americanism. Again and again, in both countries, he has thrown a flood of light on the discussion of a puzzling idiom by bringing forward, from the same inexhaustible hoard by which Dr. Murray's dictionary has so often profited, a mass of pertinent information, gathered from every nook and corner of English literature. In almost all his writings he has ranged himself on the side of fact as opposed to that of theory, of the actual usage of the language as opposed to the dogmas of the formal rhetoricians, the conventional grammarians, and the schoolmarms.

With all these virtues, which should have made him a really great popular leader in all matters of diction, Dr. Hall has faults that have alienated from him much of the esteem which is rightfully due him. First, he has the infirmity of being unable to express his ideas without a considerable show of dogmatism, which often grows acrid in debate. Second, his English is, rhetorically speaking, atrocious. Accurate to an extraordinary degree in even the subtlest points of syntax and idiom, he writes our native language as a Chinaman might, without taste or elegance, building sentences that weigh like nightmares on the mind, and piling up learned words in ways that sometimes render his meaning obscure to those unfortunate persons who do not know the dictionary by heart. Third, he has lived so long in England, and stuck so close to his rigid theory of using only locutions for which precise precedents have been sanctioned in late British literature, that he has become extraordinarily touchy on the irritating question of American English. "Though I have lived away from America," he avows,

* Some Questions of Good English Examined in Controversies with Dr. Fitzedward Hall. By Ralph Olmsted Williams. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

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"upwards of forty-six years, I feel, to this hour, in writing English, that I am writing a foreign language, and that, if not incessantly on my guard, I am in peril of stumbling," a really pitiful confession for a great philologian, and one beautifully illustrative of the harm that comes from regarding with such solemn seriousness the trivial details of style.

Mr. Williams, the other speaker in this interesting dialogue, must now be introduced as a younger American scholar of Dr. Hall's own sort, who has had much experience in dictionary-making. He has evidently been irritated, as many of us have, by the dogmatic character of the elder sage's dicta and by his frequent strictures, especially of recent years, on the American "dialect," as Dr. Hall, with opprobious intent, is fond of styling our current use of the mother-tongue. As a champion of those who had been too long silent, Mr. Williams printed, in various numbers of the *Dial* and *Modern Language Notes*, a series of papers which had the avowed purpose of breaking down Dr. Hall's almost unchallenged reputation for impeccability. These papers, with Dr. Hall's rejoinders and his own final comments, Mr. Williams now publishes in book form—whether or not with his adversary's consent is not apparent.

Mr. Williams's task is an ungracious one. His opponent is an old man and a distinguished scholar. The charges are all matters of detail. The deliberateness of the attack, the persistency with which the author returns to it, are both unpleasing. Why, one feels, need just this method have been followed? Why should there be such grave insistence on slight imperfections in so honourable a service as that of Dr. Hall's, in a field of thought so antiquarian?

But if the animus is obvious, the dispute is interesting. Dr. Hall had condemned *known to*, in a remark of Marsh's that a certain word "had none of the meanings known to it," on the somewhat hypercritical ground that a word could not appropriately be said to "know" anything of the sort. Mr. Williams brings forward a whole batch of quotations—scarcely parallel, however—of analogous uses of the same phrase. Dr. Hall retorts that the quotations are not apposite, and Mr. Williams reaffirms his former statement. So far the victory is with the elder scholar. But Dr. Hall has meanwhile brought up a galaxy of similar alleged misuses of *to* by Lowell, Holmes, and other American writers, and here he does not escape so easily. Then comes up the propriety of the nominative in "none but *they*," the grave question whether Cardinal Newman was by any possibility addicted to verb-phrases of the *is-being-built* order, the distinction between *each* and *every*, the use of *only* in the sense of *but*, of *till* in the sense of *before*, and similar weighty matters, all so elaborately debated that one stops his ears in despair.

The real interest of the volume, however, lies in the discussion of the broader question as to the purity of our American speech. Dr. Hall says that it is a dialect, that the "phraseology of nearly all our recent popular authors is tarnished with vulgarisms, imported and indigenous, at which a cultivated taste cannot but revolt." He further asserts that the written style of the great body of our fellow-countrymen is conspicuous almost in like degree "for slovenliness, want of lucidity, breach of established idiom, faulty grammar, and needless Americanism, general or sectional." This charge he seemingly substantiates by liberal citations from a badly written American text-book by an author of some reputation. Mr. Williams appropriately retorts by showing that most of the locutions mentioned are frequent also in British writers. The matter resolves itself, therefore, so far as this discussion goes, into a mere question of taste. Dr. Hall, in spite of his latent radicalism, takes the position of the purist. Mr. Williams is strong only in so far as he takes the more catholic point of view—to wit, that there are often parallel locutions in English between which it is hard or impossible to choose. To take a typical instance, the use of *only* in the sense of *but* is certainly current, intelligible, and without a taint of illiteracy or vulgarity. It is, therefore, a sanctioned locution. We may in most instances prefer *but*, for one reason or another, but no one can fairly say that *only* is "wrong." Indeed, the less that is publicly said in condemnation of any usage that has once become really current among all kinds of people, the better for all concerned. Let it live its life; whether that will be long or short only time and chance can determine.

The astonishing point about the pu-

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rist's position, however, is that it is adhered to not only by gentlemen of taste and belated scholars who have been brought up in the school of the Scotch rhetoricians, and pretend to hold the keys of authority, but by a large part of the people themselves. One can scarcely open a newspaper without stumbling on a heated discussion of *in our midst*, the crime of ending sentences with prepositions, or some similar nonsense. Certain dictionaries and textbooks on rhetoric, trading on their knowledge of that form of human frailty, proclaim widely that they and they alone have determined and codified the right and wrong in such matters. Scholars know, of course, that English usage is often floating, double, indecisive, sanctioning a host of variants. The mass of the people knows it also, dimly realising that it is the master, and that what it long continues to stamp with approval in speech and writing cannot be flouted out of the language. But there is a middle class that still likes to dally with these petty questions of taste in usage, and my only fear is that such a book as this, valuable mainly to antiquarians and rhetoricians, will encourage it in its endless and aimless discussions.

George Rice Carpenter.

ESSAYS OLD AND NEW.*

Somebody has said that with the development of critical genius in general literature the creative faculty has always seemed to decline. This need not restrain us from a few remarks based on Miss Repplier's *Varia* and the *Ars Recte Vivendi* of the late George William Curtis.

From Boston, the home of the New England school, comes Miss Repplier's volume, redolent, like all its successful predecessors, of as little of the commonly accepted New England spirit as any work that ever crossed the Mason and Dixon line. And the *Ars Recte Vivendi*, a series of stately essays from the "Easy Chair" of *Harper's Monthly*, comes forth in that *cosmopolis*—and, to believe some of our "patriots," un-American—New York, and is found to be imbued with a feeling that is almost provincial even if it be national. Has, then, the birthplace of a book ceased to be of any importance in a first estimate of it? Formerly it could not have been so. One knew what to expect from the far-removed presses of Philadelphia and Boston, Richmond and New York; the output of each bore the face-mark of its origin and reflected the influences at work in its respective community.

To take Miss Repplier's *Varia* into account from the home, we have been told, of Puritanism, rigidity, frigidity, and self-content. And what is her volume found to contain? A series of essays the most important of which are concerned with "Guides," "The Fête de Gayant," and "Cakes and Ale," reminiscences of foreign travel and reading afar from the beaten track of New England's educational establishments. This is a peculiarity pointed out long ago, it is true, in Miss Repplier's methods, and, moreover, it may be said that it is the environment of the author that is of account and not—in these days of reduced postage on manuscript—the abiding-place of the publisher.

But the case does not hinge entirely on Miss Repplier; a glance at the publishing lists of other publishing houses of Boston will tell a similar tale to one conversant with the character of their listed publications. For while it is true that the environment of the author is a great factor in a just estimation of his productions, it is nevertheless the publisher's environment that dominates; his tendencies decide the acceptance of a manuscript, and in that occult branch of divination, the discovery of the desires of his public, he is wiser than the serpent. Moreover, "temerarious if," we leave Boston and journey afar to Philadelphia, shall we not find represented at *Lippincott's* the newest and strongest influences abroad in the City of Brotherly Love? And in Chicago, at the sign of the *Chap-Book*, the high-water mark of the literary metropolis of the West? They represent, if even in a cosmopolitan way, their place of residence.

The old spirit that reigned in former times seems to have left Boston; but it has found a temporary housing in New York, and is the animating undertone of *Ars Recte Vivendi*. The author of *The Potiphar Papers* is an American of Amer-

* Varia. By Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Ars Recte Vivendi. By George William Curtis. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

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icans in the strict New England sense of the word. Not his is the method of Miss Repplier and the growing school of her *confrères*, whose Americanism is that of the North and South, the East and West combined. Yet Mr. Curtis's Americanism is of the kind most generally accepted as characteristic of the nation. The readers of *Harper's Monthly* and of the essays comprising *Ars Recte Vivendi* know that his is the introspective method; in every page is shown the strict sense of duty and utility, and concern for the youth of the land as the promise of the nation to be. We are a people unique in our rapid development and conditions. What use, then, of foreign models on which to form ourselves to greatness? Let ours be a self-cultivation from taking thought unto ourselves; let us be more or less self-sufficient for our personal and national development. In one essay Mr. Curtis deals with "Extravagance at College," deplores the vulgarity of the new-rich (*prodigus æris*). "Secret Societies," "Theatre Manners," and "Duelling" are other topics; "The Soul of a Gentleman" shows a fine concern for the true norm of gentility, and in "Brains and Brawn" we learn that the athlete of old days received the same disproportionate meed of praise over the intellectual hero that he does to-day.

How different all this from the literary *insouciance* of Miss Repplier's *Varia!* She and her literary brothers (and sisters) fare afar in a sort of modern knight-errantry. From the four quarters—or, as a decadent suggests, the five quarters—of the globe she has gathered her goodly store of pleasing fact and illustration. She ventures into that "undiscovered country," womankind, and comes forth with some delicious trophies. "France"—Miss Repplier quotes Gouverneur Morris and her quotations are generally delightful—"is a woman's country;" and registers the good old American's opinion of political women, and Madame de Staël in particular. "She is a devilish creature." Clarissa Harlowe's uncle must have entertained somewhat similar opinions when he informs his niece, "I have always found a most horrid romantic perverseness in your sex. To do and to love what you should not is meat, drink, and vesture to you all." This has been improved on by a more modern student of the question, for George Meredith holds that "woman will be the last thing civilised by man."

Miss Repplier's guide through the Castle of St. Angelo deserves additional reputation.

> "He was a bulky, dirty man, and understood no language but his own. It was impossible to misapprehend him. If he wished to show us the papal bed-chamber, he retired into one corner and snored loudly on an imaginary couch. When he came to the dining-room he made a feint of eating a hearty meal. With amazing agility he illustrated the manner of Benvenuto Cellini's escape, and the breaking of his ankles in the fall. He decapitated himself without a sword as Beatrice Cenci, and racked himself without a rack, as another unhappy prisoner. He lowered himself as a drawbridge, and even tried to explode himself as a cannon, in his efforts to make us better acquainted with the artillery."

In "Little Pharisees in Fiction" Miss Repplier's strictures on the "Fairchild Family" and the "Elsie" books for children are certainly amusing, however serious may be the character of their literature. Since the appearance of those classics for infants, the "Early Piety" Series, *Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes*, and *The Conversion and Exemplary Lives of Several Young Children*, this branch of literature has been without its proper censors. It will, therefore, be with astonishment that most readers will learn that the character of many of these children's series are of a morbid character, particularly unhealthy for the unformed minds that peruse them. Betty Sewell, as an instance, an innocent child of nine, "burst into an amazing cry after reading a page or two of Cotton Mather," and said "she was afraid she should goe to hell, her sins were not pardoned." A favourite illustration is Cotton Mather's infant son, who "made a most edifying end in praise and prayer" at the age of two and one half years. At the age of nine Lucy Fairchild comes to the conclusion "that a great part of the human race will be finally lost," and commits to memory the following prayer: "My heart is so exceedingly wicked, so vile, so full of sin, that even when I appear to be tolerably good, even then I am sinning. When I speak I sin; when I am silent I sin."

In the "Elsie" books Mr. Dinsmore, a harmless if foolish person, is taken ill, and the little heroine at the age of eight prays "in agonising supplication that her dear, dear papa might be spared—

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at least until he was fit to go to heaven." In Elsie's more buoyant moments a tear merely "trickles down her cheek," and on comparatively cheerful nights she is content to shed "a few quiet tears upon her pillow."

This is enough poaching on Miss Repplier's preserves to show the character of her new volume, and enough, perhaps, to illustrate that latest phase of the cosmopolitan tendency in American letters of which there was mention made above. Whatever be the reader's views, he will do well not to neglect these two instructive and amusing volumes, *Varia* and *Ars Recte Vivendi*.

Thomas Walsh.

BODLEY HEAD POETS.*

Mr. Watson's new volume is a little one, and it should have been less. "The Lost Eden," "The Hope of the World," "The Unknown God" would have made five-and-twenty small pages, which might have been fairly increased to thirty by including the "Ode in May"—if only for the sake of the magnificent lines,

> "Magnificent out of the dust we came
> And abject from the spheres"—

and of these thirty we would not willingly have missed one. The increase to eighty-three is all pure loss. The complimentary verses have most indiscreetly strayed into good company; the love-songs are feeble, pointless things, with only weight enough to strain at Mr. Watson's reputation for judgment; and the "light verse" is apt, with elephantine step, to become the comic. The lady to whom they were addressed must sorely wish for the omission of such lines as

> "You are palpably *de trop*
> In the glades of Fontainebleau."

In the thirty-page remnant, the finest thing is undoubtedly a short poem, "The Lost Eden," where a worthy idea is finely treated; one of the greatest of the human tragedies is greatly divined. The lost Eden is man's lost belief of himself as the first of creatures, fashioned for eternity. It was Eve gave him the fatal knowledge.

> "Eve, the adventurous soul within his soul!
> The sleepless, the unslaked! she showed him where
> Amidst his pleasaunce hung the bough whose fruit
> Is disenchantment and the perishing of many glorious errors.
> * * * * *
> And the gold gates of Eden clanged behind.
> Never shall he return; for he hath sent
> His spirit abroad among the infinitudes,
> And may no more to the ancient pales recall
> The travelled feet. But oftentimes he feels
> The intolerable vastness bow him down,
> The awful, homeless spaces scare his soul;
> And half-regretful he remembers then
> His Eden lost, as some gray mariner
> May think of the far fields where he was bred,
> And woody ways unbreathed on by the sea,
> Though more familiar now the ocean-paths
> Gleam, and the stars his fathers never knew."

Here Mr. Watson has risen to the level of his master Arnold. The temper of the best poems is that of Arnold—a desire to hope, but a determination not to flatter Desire by giving it the name of Truth. This is the theme of the title poem, a noble, simple composition, with gleams of rare poetic beauty in it.

> "And though within me here
> Hope lingers unsubdued,
> 'Tis because airiest cheer
> Suffices for her food!
> As some adventurous flower,
> On savage crag-side grown,
> Seems nourished hour by hour
> From its wild self alone,
> So lives inveterate hope, on her own hardihood."

Mr. Watson's thought has not always been quite good enough for his clear, collected style. But the fearless, honest facing of facts making against old illusions and all the pretty sentiment of the comfortable world, gives promise of a wisdom that may one day probe deeper into the truth of things. In "The Unknown God," this complement to Kipling's warning may not tell Mr. Watson's final resting-place, but it is a wholesome sign of the pain amid which thought is born.

> "Best by remembering God, say some,
> We keep our high imperial lot.

* The Hope of the World, and Other Poems. By William Watson. New York: John Lane. $1.25.

The Fairy Changeling, and Other Poems. By Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter). New York: John Lane. $1.25.

The Earth Breath, and Other Poems. By A. E. New York: John Lane. $1.25.

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Fortune, I fear, hath oftenest come
When we forgot—when we forgot!
A lovelier faith their happier crown,
But history laughs and weeps it down!"

There follows a hint of an incitement to virtue that Fortune cannot rival.

Mrs. Shorter touches two strings of the Celtic lyre—pity and fear. The Celt loves the supernatural because he dreads it; is even familiar with it to jesting point because it has the fascination of fear. The eerie and the strange are in Mrs. Shorter's work like the cry of the Banshee at midnight. On these wild strings she plays wild music. She is a good ballad-writer, and her feeling for the supernatural stands her in good stead. Ballads which are on the lines of the old immortal ones that grew out of the very hearts of the people, on the lines of these, yet no whit imitative, are rare enough. The poets of our day who have excelled in the form have written something widely different from the old ballads. Rossetti, Kipling, Davidson, to mention three, have stamped their own individuality upon their work. Theirs are not the least bit in the world in the line of descent from those ancient ballads, the making of which extended over centuries, yet are so harmonious that they might be the work of one master-hand. Mrs. Shorter is simple, direct, dramatic, and passionate. Her thoughts are not in the least obvious, and the end of the poem comes often as a dramatic surprise. For instance, the "Ballad of Marjorie." Her lover has been brought up from the sea in a fisher's net, and the dead man spoke:

"'What said he that you seem so sad,
O fisher of the sea?'
(Alack I know it was my love
That fain would speak with me.)

"He said, 'Beware a woman's mouth,
A rose that bears a thorn.'
Ah me, these lips shall smile no more
That gave my lover scorn.

"He said, 'Beware a woman's eyes,
They pierce you with their death.'
Then falling tears shall make them blind.
That robbed my dear of breath.

"He said, 'Beware a woman's hair—
A serpent's coil of gold.'
Then will I shear the cruel locks
That crushed him in their fold.

"He said, 'Beware a woman's heart,
As you would shun the reef.'
So let it break within my breast
And perish of my grief.

"He raised his hands; a woman's name
Thrice, bitterly, he cried.
My net had parted with the strain—
He vanished in the tide.

"'A woman's name! What name but mine,
O fisher of the sea?'
'A woman's name'—but not your name,
Poor maiden Marjorie!"

Although Mrs. Shorter excels less in the lyric than in the ballad form, she has written some fresh and charming songs. She has the freshness of imagination of her country, with something individual added; something of thought and tenderness for all created things that makes her book a winning one. She has gained much in skill and restraint since her first volume. A few of the poems are hardly worthy of the rest. "A Suicide," for example; but there is nothing that is not individual and more or less radiant with the glamour of poetry.

"Homeward I go not yet," says A. E. in the dedicatory verses to Mr. W. B. Yeats, and the words point to two landmarks in the evolution of a very individual poet. The little volume of two or three years ago, *Homeward: Songs by the Way*, was a manifesto of the one reality, the Spirit Life, a finger-post to the one journey worth making, backward to the Infinite from which we wayfarers have strayed. Very simple, very sincere of utterance, were the songs, very austere of intent.

"Oh, be not led away,
Lured by the colour of the sun-rich day.
The gay romance of song
Unto the spirit life doth not belong.
* * * * * *
be it thine to win
Rare vistas of white light,
Half-parted lips through which the Infinite
Murmurs her ancient story."

Human ambitions died in this air; human energies were subdued to the tyrannous will of the spirit. Will and thought and hope and love were drowned in their own sources—

"What of all the soul to think?
Some one offered it a cup
Filled with a diviner drink,
And the flame has burned it up."

To this most fervent, simple-minded mystic common hopes and ambitions have not in the interval since he gave us *Homeward* gained in permanent value. Yet the "Earth Breath" is stronger in his words, and the essential meaning of the second book is a humble

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and loving alliance with his brethren. There was aloofness without scorn in his former attitude ; to let his soul dwell on veils and symbols seemed idolatry. Now the symbols have asserted their warm life, and some sacredness of beauty.

" To-day a nearer love I choose,
And seek no distant sphere ;
For aureoled by faëry dews
The dear brown breasts appear."

This is the extremest expression of the change, more aptly uttered perhaps in " The Garden of God" and in " Love"—

" Ere I loose myself in the vastness and drowse myself with the peace,
While I gaze in the light and the beauty afar from the dim homes of men,
May I still feel the heart-pang and pity, love-ties that I would not release ;
May the voices of sorrow appealing call me back to their succour again."

Mystic and philanthropist ; the alliance is at a crude stage ; but it is loyal and it is possible, as some saints have shown. A. E. will hardly grow into the poet of common joys, the praiser of the actual. But the resolve to take the longer human route homeward that he may be good comrade by the way, will give his voice a farther reach in its heartening call downward to the loiterers in the plain.

MRS. TRASK'S " JOHN LEIGHTON, JR."*

If the book, *John Leighton, Jr.*, is like its hero it will be able to make its way in the world and make it strongly, honestly, without any professional petting or friendly flattery. And this, I think, it surely will do.

The general assumption is that the poor and struggling author finds it harder to make his way and to make an impression on the world by his work than the writer who has ample means and a recognised position in business, or the professions, or society. But the truth is quite the converse of this supposition. The poor and struggling and at first unknown author has nearly everything in his favour except money. He is quite free from all the complications and heavy responsibilities of wealth and position ; and his opportunities for observing and experiencing life in many phases are far greater, more varied and untrammelled. Instead of being saddled with a conventional, artificial identity at the start—a superficial but fixed identity which may be entirely out of keeping with his real identity, yet is the one by which the hasty but dull world insists upon knowing and trying to judge him—he is able to form and establish and compel the world to recognise his own genuine identity as a mind and a soul. It is therefore doubly and trebly to the credit of an author when he or she produces fine and vital artistic work in spite of rich and beautiful yet conventional barriers with which circumstances have surrounded him or her.

Mrs. Katrina Trask is a woman of wealth and of high social position, but she has steadily, for a number of years now, devoted the highest and most intellectual portion of her powers to the production of strong and ennobling literature, in the form of poems and stories. These productions have become well known and have made a deep impression through their appearance in the best magazines and in book form. Her three idylls of the post-Arthurian period, entirely original and not in the least imitative of Tennyson or of any one else, but very sincere and beautiful in her own distinctive way, gathered under the title of *Under King Constantine*, have spoken for themselves, and have been received with such emphatic approval by competent critics that, when I merely mention them, I am giving the key or the pass word of her undemonstrative yet vigorous, charming, and uplifting quality as an authoress. When one can use conscientiously and with earnestness these three adjectives as truly describing an author's work, one has the privilege of saying what it is a rare pleasure to be able to say. Mrs. Trask's short stories in the magazines draw forth the same organ-stops of harmony : they are vigorous, charming, and uplifting.

John Leighton, Jr., is her first novel, and it fully confirms and carries out these characteristics of the writer. It is very strong and very simple, and absolutely without pretence of any kind. It comes to us straight from a serene and clear-seeing mind, which has studied life at first hand, and carries the resultant messages and lessons straight to

* John Leighton, Jr. A Novel. By Katrina Trask, author of " Under King Constantine." New York : Harper & Bros. $1.25.

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our hearts. Leighton is a hero—a hero in the romantic sense, in that he lives, suffers, endures in the great, simple way of all great natures, however feverish and distracting their inner woe and the chafing of circumstances may be. He is a romantic hero in his sincerity, the directness of his character and his strength, and in his wholesome desire to know the truth of human life and then live that truth. Yet he is prosaic and commonplace, too, in a way; for he is not sentimental, he never for a moment imagines that he is a hero—would probably laugh at the idea that he was one—and I fancy that the author perhaps chose his not very striking name precisely with the idea of emphasising (for emphasis may often be produced by non-assertion or by a neutral tint or word) this fact that he is what we call a common man, merely a man. We are not generally alive to the truth that what we call a common or ordinary man is—when he embodies all the traits of real manhood—a very *un*common man. Katrina Trask, in her young John Leighton, teaches this not only to those who have never guessed it, but to those who have apprehended it and thought they "knew it all." None of us know it or can know it all, until we see it repeatedly shown in life, or, better still, in fiction; for in fiction we get the portrait of character isolated and have time to concentrate our thoughts upon it, and really *learn*.

Leighton is the son of a narrow, Calvinistic father, who is methodical and successful, rich in the world's goods, and admirable in his way, but limited, uncharitable, harsh. The young man breaks with him utterly, or rather the old man breaks with him; and John, Jr., goes out into the world to make his own way, penniless. He makes it. He has a most interesting and wonderful experience of false love and true love and of the tests of character, and he comes out whole and pure and full of innate power and energy, to which he has not been false, although at the end he is left before us in the attitude of bearing the greatest possible sorrow and loss that could have befallen him. Yet we are made to feel that he is, even then, going forth into the world with his old bright, indomitable force, and going to be a beneficent, strong man there. To feel this, and to know John Leighton the younger—is not this enough to lead others to read the novel?

George Parsons Lathrop.

MARCHESI AND MUSIC.*

Certain persons are interesting on account of their achievements, others for their personality, and still others because they have crossed the orbits of great and famous men and women. Mme. Mathilde Marchesi is interesting for all three of these reasons, and therefore one turns the leaves of her autobiography with many expectations, knowing what a rich store of material the author has to draw upon. The book is, however, somewhat disappointing if one desires to have the promise of the title fulfilled. It is not *Marchesi and Music;* it is rather *Marchesi and her Music-School.* Nothing is said or described that does not lead to or shed a glow upon the central figure—Marchesi.

Her pride in her own success is justifiable, for her life has realised her motto —"Faith, Labour, and Perseverance" —which she chose for a guiding principle. The battle was a hard and long one: she has fought it valiantly, and her fame has been carried abroad by such gifted pupils as Gerster, Ilma di Murska, Melba, Calvé, Emma Eames, Sybil Sanderson, Nevada, and others, who have passed directly from the *École Marchesi* to the lyric stage. With the exception of Garcia, Lamperti, and Liszt, no one has directed the talent of so many illustrious artists as Marchesi.

Her own career as a singer was brief, but successful. The daughter of a wealthy merchant of Frankfort, it was only when adversity overtook her family that Fräulein Graumann was permitted to indulge her artistic desire for a public life. She studied with Garcia, gained some celebrity in concerts, and in 1852 was married to Salvatore de Castrone, an Italian singer whose stage-name was Marchesi. She sang with him in concerts and taught in Vienna for twenty years, also in Cologne, and finally, in 1881, removed to Paris.

* Marchesi and Music: Passages from the Life of a Famous Singing-Teacher. By Mathilde Marchesi, with an Introduction by Massenet. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50.

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In the course of her half-century of artistic life, it is only natural that Marchesi should have known all the famous musicians of the century. We wish that she had contributed more detailed descriptions of these men who have now passed away. To begin with, she knew Mendelssohn in Frankfort, and we should like to hear more about the excursions made in the summer of 1845 with Mendelssohn and his family, when he would stroll into a village church and play the organ, or would rest with his friends under the shade of the oak-trees in the woods and sing the bass or tenor in his beautiful vocal quartettes, then in manuscript. We should like to hear more about the ever-witty Rossini, who relates the story of the first performance of his *Barbiere di Seviglia* to Marchesi, in whose album he writes a most ingenious canon for four voices with absurd words parodying the modern style of singing; and more about Liszt, Rubinstein, Verdi, and Wagner. Of the latter she says:

"This great man visited us in Vienna, where I had a long discussion with him on matters relating to singing, but there was one point on which we did not agree. He was of opinion that every voice should be at the composer's command. I, on the contrary, held that the composer must take into consideration the compass of the different voices, by which interpretation, pronunciation, and declamation must naturally benefit. Wagner remained true to his principle, and so, alas! many voices have been ruined through his music, and many talented singers, both male and female, have been lost to art."

This opinion gains in authority when we read her following criticism:

"As a musician, my admiration is great for Wagner's bold innovations, but I consider that in trying to blend the three essential elements of melodrama—music, words, and action—he has only made them change places by giving predominance to the orchestra. After having heard one of his operas I am filled with sadness, for in following out his system, which counts numerous adepts among young composers, the art of singing is doomed to disappear. Formerly the melody and the words took first place; now it is the orchestra which does so. The singer, having to dominate the loud strains of the orchestra, is forced to make superhuman efforts, as the composer, whose one idea is *symphonic* effects, treats the voice merely as an additional wind instrument. Rossini was right when he said that singing nowadays was like storming a barricade."

We wish that Marchesi had given us more criticisms of music. Her taste and judgment are very just when she does speak of a new work. For example, of *Hänsel and Gretel* she says:

"The music forms a striking contrast to the exaggerated compositions which are now so much the fashion. A richness of melody that never becomes commonplace, a judicious and harmonious instrumentation, with every part admirably suited for the voice, such is Humperdinck's work, which was at once accepted throughout Germany, and will not be long in making, if it has not already made, the round of the civilised world. . . . Although an admirer of Wagner, Humperdinck has followed his own inspirations, and, without setting aside ancient traditions, has adopted all that is best in the modern declamatory school."

Of Verdi's *Falstaff* she writes:

"Its rich and sparkling music, the astounding freshness and originality of the melodies, these and other things revealed the sprightly, humorous side, hitherto concealed, of this inexhaustible genius of more than fourscore years. The orchestral score is carefully worked up, and yet seems to flow spontaneously, demonstrating afresh that every possible concession may be made to the modern system of modulation without taking away from the clearness of the melody, which is, after all, the soul and chief aim in music."

Marchesi has very little to say with regard to the art of singing, but we agree with her when she says that it "has fallen a victim to empiricism," and that "this art, which was formerly a subject of unceasing care and attention, and was only imparted to students by competent teachers, has now become common property. Every musician—amateur or instrumental professor—fancies himself capable of undertaking the production of the voice and competent to teach singing. . . . It is only after years of patient study that a voice can be considered formed as regards compass, flexibility, evenness, and durability, so as to satisfy all the requirements of art." The sensational and vulgar journalistic headings with their meaningless capitals very seriously mar the book, and, as this is an autobiography, they strike a loud and discordant note. Here are a few of them: "Cutting Beans and Making Jam;" "Our Heroine's Arrival in Milan;" "Great Demand for the Artiste in Concerts;" "She Makes the Acquaintance of Pauline Viardot, the Great Garcia's Daughter;" "A Tenor of Handsome Face;" "Earns a Very Small Salary;" "No Court Patronage Shown to Art;" "More Sorrows for Madame Marchesi," etc. We also wonder how such a mistake passed the musical editor as that

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on page 284, where the composer *Bemberg* appears as *Benberg*. Such an error is inexcusable.

Esther Singleton.

IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.*

Passages of Mr. Bryce's American book have frequently been quoted against the author's own views as a politician. His *Impressions of South Africa* will supply scarcely any material to the Parliamentary controversialist. No expression of opinion on current controversies has been allowed to mar the historian's or the traveller's impartiality. Mr. Bryce refers to Mr. Rhodes as a "strong and strenuous man;" he describes President Kruger as shrewd, cool, dogged, wary, courageous, "adding to his trust in Providence no small measure of worldly craft." Nothing in the author's tour, which he made in the autumn of 1895, impressed him more than the fact, so vividly brought out by Olive Schreiner, that much of South Africa is a desert. The effect of its silence, its loneliness, its drear solemnity, has been specially marked on the Boers, whose resistance to the British has sprung largely from their wish to be left alone. That the English-speaking element in the Transvaal will, if the mining industry continues to thrive, become politically supreme is, in Mr. Bryce's opinion, inevitable. He thinks even that the Free State and the Transvaal may enter a Confederation, with the British monarchy as the protecting suzerain. Troubles may arise in the far future from the preponderance of the blacks, but meantime there is no serious friction, and so far as the Dutch at the Cape are concerned, we need have no reason for uneasiness if only we treat their kinsfolk with tact. On the whole, Mr. Bryce's book is reassuring. His allusions to literary matters are brief though not without interest. He points out that the Dutch language, while holding its ground in South Africa, has become so vulgarised into a dialect that many of the Boers can hardly understand a Dutch newspaper. "This defect," he says, "might give English a great advantage if the Boers wished to express abstract ideas. But they have not this wish, for they have no abstract ideas to express." Few books are composed or published in South Africa, and so far as Mr. Bryce knows, only three writers there have caught the ear of the European public. One of these was Robert Pringle, a Scotchman, whose poems, written sixty or seventy years ago, "possess considerable merit, and one of which, beginning with the line,

"'Alone in the desert I love to ride,'

remains the most striking picture of South African nature" in its early days. With regard to the author of *The Story of an African Farm*, Mr. Bryce merely mentions that she has "attained deserved fame." The third writer in his list is Mr. Scully, who is less known here, but whose little volume of *Kaffir Tales* is "marked by much graphic power, and shows insight into native character." In course of time, Mr. Bryce thinks the Europeans of South Africa will emulate their kinsfolk at home or in North America in literary and artistic fertility. The book, which has occupied him for nearly two years, is written in an easy, though sometimes loose, style; it is full of information and thoroughly readable. It is dedicated "To the companion of my journey." The author's companion was Mrs. Bryce.

NOVEL NOTES.

A FOREST ORCHID. By Ella Higginson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The Flower that Bloomed in the Sand was such fresh work and so far above the average in several respects, that it has been interesting to look for the author's development. It is therefore somewhat disappointing to find no marked advance in this new group of tales. The scenes and the subjects are the same. It would seem, indeed, as if the author looked too close at the soil and the water of Puget Sound. For this, or for some other reason, one misses the feeling of the universal, the appreciation of the extraordinary that gave unusual breadth and beauty to her earlier work. A touch of the

* Impressions of South Africa. By James Bryce. New York: The Century Co. $4.50.

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last gives charm to the first story, but most of those that follow are rather commonplace, and the apparent fidelity with which they are set down only increases this sense of loss. These small, hard, sharp photographs of "Belinda's One Beau," "Mandy's Organ," "The Arnspiker Chickens," and "Mis' Bunnel's Funeral" may be true to the local life, but they are certainly out of harmony with the width, the big breeziness of the author's *milieu*. Moreover, they seem imitative, as though the author had turned to New England, not only for her models, but for her methods, a mistake of judgment that can hardly be pardoned in one who has hitherto used rarer models and finer methods of her own. And yet, with this fault to find, there is much to praise in the new work. It realises now and then with clutching force. What heart has not ached to the appeal of "toil-knotted hands idle for the first time in death. No more floors to scrub or bread to bake or butter to churn! No more threshers to cook for in the burning summer noons! No more money to beg with hesitating lips and hopeless eyes"? Who has not wished in a way, as another starved soul in the story wishes that she "could fly clear off some'ers, where they ain't any cows to milk an' calves to wean. Jest flowers to lay down in an' smell of, and little cricks to hear go a-babblin' by"? The wavering balance between pathos and humour is also noticeable in this as in all the author's works, and the constructive quality is rather more firm than in the earlier stories; so that, after all, the main complaint is that the new tales seem cast in narrow, old fields rather than in *The Land of the Snow Pearls*.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

Mrs. Barr's admirable work is so well known that it has long since ceased to be necessary to speak of its quality. All that her large audience need know is that she has written a new novel, and all that it cares to be told is the subject of the story. *The King's Highway* differs from the mass of the author's work in that it deals with modern American society. It touches indeed upon the burning question of international marriages, especially as regards the American estimate of the commercial value of a title. It is not, however, the heroine's mother who considers this, as is the case in most American novels, and seems to be the case in American real life. It is the grim, shrewd, money-making father who offers the price for the title, and who tries "preaching down a daughter's heart." For there is, of course, an humble lover belonging to no other than nature's nobility. These two young people are assumably the central characters, but they are not in reality the most interesting. It is a melancholy fact that unadulterated goodness rarely is so interesting as a spice of waywardness either in fiction or in life; and the other girl of the story and her vagabond sweetheart have just enough perversity to give them charm at the outset. Later the girl's waywardness begins to take on a less charming aspect, as is usual in such cases, both real and fictitious. Yet she holds a certain degree of sympathy throughout. Certainly it seems natural, if not inevitable, that an ambitious poor girl's head should be a little turned when she finds that the handsome, cultured Bohemian whom she has loved and married against her judgment is in reality a millionaire's son. Then it is thoughtlessness rather than lack of feeling that makes her stay on at the watering-place when she is needed at home. And so it happens in the story, as often in life, that it is Jessie the fallible rather than Alice the faultless who captures one's fancy.

THE SON OF A PEASANT. By Edward McNulty. New York: Edward Arnold. $1.50.

Mr. McNulty's novel is a readable addition to the group of Irish stories which have been multiplying and gaining popularity of late. It might, however, be more accurately described as a romance, and, indeed, the genuine Irish tale, with its inseparable atmosphere of superstition, could scarcely be anything else. In this one a changeling holds the central place, with an environment of fairies, magic, evil eye, and the death-tick. Yet the author has succeeded in blending these weird forces of Irish life with shrewdness and humour and tragedy, as they are blended in the Irish character. The Flanagans are alive, and even larger than life. The rhythmatical Mrs. Flanagan's attitude toward the conciliatory Mr. Flanagan is typical of the Matrimonial State rather than of the County Cork. Most of the characters are of humble station, but Sir Herbert O'Hara, the bankrupt landlord, is a conspicuous figure, and among the most representative, perhaps, of the whole story. Essie, his daughter, although the heroine, is much less distinct. Her unhappy experience, and, in fact, the general outline of the story, recalls distantly and faintly *Ten Thousand a Year*. She is, however, so far luckier than the luckless gentlewoman in that great tale, that the impostor dies before the contemplated marriage. The conclusion is most horrible, and the story ends with the wild keening of women across the frozen bog. And yet with all these elements of strength, the work lacks art so far that it misses success.

BYE-WAYS. By Robert Hichens. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

The first thing that strikes the reader is the amazing cleverness of these stories. Mr. Robert Hichens's first book, *The Green Carnation*, was merely smart, and the success that attended it was something of a *succès de scandale*. But in *Flames*, and more especially in this new collection of short stories, Mr. Hichens shows himself to be much more than a brilliant caricaturist of the foibles of the younger generation. He now claims consideration as a very promising writer of what may be termed serious fiction.

The stories contained in *Bye-ways*—why *Bye-ways?*—were evidently written when Mr. Hichens was under the spell of the occult spiritualism that finds expression in the central idea of *Flames*. As studies in the weird, the fantastic, the terrible, they are successful in no ordinary degree. The first story, the tragedy of a woman with the nature of a snake, makes the flesh creep and haunts one like the remembrance of a nightmare. "The Tribute of Souls" is the story of Faust brought into touch with the nineteenth century. You shudder as you read of

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the tribute of three souls that Alistair Ralston brought to the "grey traveller" in payment for his new life. And the monk that haunted Hubert Blair through all his wild excesses is something more than the wild hallucination of a distraught brain; the "silent guardian" that watched over Mrs. Breene is something more than a marble statue. That Mr. Hichens can make the impossible seem possible, the unreal real, is a proof that he can write as few men can. And yet we are inclined to think he will do well to confine himself to the more prosaic but equally terrible, equally inexplicable realities of modern existence. "The Man Who Intervened" and "After To-morrow" are ample proof that his power is not dependent on the unseen and fantastic. We shall await Mr. Hichens's new novel with impatience. The author will, if we are not much mistaken, write a book that will last.

WHAT MAISIE KNEW. By Henry James. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. $1.50.

"I cannot say that I have ever received from him any supreme enlightenment as to the workings of that complex organ, the human heart, but I understand quite definitely that Mr. James knows all about it, and could show many things if he were only interested enough to make an effort. He is the apostle of a well-bred boredom." This is the most superficial judgment in all Mr. Christie Murray's recent criticism of his contemporaries. It would be easy to refute it out of Mr. James's past. But it is a busy age, and Mr. Murray's only chance of reparation is now and in the future. Let him take it by reading *What Maisie Knew*. It is all about the human heart, especially about a very human little heart indeed, and it is full to overflowing of eager, tender interest in it. Whoever can look back to a sensitive childhood that was shadowed by strange grown-up troubles, however much more respectable these may have been than were those out of which Maisie's knowledge grew, will corroborate every step in the wonderful dramatic analysis of this marvellous book. The child is tugged at, hugged, and made use of by each of a group of selfish, disreputable relatives and connections. There is no chance of ignorance of sin, and a regular world of order and good example is unknown to her. Sin is not sin to her, but it has no attractions; it is only an uncomfortable accident of other people which she cannot evade. Her growth into a quick-thinking, keen-guessing, fearfully precocious, most loyal little mortal, loyal to the good-hearted ones and the bad—for she has early learned the complexity of duty—is a sight pitiable and beautiful. Daudet would have made the story lachrymose without making it more terrible. Mr. James keeps his sense of fun, for he knows his little heroine, intelligent, uncorrupted, valiant, eager for life, will come through with an unbroken and gentle spirit.

BUBBLES. By Fannie E. Newberry. Boston: A. I. Bradley & Co.

It appears from a list on the title-page that this is the author's fifth novel. Without such indisputable evidence there would scarcely have been a doubt that it was the first work of a writer who could do better—given practice and experience. As the matter stands, it is hard to know what to say of such confirmed immaturity, if the effect produced by the story may be described in that way. It is crude in conception, it abounds in grammatical eccentricities, as when things are "made to look beautifully," to say nothing of split infinitives, and the whole feeling of the work is essentially inexperienced. Certainly only a very young person seems likely to have approached so unhesitatingly certain theses that the profoundest experience falters before. Most of us have doubtless wondered at times whether the woman of the world, skating successfully over thin ice, would have any better chance of acquittal than has her less lucky sister who goes down, but we do not recall any definite decision. Surely it is many a moon—more than we should like to confess—since we would have dared go on record as affirming that "many a poor girl who has flung honour and chastity at the feet of the man she worshipped must have been less guilty in the eyes of a just, discerning God than she." There is no more shading of character than qualification of statement. Everybody in the story is either wholly good or wholly bad—for the time; and the suddenness and completeness of the reformation in the worldly woman is among the most unreal features of the work. And yet it should be said in justice that the character drawing of the story, as a whole, is curiously distinct. The people seem to be sketches from life, but drawn at a distance and with a very imperfect comprehension on the part of the artist of what she has reproduced. Neither the characters nor the incidents are especially interesting or new. The angelic maiden aunt, the prodigal nephew, his worldly wife, her saintly sister and scheming mother, have all made many appearances in national fiction, but they all jog along together in an atmosphere of afternoon tea, more often found in English than in American novels.

LOCHINVAR. By S. R. Crockett. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

There never was a hero so harried and worried before. We knew from the ballad of a long wooing and a suit denied, but the smoothly successful abduction of the lady, while the "poor craven bridegroom said never a word," had not prepared us for the gallant's early history so very full of vicissitudes, now revealed by Mr. Crockett. The double outlawry, the hopeless courtship, the fightings, imprisonments, escapes, the homeless wanderings on sand-dunes, on the high seas, and in barren isles, would have worn out the constitution of any ordinary hero of romance. But his buffetings are so various and original in kind that we drown our sympathy in a demoralised enjoyment of them. Only one source of ill-usage do we resent. The lady he abducted so cleverly on her wedding day was not worth his long service. A woman that believes ill of her lover on the bare word of another, and refuses to hear an explanation; that pouts, and sulks, and taunts when he is down on his luck, even if she softens when his back is turned, is of a poor, ungenerous nature, a soil in which nothing very worthy can grow. We deeply regret Wat's innocent flirtation with Marie did not end in marriage. But then the story must have end-

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ed, too; for the wicked Barra's vengeance would presumably have ceased, and his wedding with Kate been a quite humdrum affair. Since we are bound fast to the facts of the ballad, we should have liked a nobler Kate.

Lochinvar is a vivacious story of adventure; you can hardly breathe between the quick changes of scene and incident. Yet it is in Mr. Crockett's second-best manner. There are interesting glimpses of William of Orange and Claverhouse, but the main personages do not breathe with a very real life. Barra is an inartistic villain, and the highlanders are caricatures. The rest are hardly realised. If, however, the hero and Scarlett are puppets, they are pulled and tugged through their lively parts by a vigorous and capable hand.

THRO' LATTICE WINDOWS. By W. J. Dawson. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. $1.25.

The author of *London Idylls* has sought in village Nonconformity the inspiration for his latest book. It is difficult to say which of these idylls bears most distinctly the mark of genius. Nearly all are beautiful, and the fragrance of the country breathes from every page. Perhaps the best chapters are those which tell the story of Dexter and of Solomon Gill. Dexter, the gravedigger, who gets drunk every day, and sings wild songs even from the pit of death, has this soft spot in his heart, that he loves his two motherless children, and contrives to make them the cleanest and happiest boy and girl in the village. It is unkind of Mr. Dawson to rob him of his cherished Johnny. The idyll called "The Extravagance of Solomon Gill" seems to us the finest piece of work which the author has yet produced. Taken with the two chapters which complete the story of Solomon Gill, it proves that in Mr. Dawson English Dissent has at last found a worthy interpreter. There is humour as well as pathos in these idylls, but it is humour of a genial and kindly sort, with no trace of the sarcasm which was so marked a feature of *London Idylls*. The eyes that look through the lattice windows have a twinkle of old-world merriment; the talk of the Barford rustics is as quaintly original as that of the Dewy family in "Under the Greenwood Tree." "The Man from London" is the best of the humorous chapters. Mumsley, the grocer, who drives to meet the man from London, wearing black kid gloves in honour of the occasion; Mumsley, who is so poor as a preacher, so brilliantly successful as the chapel's auctioneer, is a creation of whom any novelist might be proud. Mr. Dawson's book is thoroughly fresh and wholesome. Every one who cares to know the inner life of rural Nonconformity should hasten to procure it.

A DAUGHTER OF STRIFE. By Jane Helen Findlater. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

We were much too interested in the story to stop and count and scan the words here, but Miss Findlater's work leaves us with the impression that nowhere is there an adjective too much. It is written in the dry, clear style that demands skill and vigour, and skill and vigour are unmistakable gifts of this talented writer. Her first book, *The Green Graves of Balgowrie*, had a Scottish subject. The scenes here pass in London and the South of England, but the temper is still Lowland Scots. Dialect is but a poor key to the birthplace of a style. In the shrewdness, the good sense, the reticence of sentiment, the capable handling of a subject thoroughly understood before it is tackled, she suggests what one only knows by vague reputation, the good talkers of the Edinburgh of an earlier generation. Were she inclined more to laughter she might be a Miss Ferrier. Her temper is not modern—eighteenth century, rather, like her style, which seems to be adapted from that clear and strong if rather shortsighted age.

But the dry manner does not hinder the story from being a romance. It is a romance springing out of a grim tragedy. Yet it is pure and joyous romance. The loves of Philip and Caroline are more fresh and real and charming than any sentimentalist could have made them. The glimpses of their childhood are masterly. One thing only strikes us as somewhat incredible—that the good-hearted Sebastian's opposition to the marriage should have been so persistent. For the sake of his beloved daughter would he not have swallowed his pain; and if Philip was the son of his bitter foe, was he not likewise the son of the woman who had been the light of his eyes? But Miss Findlater holds to the hard possibilities of the case. In the hardest of all we must acquiesce. It is a strong scene where the villain is murdered, and thinking the murderer is his own son calls out with his last breath a warning to him to escape. From such excellent work we have a right to expect great things from Miss Findlater in the future.

BABOO JABBERJEE, B.A. By F. Anstey. Illustrated by B. Partridge. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Jabberjee the golden-mouthed can only be described worthily by quotation. One may pick at random: his eloquence never disappoints. His views on the Laureateship, for instance, are given in true characteristic style. The Prime Minister had an opportunity to throw the office open to competition, "instead of arbitrarily decorating some already notorious bard with this *cordon bleu* and thus gilding the lily." He, Jabberjee, would have been in the running. Alas, this chance of "throwing soup to Cerberus, and exhibiting colour-blindness, has been given the slip, though the door is perhaps still open . . . for retracing the false step and web of Penelope." The intelligent, shifty Hindoo, *exalté* by his Western education and ambitions, legal, literary, and romantic, is a most amusing rascal. Of the lower characteristics of the race, as spoilt by contact with our civilisation, he is a masterly study, even allowing for caricature.

UNKIST, UNKIND! By Violet Hunt. New York: Harper Bros. $1.25.

Miss Hunt has journeyed a long way from the air of *A Hard Woman* and *The Way of Marriage*. Frankly, we hope she has only gone for a holiday outing, to refresh herself after the company of the highly sophisticated modern women she was born to analyse and depict. All is old world here, and uncanny, and, we must add, theatrical. There are too many skulls and skeletons about. There is good material for a dark romantic story, but the shadows are too black, and the colours too lurid. The background is the wild heath country of

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Northumberland, but we seem to see it by lime-lights. Sibella, the learned young secretary of Sir Anthony, despising all that is vain and worldly and modern, spending her days gladly among the dead, and most humanly in love with her master, should be a pathetic figure. But she is merely a child solemnly playing with chartularies and poisons and daggers instead of dolls. We cannot take her seriously while she insists so much on her picturesque witch properties. There is a great deal of good writing in *Unkist, Unkind!* but it would have been a cleverer book if it had ended in a farce instead of a murder.

AN AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE. Episodes in the Life of the Illustrious Colonel Clay. By Grant Allen. New York: Edward Arnold. $1.50.

Mr. Grant Allen continues to be a dangerous man. Under the guise of what we believe is looked on at this moment as the most desirable kind of family reading—the narrative of crime and its pursuit—under this innocent and beneficent guise he insinuates opinions subversive of the most sacred rights and customs of finance. He presents to us a millionaire, a man whose touch produces gold and diamonds, and a sharper who boasts of putting down the said millionaire in his income-tax paper as worth five thousand a year to him. With impious audacity he steals our sympathy from its legitimate owner, and bestows it on the clever swindler, the gay Robin Hood, the natural outlaw from a society largely plutocratic. More than that, he writes down the millionaire as an ass on every occasion. This is too much. Were it probable, it would bear consolation to a good many of us; but surely to deny his craft is to deny his millions. However, apart from the improbability of the tales and their dangerous effect, namely, every reader's lusty prayer that Colonel Clay may be released to vex yet again the soul and the purse of the millionaire, the episodes are excellent reading. No brighter and more varied detective stories have appeared for many a day.

A SPANISH MAID. By I. Quiller-Couch. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

The evil genius of the story, the Spanish gipsy maid saved on the Cornish coast and kindly treated by the simple villagers, is a trifle stagy, but her staginess is very picturesque and effective, and we can hardly wish it away. Her benefactors and their friends in Landecarrock are, on the other hand, perfectly natural and lifelike, and draw our affections to them inevitably. Young squire, parson, fisherman, servant maid, all are made real and companionable people, for whose sake we hate the handsome invader, and refuse altogether to succumb to her charms. The end might be improved dramatically, but as it makes Landecarrock comfortable again, we do not quarrel with it. Miss Quiller-Couch's talent is undoubted, and it is maturing fast.

THE MONKEY THAT WOULD NOT KILL. Stories by Henry Drummond. With 16 full-page illustrations by Louis Wain. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.00.

Professor Drummond was once left in charge of a children's magazine, and a contributor of fiction failing, he found it necessary to take his place. He did it with very happy results, writing stories for his young readers as if to the manner born. "The Monkey that would not Kill," under the different names of Tricky and Gum, is the most spirited of heroes, a player of many parts both valiant and funny. His conduct during the burglarious assault on his master was a noble climax to a career that showed amazing and amusing impudence in its beginning, and astonishing vitality throughout.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

AT THE GATES OF SONG. Sonnets. By Lloyd Mifflin. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. $1.50.

With perfect propriety Mr. Mifflin might have named his volume *At the Flood-Gates of Song*, for its one hundred and fifty sonnets were selected from three hundred or more—the fruitage of twenty years of labour—and several other volumes of poetry are herewith advertised as "now in course of publication." Now that he has begun to publish, no pains are spared to place him and his purpose before the public in a true and convincing light. Besides the neat portrait of the author, there are attractive illustrations—somehow illustrated sonnetry strikes us as a startling innovation—from original drawings by Mr. Thomas Moran. And the author explains by preface and postlude what he has undertaken to do. He is "proud in the consciousness that, if he has added nothing to the lustre of that narrow and intricate domain of literature, at least he has not tarnished it with anything indecorous and unseemly." That he takes himself modestly as well as seriously may perhaps not unjustly be inferred from the lines:

"Why do we sing? Alas! because we must."
* * * * * * *
"Scorn for myself I feel, who being free,
Held but my farthing candle to the sun."

Irreproachable as is Mr. Mifflin's technique, his thought-material is for the most part conventional and commonplace, yet, if rarely suggestive or exhilarating, uniformly seemly and decorous.

In essaying the warmer Rossettian hues of feeling and passion, the author is less successful.

"The dazzle of her beauty's miracle
Smote me as with a gleaming scymetar,"

is as unconvincing as "sweet neck" and "luscious of limb" are common. Some one has well said that the physical beauty of woman is the last thing in the world that can bear the touch of slovenly fingers. When the author approaches nature one misses, too, a certain sense of reality, as in the lines:

"While on the darkening mirror of the stream
Falls the effulgence of the evening star."

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Here, as in the sonnets with a religious undercurrent, one imagines that one detects the influence of Cowper, and wishes that the author would lay to heart the words of Blake, that to particularise is the great distinction of merit. Mr. Mifflin is overfond of alliteration, and does not sufficiently avoid such unpoetic words as "decimation," "exterminate," "scum." Yet his diction is generally pure and fluent; and one must remember that if the glory is great the strife is hard. That Capri "dimly vague and blue" and "fair Frascati at the close of day" should cause his heart to leap westward o'er the rolling brine

> "To bask once more upon the purple hills—
> The Appalachian ridges"

round his Pennsylvanian home is, we suppose, a freakish display of the patriotism which inspires the words

> "America is for the Americans."

Nevertheless, the bathos suggests the remark of Mr. James's patriotic youngster in Rome, that "father's not here; he is in a better place"—meaning Schenectady, N. Y.

LIVES OF SEVENTY OF THE MOST EMINENT PAINTERS, SCULPTORS, AND ARCHITECTS. By Giorgio Vasari. Edited and annotated in the light of recent discoveries. By E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins. 4 vols. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $8.00.

The excellent work in this new edition we owe to American critics and students. They have made us an admirable book, the special virtues of which only those who have toiled in the difficult field of modern art criticism and art history are worthy to know and value. The mass of technical literature respecting the authorship of pictures to be read and digested nowadays, before one has the right to hold opinions, is enormous; to be an authority concerning works scattered through the whole of Europe, means years of hard labour; even to repeat correctly what other authorities have decided is no light task. These editors have spared themselves no trouble. Their notes summing up the results of all the best research will bear the test of the most rigid examination, and are themselves as good as a guide to the literature of Italian art in its great days. The illustrations are well selected and mostly well reproduced, though there are unhappy exceptions; the Pesaro Madonna of Titian, for instance, seems not suitable for reproduction on a small scale.

It is not a perfect edition. We do not agree with the editors about there being no need for a new translation. Mrs. Foster's, which we have known all our reading lives, has great merits, but we should have one that does not need so much correction in the footnotes. And at all events, whether hers was used or not, we should have had a complete Vasari. The editors have certainly made a good selection of the lives; but no selection from a much-loved book leaves a reader satisfied. And the notice of Vasari himself is rather frothy, we think. No, the edition is not perfect; but it is so very much better than anything we have had in English before; so much superior, so far as editing goes, to any edition save the revised Milanese one, that we make our few criticisms with a full sense of what we owe both to editors and publishers for this issue of one of the most permanently interesting and delightful books in the world. We have said we should have a complete Vasari. Let us give another suggestion more easily carried out. We want a good small selection at a popular price. A year or so ago something of the kind was attempted in a very unsatisfactory fashion. It was not annotated, so far as we remember, and the Introduction, a miserable affair, was written by one who owned Italian art appealed very little to him! That he knew nothing about it was very evident. Will not the editors and publishers of this fine edition think of the gap in the libraries of poor art students?

THE GOD-IDEA OF THE ANCIENTS; Or Sex in Religion. By Eliza Burt Gamble. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The object of this book is to show that many different tendencies which are seen in the history of religion are in reality to be traced to the influence of sex; that in the earlier days of humanity women exercised more power upon thought and faith than did men; and that in consequence the earlier forms of religion are marked by the altruism which the author ascribes to her own sex. Later, when men began to attain their present importance in the world, religion began "to reflect the egoistic qualities acquired by the male." The book is really a very interesting one, written, in the main, very clearly and dispassionately, and with a citation of authorities that shows wide reading and a good grasp upon the central purpose of the author's thesis. Whatever one may think of the conclusions, any thoughtful person may read the chapters with curiosity and some degree of profit. It is obvious, however, that Mrs. Gamble is not discriminating in her reliance upon authorities; and as she gets nearly everything at second or even third hand, this is a fatal defect from a scientific point of view. The frequent references to Richard Payne Knight and Godfrey Higgins, the erudition gleaned from Spanish writers through Prescott, and the unqualified reliance upon various obscure theorists of a century or more ago, make it clear that to Mrs. Gamble a book is a book, and that any one who ever printed anything is about as good as any one else for her purpose. We note the frequent reference to the Greek divinities by the Roman names of Juno, Mars, Mercury, and so forth. We regret also the appearance in her pages of such expressions as "the Romish Church" and "*Romish papists*;" for these terms alone would of themselves lead one to view the whole treatise with suspicion.

VICTORIAN LITERATURE. Sixty Years of Books and Bookmen. By Clement K. Shorter. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

We have had manuals of Victorian literature before now, but nobody has made one on Mr. Shorter's plan. Whether the compilers have been big writers or little writers, they have one and all essayed to be very solemn critics; to weigh this man and that, to cast this out and set the other on a pedestal. Mr. Shorter is much less solemn and a great deal more practical. We do not mean that he has given a place to all and sundry bookmakers of the period.

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But his purpose has not been to play the judge of what will become immortal—a very premature thing to do—but to set down brief, concise accounts of the books and their makers that during the last sixty years have influenced thought and action, that have made a name in large circles or small, for investigation, inspiration, scholarship, judgment, imagination, or style, or simply because they happily hit the needs of the hour. Some of them may be out of date already, but they did their work, and earned a place in history if not in literature. Mr. Shorter has found an excellent motto for his purpose in Whitman's lines :

"Births have brought us richness and variety,
And other births will bring us richness and variety ;
I do not call one greater and one smaller ;
That which fills its period and place is equal to any."

We have a hundred essays on Tennyson, and shall have a hundred more, but of books that deign to notice all the good workers in any field of literature, whether of immortal destiny or not, we have hardly one. We must turn, in our need, to odd volumes of "Men of the Time" and such like, and there miss, what Mr. Shorter contrives to show, the trend of the age, the impulses and reactions, and the force contributed by each writer to the many-sided result. The book is nearly, not quite, up to date. It was probably wise not to include the newest reputations.

The very index, since it is classified, is of much service. Criticism is subservient to the purpose of information ; but it is not absent. If we sometimes disagree with his frank and fearless judgments—as when he says "Sydney Smith left nothing that we can read to-day"—we must own that in the main they are able, commonsensible, and show a fine sense of rank and proportion.

JOURNEYS THROUGH FRANCE. By H. Taine. New York : Henry Holt & Co. $2.50.

Taine's *Carnets de Voyage* surpass all but the best of their kind—an unsatisfactory kind ; for there is not one person in a thousand that cares to hear what another said and felt at dawn on the shores of Madagascar or by night on the Adriatic ; and there is not one person in ten thousand who can express his feelings, if he happened to have any, and his vision, in such a way as to make it a reproach to all the indifferent rest not to listen. The *impression de voyage* habit is a modern method of boring, rather surprising in a business-like age. But Taine had eyes and a delightful style. These little descriptive accounts of what remained in his memory of the various provincial towns which he visited as examiner for admission to the Military School of St. Cyr, have a double force, that of the man who could read social life like a book, and that of the artist who had seen too much to pose, and seen enough not to rave indiscriminately. Charming to read for their unaffectedness, their grace, their brevity, they are also true. Test them by the bit of France you know best, be it Nancy, or Marseilles, or Carnac, they are incomplete, but you will know he has been there. There are a few telling phrases, such as "The Middle Age was an attic of the Muses," but in general no strain after effect. And there are a few scraps of personal opinion, and personal melancholy, and personal prejudices that are more interesting than the subject of his papers. As this : "I find myself coming back again and again to the idea that France is a democracy of peasants and workingmen, under a motherly administration, with a restricted town population which lives cheaply and grows rusty, and with needy officials who are on the lookout for promotion, and never take root." But yet he likes the Latins best. In pleasure, the others are "mere brutes or merely virtuous."

THE WATER OF THE WONDROUS ISLES. By William Morris. New York : Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.

If we are to have nothing more from his pen, William Morris's last gift is a very gracious farewell. Since *The Earthly Paradise* he has written nothing so evenly charming. Birdalone is one of his most delightful heroines. She lives in the land of tapestry, of course ; but we draw her down from among the foliage on the wall, and she smiles humanly, and we feel her sweet breath on us for a moment or two. When she has faded back to the wall again, we are not soon tired of looking at her and her companions.

It is a book that stands so many tests. Each time you take it up you feel the spell of its rhythm and the dignity of its wording. It is eminently quotable. Its archaisms are not cheap and flimsy. Why is it not a great book, then? Why does it leave only a dreamlike memory? Why is it that no one will read it through from cover to cover at a sitting, or be angry at the disturbance which should prevent this?

To read a portion is to read something remarkably like the good fairy tales that enchanted our youth, and that we return to with respect and wonder for the effective vigour of their simple art. To read the whole is to have a quite other impression. Perhaps part of the answer lies in the fact that Morris was saturated with the spirit of decorative art. Not life, but its symbols became his material. Date, climate, modifying circumstance, were merged by him in general truth and beauty. You may apply this method to literature, in a ballad like "The Blue Closet," or as the fairy-tale makers did ; but only briefly, with the brevity of a gaze at a picture, or of the glance that takes in the design of a panel. Morris forgot that and kept us in the company of symbols and generalised human beings for hundreds of pages. It is not that his prose romances are too long, but that length disagrees with their model. Yet, read *The Water of the Wondrous Isles* leisurely and brokenly, and it is like rays of sunlight on old tapestry.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

We have before us a sort of bibliographical mystery in the shape of a copy of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, described on the cover as being a "memorial edition." We have searched carefully through its pages without finding any indication as to who its publisher is or as to the place of its publication, or as to the price at which it is sold. The book is one of some six hundred and eighty large and handsomely printed pages, profusely and adequately illus-

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trated, and well bound. The only fault we have to find is that Uncle Tom is represented in the pictures as a man of some thirty years of age, which is a conception of him wholly at variance with the text. If any one comes across a book answering this description, we can conscientiously advise him to buy it. But we wonder why the publisher was so modest about his work. We fear that he will die young.

A very handsome volume as to binding and typography is *A Book of Verses for Children*, compiled by Edward Verrall Lucas, and published by Messrs. Henry Holt and Company, of this city. Like all such collections, it affords the individual critic a chance to complain of some of its omissions and also of some of the things that have been inserted; but, on the whole, it is a very satisfactory book for its purpose, and has in it much that is not only well adapted to please and interest a rational child, but that is good, sound literature also.——The same publishers send us also a translation of René Bazin's *Italians of To-day*, the English rendering being that of William Marchant. The book is very entertaining; it is written with an abundance of anecdote and apt illustration from the author's experience; and it gives a good and convincing picture of the social and political condition of poor, tax-laden, superstitious, proud, and hopeless Italy and of her interesting but enervated people.

Mr. Richard Burton's *Memorial Day and Other Poems*, published by Copeland and Day, of Boston, contains a varied selection of verse that must be ranked as minor poetry, but as minor poetry of a distinctly good kind, exhibiting the excellent qualities of thought, melody, and a sense of form, all of which are rare enough to deserve especial praise when one discovers them in a modern book of verse.

THE BOOK MART.

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

AMERICAN BOOK PRICES CURRENT FOR 1897.*

The third volume of this useful compilation is a stout book of more than 550 pages, well printed at the University Press. It includes records of sale of 8562 items, being more than 1000 in excess of the preceding volume. This year, for the first time, three sales in Chicago are included. The 110 catalogues which are here digested and rearranged contained upward of 80,000 lots. Practically nine-tenths of these sold at prices below $3 per lot, and so find no place in the printed record.

The year past, from a bibliographical standpoint, was an important one, as more than the average number of fine libraries were dispersed at auction. The prices on good copies of books in the certain lines esteemed by collectors hold their own, while poor copies of the same books sold oftentimes at what seemed to be ridiculously low prices. Although several large libraries were dispersed, there was no good collection of the rarer pieces of that much-esteemed class of books known as Americana. A few volumes, however, occurred in various sales. A collection of rare Americana, with the volumes in fine condition, would probably sell now at prices very much in excess of the records established by the Ives, Barlow, and Brinley sales.

Among the vagaries of book prices, none are more curious than the greatly enhanced values which are put upon certain recent books of limited issue. Few limited books are thus blessed, and among American books none more noticeably so at the present time than the publications of the Grolier Club, and the semi-privately printed books by Mr. William Loring Andrews. The Grolier Club books seem to hold their own notwithstanding the increased number of volumes necessary to make up a set, and the comparatively large number which were thrown upon the market during the twelve months. Mr. Andrews's very choicely printed books about book collecting and American history, which have been issued usually in small numbers, varying from 50 up to 200, now sell at much enhanced prices, and there seems to be a constant demand, with no tendency toward lower prices.

While auction prices are not an absolutely safe guide as to the value of books, still they are the best accessible guide, and we do not see how any book-collector, librarian, or dealer in second-hand books can afford to get along without the annual volumes of this publication.

* American Book-Prices Current. A Record of Books, Manuscripts, and Autographs sold at Auction in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Cincinnati, from September 1, 1896, to September 1, 1897, with the prices realized. Compiled from the Auctioneers' Catalogues by Luther S. Livingston. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1897. Price, $6.00 net.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, January 1, 1898.

The holiday season just past was one with all the customary rush and confusion consequent upon a great trade in a limited time; and while the large sales are gratifying, the bookseller always feels that he could sell more goods to better advantage and satisfaction to both himself and customers if the Christmas trade could be extended over a greater period. This applies also to the publisher, for many of the best books run out of print. This season has, perhaps, been marked in this respect, for such popular titles as *Farthest North*, the Tennyson *Memoir*, and *The Choir Invisible* were not obtainable for over a week previous to Christmas, and the same was true of many less noted books.

The sales during the month for *Quo Vadis* in the various editions were enormous, and, in fact, fiction in general proved to be the leading feature of the business. *Hugh Wynne*, *The*

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Choir Invisible, *Captains Courageous*, and *The Story of an Untold Love* were in great demand. *The Christian*, *Soldiers of Fortune*, *In Kedar's Tents*, *Dariel*, and *The Beth Book* also sold largely, and the works of such authors as John Kendrick Bangs, Miss Wilkins, Mrs. Burnett, and F. Marion Crawford were very popular.

The demand for religious books did not compare favourably with that of previous years—Mrs. Phelps's *The Story of Jesus Christ* and Ian Maclaren's *Potter's Wheel*, together with *Peloubet's Notes*, and other helps and commentaries on the coming Sunday-School Lessons of the year, representing the principal sales in this class of literature.

Biography and travel were also but in fair demand—Tennyson's *Memoir*, by his son, and *The Life of Gladstone*, by Justin McCarthy, being the most popular of the former, while the latter was best represented by *Farthest North*, by Nansen, and *The Old Santa Fé Trail*, by Colonel Henry Inman. Henry van Dyke's *The First Christmas Tree* and John Fiske's *Virginia and her Neighbours* also were often called for.

Illustrated books outside of Gibson's and Remington's drawings were not in especial demand. *Sunlight and Shadow*, an illustrated book for both professional and amateur photographers, is, however, worthy of mention and had a good sale. Among recent titles in two-volume editions selling readily were Thoreau's *Walden* and De Amici's *Morocco*.

Juveniles, as usual, were among the leaders in point of sale, and *Phronsie Pepper*, *The Century Book of the American Revolution*, *Three Margarets*, and *At the Front* proved very popular. Henty, Alcott, Butterworth, Stoddard, and Alger still hold a prominent place as writers for the young. The various editions of sixteenmos, twelvemos, etc., together with calendars and booklets, sold largely.

The publications of the month were comparatively few. *The Ideal Life* and *The Monkey that Would not Kill*, both by Professor Henry Drummond, were too late for the Christmas trade, but will undoubtedly be in good demand later.

The season, as a whole, has been a good one, better than it has been for several years past. During the latter part of the month text-books have been selling again, and the libraries have continued purchasing throughout; so that the indications are that after the annual inventories and replenishing of stocks have taken place, the trade will settle down to a good spring business.

The popular books of the month have been numerous, and it is difficult to fix their relative positions in point of sale:

Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. $2.00.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. $2.00.

Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

The Honourable Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.

The Story of Jesus Christ. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $2.00.

His Grace of Osmonde. By Frances H. Burnett. $1.50.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

The Story of an Untold Love. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.25.

The Beth Book. By Sarah Grand. $1.50.

Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.

Corleone. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. $2.00.

The First Christmas Tree. By Henry van Dyke. $1.50.

In Kedar's Tents. By Henry Seton Merriman. $1.25.

Rubáiyát of Doc Sifers. By James Whitcomb Riley. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, January 1, 1898.

A lively Christmas business concluded what must be considered a successful year. Comparison with its predecessor shows a substantial increase in the volume of trade. Business is in a good stable condition. The past year cannot be called a remarkable one; in many ways it was decidedly tame. Business was marked, it is true, by an upward tendency from January to December, but at no time was there any inclination toward a boom. A large number of books met with remarkable sales, but excepting *Quo Vadis*, there was nothing exactly sensational about any of them. The "book of the year" was missing, but perhaps at no time in the history of bookselling in this country have so many good selling books appeared. The first dozen or so of the leaders make a list probably never before equalled in one year in the number of copies printed.

December trade was of the usual "rush" variety, and the holiday week was a busy one. Customers, however, were still economical, and the bills sold were for the most part rather small.

Gibson's *London* and his other books of sketches had a splendid holiday sale, and so did other books of the same class, such as Remington's *Drawings*, Nicholson's *Almanac* and *Alphabet*. Although it partakes largely of the nature of a "fad," the popularity of this species of book shows no sign of waning.

Colonel Inman's *Old Santa Fé Trail* was very much in demand just previous to Christmas. All over the West it was exceedingly well received, and the success of this and other purely Western books, such as *Wolfville*, *The Story of the Cowboy*, and *Lin McLean*, is a noticeable feature of the year.

The dollar edition of *Quo Vadis* had a tremendous sale last month, and its vogue as a moderate-priced Christmas gift has probably never been equalled.

December did not give us a large list of books, but among them were some of excellent quality, notably *A World Pilgrimage*, by Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows; *The Ideal Life*, by Henry Drummond; *A Year from a Reporter's Note-Book*, by R. H. Davis; *The School for Saints*, by John Oliver Hobbes, and *Lin McLean*, by Owen Wister.

The sales of juvenile literature went up as usual to high-water mark during December, the new books of the season going particularly well. The older favourites, however, especially

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the "Alcott" and "Elsie" books, Mrs. Wiggin's works, Marguerite Bouvet's juveniles, and the "Little Peppers" Series, have lost none of their popularity, and increased sales showed how firmly they are established in the popular mind.

The holiday demand was singularly even this year, and very few of the season's publications could be considered slow. This condition prevailed more or less right through the year, uniformity of business, evenness of trade, and comparative freedom from fads having especially characterised the book market of 1897.

Following *Quo Vadis*, the largest sellers last month were *The Choir Invisible*, *The Christian*, and *Hugh Wynne*. The last-named book is selling very well, and was largely in demand during the last few days of the holidays.

Next to fiction, books of travel, adventure, etc., seem to have made the greatest advance in popularity last year. Of these Nansen's *Farthest North* led the van, but such books as *White Man's Africa*, by Poulteney Bigelow; *The Fall of the Congo Arabs*, by Captain Hinde; *A World Pilgrimage*, by Rev. Dr. Barrows; *The Land of the Dollar*, by G. W. Steevens; *America and the Americans; Nippur*, by J. P. Peters, and Donaldson-Smith's *Through Unknown African Countries* met with wide reading.

The order of demand last month, as determined by popular choice, was:

Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. $1.00 and $2 00.

The Choir Invisible. By J. L. Allen. $1.50.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

Hugh Wynne. By Weir Mitchell. $2.00.

A World Pilgrimage. By J. H. Barrows. $2.00.

Rubáiyát of Doc Sifers. By J. W. Riley. $1.50.

Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. $1.50.

A Little House in Pimlico. By Marguerite Bouvet. $1.50.

Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer. $2.50.

Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. $1.25.

Hon. Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50

Gondola Days. By Hopkinson Smith. $1.25.

Jerome. By M. E. Wilkins. $1.50.

The Old Santa Fé Trail. By Colonel H. Inman. $3.50.

The Story of Jesus Christ. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $2.00.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, November 22 to December 18, 1897.

Within a week of the commencement of the period indicated above, the busy time, the bookseller's harvest (or one of the harvests) began in good earnest. The bulk of trade should compare favourably with previous years, but the marked absence of the usual number of costly illustrated books may modify the anticipated result to a certain extent. Further, many important publications have been late in their appearance, owing to a strike of printers and other causes. So much for the home trade. Business with abroad goes on merrily, and is well sustained. The South African market is becoming a very important one indeed.

One of the prominent features of the Christmas publishing season is the paucity of children's books with coloured illustrations, and of religious works. No doubt, in the former case, the excellence of the various "process" illustrations renders colours unnecessary.

The 6s. novel still maintains its important position, and enormous quantities are sold daily. *The Christian* is still the favourite, followed at a respectful distance by *The Beth Book*, *In Kedar's Tents*, and *At the Cross Roads*.

The beautiful reprints, with illustrations, of such books as *Mansfield Park*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, have been in considerable demand.

One cannot help noting the large numbers of Fairy Tale Books that have been disposed of during the present season. Evidently childhood has not lost its love of romance.

The craze for children's books illustrated with delineations of oddities of a most grotesque kind still continues. Hundreds, if not thousands, of the *Bad Child's Book of Beasts* have been sold during the last few weeks. This work has many rivals (from a trade point of view, criticism's mouth being stopped in this column) but no equal.

Among more important and permanent literature may be mentioned the Tennyson *Memoir* and Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*.

Year-Books now form an important line in the bookseller's trade. *Hazell's Annual* and *Whitaker's Almanack* may here be noted as examples.

There is still a good sale for books upon naval and military subjects, and histories of colonisation. Fitchett's *Deeds that Won the Empire* is a favourite in this class.

The sale of magazine literature seems greater than ever, some of the issues each month being several tons in weight. The principal ones are Cassell's various magazines, the Religious Tract Society's magazines, the *Strand*, *Pearson's*, the *Pall Mall*, the *Woman at Home*, the *Windsor Magazine*, and *Chambers's Journal*.

The list of books appended has been selected with great care, and may be taken as a fair index to the public taste. Several titles have appeared before, a somewhat uncommon event in these days of short-lived books. The order of the titles has no significance.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. 6s.

The Beth Book. By Sarah Grand. 6s.

In Kedar's Tents. By H. S Merriman. 6s.

At the Cross-Roads. By F. F. Montresor. 6s.

Captains Courageous. By R. Kipling. 6s.

The Jungle Book, and similar Books. By R. Kipling. 6s.

The Jubilee Book of Cricket. By K. S. Ranjitsinhji. 6s.

Highways and Byways in Devon. By A. H. Norway. 6s.

Hazell's Annual. 3s. 6d.

The Story of the Red Deer. By J. W. Fortescue. 4s. 6d.

The New Book of the Fairies. By B. Harraden. 3s. 6d.

The Pink Fairy Book. By A. Lang. 6s.

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The Little Minister. By J. M. Barrie. 5s.
Mrs. Henry Wood's Novels. 2s. edition.
With Frederick the Great. By G. A. Henty. 6s.
With Moore at Corunna. By G. A. Henty. 6s.
The March on London. By G. A. Henty. 5s.
Lochinvar. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
The School for Saints. By J. O. Hobbes. 6s.
Paul Mercer. By Adderley. 6s.
The Beetle. By R. Marsh. 6s.
The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. 6s.
Deeds that Won the Empire. By W. H. Fitchett. 6s.
Founded on Paper. By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d.
Wayfaring Men. By Edna Lyall. 6s.
Adventures of John Johns. By F. Carrel. 6s.
His Grace of Osmonde. By F. H. Burnett. 6s.
Fire and Sword in the Soudan. By R. Slatin. 6s.
More Tramps Abroad. By Mark Twain. 6s.
Tennyson's Life. 36s. net.
Forty-One Years in India. By Lord Roberts. 36s.
The Bad Child's Book of Beasts. 2s. 6d.
Lullaby Land. By E. Field. 6s.
Life and Letters of J. B. Dykes. 7s. 6d.
Laughter of Peterkin. By F. MacLeod. 6s.
Nights with an Old Gunner. By C. J. Cornish. 6s.
Book of Verses for Children. By E. V. Lucas. 6s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between December 1, 1897, and January 1, 1898.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00, $2.00, $.600, and 25 cts. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
4. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Free to Serve. By Rayner. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $1.00, $2.00, $6.00, and 25 cents. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00 and $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
6. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00, $2.00. (Little Brown & Co.)
2. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Social Life in Old Virginia. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Gloria Victis. By Mitchell. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. The Vice of Fools. By Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Co.)
5. Corleone. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. The Great Stone of Sardis. By Stockton. $1.50. (Harper.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $6.00, $2.00, $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. Alfred, Lord Tennyson. By His Son. $10.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
5. Harvard Episodes. By Flandrau. $1.25. (Copeland & Day.)
6. Free to Serve. By Rayner. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. The First Christmas Tree. By van Dyke. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00 and $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
5. A World Pilgrimage. By Barrows. $2.00. (McClurg & Co.)
6. Rubáiyát of Doc Sifers. By Riley. $1.50. (Century Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 25 cents, $1.00, $2.00, $6.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Kentuckians. By Fox. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)

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5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. The Story of Jesus Christ. By Phelps. $2.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Honourable Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50 (Holt.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
5. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Lochinvar. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
3. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Alfred, Lord Tennyson. By His Son. $10.00. (Macmillan.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00, $1.60. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Lullaby Land. By Field. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. New ed., $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
5. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Dariel. By Blackmore. $1.75. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. The Kentuckians. By Fox. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Potter's Wheel. Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00 ed. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
6. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Edited by Kenyon. $4.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Alfred, Lord Tennyson. By His Son. $10.00 net. (Macmillan.)
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
4. The First Christmas Tree. By van Dyke. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
6. The Three Margarets. By Richards. $1.25. (Estes & L.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century.)
2. Dariel. By Blackmore. $1.75. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Diana Victrix. By Converse. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. The Federal Judge. By Lush. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 55 cts. net. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Lochinvar. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Old Virginia. By Fiske. $4.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Corleone. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan)
6. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00, $6.00, and $12.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
4. The Latimers. By McCook. $1.50. (Jacobs.)
5. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. London. By Gibson. $5.00. (Scribner.)
6. Alaska, the New Eldorado. By Wells. 50 cts. (The J. K. Gill Co.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
4. First Christmas Tree. By van Dyke. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Story of Jesus Christ. By Phelps. $2.00. (Houghton.)
6. Gondola Days. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Gondola Days. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
5. Pursuit of the House-Boat. Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Wild Flowers of California. By Parsons and Buck. $2.00. (Doxey.)
2. Idle Hours in a Library. By Hudson. $1.25. (Doxey.)
3. The Lark. Books 1 and 2. $3.00 each. (Doxey.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. London as Seen by C. D. Gibson. $5.00. (Scribner.)
6. Drawings. By Remington. $5.00. (Russell.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $6.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. His Grace of Osmonde. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Threads of Life. By Rollins. $1.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Year from a Reporter's Note-Book. Davis. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. The Old Santa Fé Trail. Inman. $3.50. (Macmillan.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Jerome. By Wilkins. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Story of Jesus Christ. Phelps. $2.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Spanish John. By McLennan. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
2. His Grace of Osmonde. By Burnett. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
3. Prisoners of the Sea. By Kingsley. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
4. St. Ives. By Stevenson. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
5. Dariel. By Blackmore. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
6. The School for Saints. By Hobbes. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 2 vols., $6.00; 1 vol., $2.00 and $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Romance and Reality of Puritan Coast. By Garrett. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Florence By Yriarte. $3.00. (Coates & Co.)
4. Lullaby-Land. By Field. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Rome. By Wey. $3.00. (Coates & Co.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in order of demand during the month are—

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen.
4. The Christian. By Caine.
5. Captains Courageous. By Kipling.
6. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, Philadelphia.

Romans and I. and II. Corinthians, A People's Commentary, by George W. Clark, D.D.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York.

Memory and its Cultivation, by F. W. Edridge-Green, M.D., F.R.C.S.

New Letters of Napoleon I., from the French by Lady Mary Loyd.

Sweethearts and Friends, by Maxwell Gray.

EDWARD ARNOLD, New York.

Paul Mercer, by James Adderley.

Benin, the City of Blood, by R. H. Bacon.

RICHARD G. BADGER & Co., Boston.

The Children of the Night, by Edwin Arlington Robinson.

A. S BARNES & Co., New York.

Interpretations of Life and Religion, by Walton W. Battershall.

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R. Baur & Son, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Daniel North of Wyoming Valley, by S. R. Smith.

John C. Bauer, Chicago.

Songs and Stories from Tennessee, by John (Trotwood) Moore.

Bedford Publishing Co., Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

A Prince of the Blood, by Julius A. Lewis.

Benziger Brothers, New York.

Life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga.

Calvert Co., Seattle, Wash.

Sealth, by Elisabeth H. Calvert.

Century Co., New York.

Rubáiyát of Doc Sifers, by James Whitcomb Riley.

St. Nicholas, an Illustrated Magazine for Young Folks, by Mary Mapes Dodge. 1897. Vol. I. and II.

The Century Magazine, May–October, 1897.

Commonwealth Co., New York.

Henry Cadavere, A Study of Life and Work, by H. W. Bellsmith.

W. B. Conkey & Co., Chicago.

Three Women, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

T. Y. Crowell & Co., Boston.

In Tune with the Infinite, by Ralph Waldo Trine.

DeWolfe, Fiske & Co., Boston.

For Pity's Sake, by Sarah Nelson Carter.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

The Ideal Life, by Henry Drummond.

The Monkey that Would Not Kill, by Henry Drummond.

Bye-Ways, by Robert S. Hichens.

Holy Bible, Polychrome Edition, The Book of Judges.

Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.

Prayers Ancient and Modern.

Hymns that have Helped, edited with the assistance of numerous helpers by W. T. Stead.

Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

Shantytown Sketches, by Anthony J. Drexel Biddle.

The Flowers of Life, by Anthony J. Drexel Biddle.

The Second Froggy Fairy Book, by Anthony J. Drexel Biddle.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

My Father as I Recall Him, by Mamie Dickens.

Eaton & Mains, New York.

A Harmony of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles, by William Day Crockett.

Editor Publishing Co., Cincinnati.

The Secret of Hamlet, by South G. Preston.

Forest & Stream Publishing Co., New York.

Trail and Camp-Fire, editors George Bird Grinnell, Theodore Roosevelt.

Fowler & Wells Co., New York.

The King's Daughter and the King's Son, A Fairy Tale of To day, written by a King's Daughter.

Not in It, by Anna Olcott Commelin.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

Hawaii Our New Possessions, by John R. Musick.

Ginn & Co., Boston.

Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearian Drama, with an Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary, by John Matthews Manly. Vol. II.

Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature. Vol. V., Child Memorial Volume.

Government Printing Office, Washington.

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1895–96. Vol. II.

Harper & Brothers, New York.

The Wooing of Malatoon : Commodus, by Lew Wallace, illustrations by Du Mond and Weguelin.

A Year from a Reporter's Note-Book, by Richard Harding Davis.

Lin McLean, by Owen Wister.

Harper's Round Table, 1897.

Picturesque Sicily, by William Agnew Paton.

Jimty, and Others, by Margaret Sutton Briscoe.

Spanish John, by William McLennan.

Secretary to Bayne, M.P., by W. Pett Ridge.

The Rock of the Lion, by Molly Elliot Seawell.

Hayworth Publishing, Washington, D. C.

The Trumpeters, and Other Poems, by Andrew Downing.

B. Herder, St. Louis.

The Dream of Bonaparte, by William Poland, S.J.

Autobiography of Madame Guyon, translated in full by Thomas Taylor Allen. Vol. II.

E. R. Herrick & Co., New York.

A Mince Pie Dream, and Other Verses, by Emily D. Elton.

Daily Souvenirs, an Olio of Treasure Thoughts, selected by Rose Porter.

For My Lady's Desk, A Writing-Desk Book for Every Day, by Rose Porter.

Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Selections from the Prose Writings of Matthew Arnold, edited with notes and an introduction by Lewis E. Gates.

A Book of Verses for Children, compiled by Verrall Lucas.

Literary Pamphlets, Vol. I. and II., by Ernest Rhys.

Political Pamphlets, selected and arranged by A. F. Pollard.

International Book Co., Chicago.

Truth and Poetry, by R. P. Brorup.

Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston.

Vivian of Virginia, by Hulbert Fuller, illustrated by Frank T. Merrill.

Mademoiselle de Berny, A Story of Valley Forge, by Pauline Bradford Mackie, illustrated by Frank T. Merrill.

The Levytype Co., Philadelphia.

The New Man, by E. P. Oberholtzer.

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ROBERT LEWIS WEED Co., New York.

The Blue Ridge Mystery, by Caroline Martin.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia.

Curiosities of Popular Customs, by William S. Walsh.

Men, Women and Manners in Colonial Times, by Sydney George Fisher. 2 vols.

A Son of Israel, an Original Story, by "Rachel Penn."

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston.

Hania, by Henryk Sienkiewicz.

The Interest of America in Sea Power, Present and Future, by Captain A. T. Mahan.

Monsieur de Chauvelin's Will, by Alexander Dumas (New Series).

The Horoscope, a Romance of the Reign of François II., by Alexander Dumas.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York.

Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings, by Lord Lytton, edited with Introduction and Notes by George Laurence Gomme.

The Camp of Refuge, by Charles MacFarlane, edited with Introduction and Notes by George Laurence Gomme.

The Sentimental Journey, by Laurence Sterne.

Masters of Medicine, John Hunter, Man of Science and Surgeon, by Stephen Paget, M.A., F.R.C.S.

Masters of Medicine, William Harvey, by D'Arcy Power, F.S.A., F.R.C.S.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York.

A Genealogy of Morals, by Friedrich Nietzsche.

Cambridge Described as Illustrated, by Thomas Dinham Atkinson.

The Story of a Red Deer, by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue.

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